

ia



*Chamond*

THE DRAMATIC  
W O R K S  
O F

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

In FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

CONTAINING

MAYOR OF GARRAT,  
KNIGHTS,  
BANKRUPT,

|| DEVIL ON TWO STICKS,  
AND  
|| COZENERS.



44418

L O N D O N :

Printed for P. VAILLANT, J. RIVINGTON, T. CADELL,  
W. NICOLL, and S. BLADON.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA  
SOUTHERN BRANCH



THE

3461  
F6  
1770  
V.3

# Mayor of Garratt.

A  
C O M E D Y,  
IN TWO ACTS.

As it is PERFORMED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE:

By SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

A NEW EDITION.



L O N D O N :

Printed for T. and W. LOWNDES, No 77, Fleet-Street.

MDCCLXXXIII.

(Price One Shilling.)

## Dramatis Personæ.

### MEN.

Major STURGEON.	Mr. <i>Bannister.</i>
Sir JACOB JOLLUP,	Mr. <i>Waldron.</i>
BRUIN,	Mr. <i>Wright.</i>
LINT,	Mr. <i>Wrighten.</i>
ROGER,	Mr. <i>Holcroft.</i>
MOB, by Messrs.	<i>Helme, Nash, &amp;c.</i>
SNUFFLE,	Mr. <i>Burton.</i>
CRISPIN HEEL-TAP,	Mr. <i>Griffiths.</i>
JERRY SNEAK,	Mr. <i>Dodd.</i>

### WOMEN.

Mrs. BRUIN,	Miss <i>Simson.</i>
Mrs. SNEAK.	Mrs. <i>Wrighten.</i>

T H E

# Mayor of Garratt.

---

A C T I. S C E N E I.

SCENE *Sir JACOB's House at Garratt.*

*Enter Sir JACOB.*

*Sir Jacob.*

R O G E R—

*Enter Roger.*

*Rog.* Anan, Sir—

*Sir Jac.* Sir, firrah! and why not Sir Jacob, you rascal? Is that all your manners? Has his majesty dubb'd me a Knight for you to make me a Mister? Are the candidates near upon coming?

*Rog.* Nic Goose, the taylor, from Putney, they say, will be here in a crack, Sir Jacob.

*Sir Jac.* Has Margery fetch'd in the linen?

*Rog.* Yes, Sir Jacob.

*Sir Jac.* Are the pigs and the poultry lock'd up in the barn?

*Rog.* Safe, Sir Jacob.

*Sir Jac.* And the plate and spoons in the pantry?

*Rog.* Yes, Sir Jacob.

*Sir Jac.* Then give me the key; the mob will soon be upon us; and all is fish that comes to their net. Has Ralph laid the cloth in the hall?

*Rog.* Yes, Sir Jacob.

*Sir Jac.* Then let him bring out the turkey and chine, and be sure there is plenty of mustard; and, d'ye hear, Roger, do you stand yourself at the gate, and be careful who you let in.

*Rog.* I will, Sir Jacob. [*Exit Rog.*]

*Sir Jac.* So, now I believe things are pretty secure: But I can't think what makes my daughters so late ere they—

[*Knocking at the gate.*]

Who is that, Roger?

*Roger without.* Master Lint, the potter-carrier, Sir Jacob.

*Sir Jac.* Let him in. What the deuce can he want?

*Enter Lint.*

*Sir Jac.* Well, master Lint, your will?

*Lint.* Why, I come, Sir Jacob, partly to enquire after your health; and partly, as I may say, to settle the business of the day.

*Sir Jac.* What business?

*Lint.* Your worship knoweth, this being the day of election, the rabble may be riotous; in which case, maims, bruises, contusions,

sions, dislocations, fractures simple and compound, may likely ensue: now your worship need not be told, that I am not only a pharmacopolist, or vender of drugs, but likewise chirurgeon, or healer of wounds.

*Sir Jac.* True, master Lint, and equally skilful in both.

*Lint.* It is your worship's pleasure to say so, Sir Jacob: Is it your worship's will that I lend a ministring hand to the maim'd?

*Sir Jac.* By all means.

*Lint.* And to whom must I bring in my bill?

*Sir Jac.* Doubtless, the vestry.

*Lint.* Your worship knows, that, kill or cure, I have contracted to phyfic the parish-poor by the great: but this must be a separate charge.

*Sir Jac.* No, no; all under one: come, master Lint, don't be unreasonable.

*Lint.* Indeed, Sir Jacob, I can hardly afford it. What with the dearness of drugs, and the number of patients the peace has procured me, I can't get salt to my porridge.

*Sir Jac.* Bad this year, the better the next—We must take things rough and smooth as they run.

*Lint.* Indeed I have a very hard bargain.

*Sir Jac.* No such matter; we are, neighbour Lint, a little better instructed. Formerly, indeed, a fit of illness was very ex-



penfive; but now, phyfic is cheaper than food.

*Lint.* Marry, heaven forbid!

*Sir Jac.* No, no; your effences, elixirs, emetics, sweats, drops, and your pastes, and your pills, have silenced your pestles and mortars. Why a fever, that would formerly have cost you a fortune, you may now cure for twelve penn'orth of powder.

*Lint.* Or kill, Sir Jacob.

*Sir Jac.* And then as to your scurvies, and gouts, rheumatisms, consumptions, coughs, and catarrhs, tar-water and turpentine will make you as sound as a roach.

*Lint.* Nostrums!

*Sir Jac.* Specifics, specifics, master Lint.

*Lint.* I am very sorry to find a man of your worship's———Sir Jacob, a promoter of puffs; an encourager of quacks, Sir Jacob.

*Sir Jac.* Regulars, Lint, regulars; look at their names—Roger, bring me the news—not a soul of them but is either P. L. or M. D.

*Lint.* Plaguy liars! Murderous dogs!

*Roger brings the News.*

*Sir Jac.* Liars! Here, look at the list of their cures. The oath of Margery Squab, of Ratcliff-Highway, spinster.

*Lint.* Perjuries.

*Sir*

*Sir Jac.* And see here, the churchwardens have signed it.

*Lint.* Fictitious, Sir Jacob.

*Sir Jac.* Sworn before the worshipful Mr. Justice Drowsy, this thirteenth day of —

*Lint.* Forgery.

*Sir Jac.* Why, harkye, firrah, do you think Mr. Justice Drowsy would set his hand to a forgery?

*Lint.* I know, Sir Jacob, that woman; she has been cured of fifty diseases in a fortnight, and every one of 'em mortal.

*Sir Jac.* You impudent—

*Lint.* Of a dropsey, by West—

*Sir Jac.* Audacious—

*Lint.* A cancer, by Cleland—

*Sir Jac.* Arrogant—

*Lint.* A palsy, by Walker—

*Sir Jac.* Impertinent—

*Lint.* Gout and sciatic, by Rock.

*Sir Jac.* Insolent—

*Lint.* Consumption, by Stevens's drops—

*Sir Jac.* Paltry—

*Lint.* And squinting, by the Chevalier Taylor—

*Sir Jac.* Pill-gilding puppy!

*Lint.* And as to the Justice, so the affidavit brings him a shilling—

*Sir Jac.* Why, harkye, rascal, how dare you abuse the commission?—You blood-let-

ting, tooth-drawing, corn-cutting, worm-killing, blistering, glistering—

*Lint.* Bless me, Sir Jacob, I did not think to—

*Sir Jac.* What, firrah, do you insult me in my office? Here, Roger, out with him—turn him out.

*Lint.* Sir, as I hope to be—

*Sir Jac.* Away with him. You scoundrel, if my clerk was within, I'd send you this instant to Bridewell. Things are come to a pretty pass, indeed, if after all my reading in Wood, and Nelson, and Burn; if after twenty years attendance at turnpike-meetings, sessions petty and quarter; if after settling of rates, licencing ale-houses, and committing of vagrants—But all respect to authority is lost, and *Unus Quorum* now-a-days is no more regarded than a petty constable. [*Knocking.*] Roger, see who is at the gate? Why the fellow is deaf.

*Rog.* Justice Sturgeon, the fishmonger, from Brentford.

*Sir Jac.* Gad's my life! and Major to the Middlesex militia. Usher him in, Roger.

*Enter Major Sturgeon.*

*Sir Jac.* I could have wish'd you had come a little sooner, Major Sturgeon.

*Major.*

*Major.* Why, what has been the matter, Sir Jacob?

*Sir Jac.* There has, Major, been here an impudent pill-monger, who has dar'd to scandalize the whole body of the bench.

*Major.* Insolent companion! had I been here, I would have mittimus'd the rascal at once.

*Sir Jac.* No, no, he wanted the Major more than the Magistrate; a few smart strokes from your cane would have fully answer'd the purpose—Well, Major, our wars are done; the rattling drum, and squeaking fife, now wound our ears no more.

*Major.* True, Sir Jacob, our corps is disembodied, so the French may sleep in security.

*Sir Jac.* But, Major, was it not rather late in life for you to enter upon the profession of arms?

*Major.* A little awkward in the beginning, Sir Jacob: the great difficulty they had was, to get me to turn out my toes; but use, use reconciles all them kind of things: why, after my first campaign, I no more minded the noise of the guns than a flea-bite.

*Sir Jac.* No!

*Major.* No. There is more made of these matters than they merit. For the general good, indeed, I am glad of the peace;  
but



but as to my single self—And yet, we have had some desperate duty, Sir Jacob.

*Sir Jac.* No doubt.

*Major.* Oh! such marchings and counter-marchings, from Brentford to Elin, from Elin to Acton, from Acton to Uxbridge; the dust flying, sun scorching, men sweating—Why, there was our last expedition to Hounslow, that day's work carried off Major Moloffas. Bunhill-fields never saw a braver commander! He was an irreparable loss to the service.

*Sir Jac.* How came that about?

*Major.* Why, it was partly the Major's own fault; I advised him to pull off his spurs before he went upon action; but he was resolute, and would not be rul'd.

*Sir Jac.* Spirit; zeal for the service.

*Major.* Doubtless—But to proceed: In order to get our men in good spirits, we were quartered at Thistleworth the evening before; at day-break, our regiment form'd at Hounslow town's end, as it might be about here. The Major made a fine disposition: on we march'd, the men all in high spirits, to attack the gibbet where Gardel is hanging; but turning down a narrow lane to the left, as it might be about there, in order to possess a pig's sty, that we might take the gallows in flank, and, at all events, secure a retreat, who should come by but a drove of  
fat



fat oxen for Smithfield. The drums beat in the front, the dogs bark'd in the rear, the oxen set up a gallop; on they came thundering upon us, broke through our ranks in an instant, and threw the whole corps in confusion.

*Sir Jac.* Terrible!

*Major.* The Major's horse took to his heels; away he scour'd over the heath. That gallant commander stuck both his spurs into the flank, and for some time held by his mane; but in crossing a ditch, the horse threw up his head, gave the Major a dowse in the chops, and plump'd him into a gravel-pit, just by the powder-mills.

*Sir Jac.* Dreadful!

*Major.* Whether from the fall or the fright, the Major mov'd off in a month—Indeed it was an unfortunate day for us all.

*Sir Jac.* As how?

*Major.* Why, as Captain Cucumber, Lieutenant Patty-Pan, Ensign Tripe, and myself, were returning to town in the Turnham-Green stage, we were stopp'd near the Hammersmith turnpike, and robb'd and stripp'd by a footpad.

*Sir Jac.* An unfortunate day, indeed!

*Major.* But in some measure to make me amends, I got the Major's commission.

*Sir Jac.* You did.

*Major.*

*Major.* O yes. I was the only one of the corps that could ride ; otherwise, we always succeeded of course : no jumping over heads ; no underhand work among us ; all men of honour ; and I must do the regiment the justice to say, there never was a set of more amiable officers.

*Sir Jac.* Quiet and peaceable.

*Major.* As lambs, Sir Jacob. Excepting one boxing-bout at the Three Compasses in Acton, between Captain Sheers and the Colonel, concerning a game at All-fours, I don't remember a single dispute.

*Sir Jac.* Why, that was mere mutiny ; the Captain ought to have been broke.

*Major.* He was ; for the Colonel not only took away his cockade, but his custom ; and I don't think poor Captain Sheers has done a stitch for him since.

*Sir Jac.* But you soon supplied the loss of Molossas ?

*Major.* In part only : no, Sir Jacob, he had great experience ; he was train'd up to arms from his youth : at sixteen he trail'd a pike in the Artillery-ground ; at eighteen got a company in the Smithfield pioneers ; and by the time he was twenty, was made aid-de-camp to Sir Jeffery Grub, Knight, Alderman, and Colonel of the Yellow.

*Sir Jac.* A rapid rise !

*Major.*

*Major.* Yes, he had a genius for war; but what I wanted in practice, I made up by doubling my diligence. Our porter at home had been a serjeant of marines; so after shop was shut up at night, he us'd to teach me my exercise; and he had not to deal with a dunce, Sir Jacob.

*Sir Jac.* Your progress was great.

*Major.* Amazing. In a week I could shoulder, and rest, and poize, and turn to the right, and wheel to the left; and in less than a month I could fire without winking or blinking.

*Sir Jac.* A perfect Hannibal!

*Major.* Ah, and then I learnt to form lines, and hollows, and squares, and evolutions, and revolutions: let me tell you, Sir Jacob, it was lucky that Monsieur kept his myrmidons at home, or we should have pepper'd his flat-bottom'd boats.

*Sir Jac.* Ay, marry, he had a marvellous escape.

*Major.* We would a taught him what a Briton can do, who is fighting *pro arvis* and *focus*.

*Sir Jac.* Pray now, Major, which do you look upon as the best disciplin'd troops, the London regiments, or the Middlesex militia?

*Major.* Why, Sir Jacob, it does not become me to say; but lack-a-day, they have never seen any service—Holiday soldiers!

Why,

Why, I don't believe, unless indeed upon a lord-mayor's day, and that mere matter of accident, that they were ever wet to the skin in their lives.

*Sir Jac.* Indeed !

*Major.* No ! soldiers for fun-shine, Cockneys ; they have not the appearance, the air, the freedom, the *fenny sequi* that—Oh, could you but see me salute ! you have never a spontoon in the house ?

*Sir Jac.* No ; but we could get you a shove-pike.

*Major.* No matter. Well, Sir Jacob, and how are your fair daughters, sweet Mrs. Sneak, and the lovely Mrs. Bruin ; is she as lively and as brilliant as ever ?

*Sir Jac.* Oh, oh, now the murder is out ; this visit was intended for them : come, own now, Major, did not you expect to meet with them here ? You officers are men of such gallantry !

*Major.* Why, we do tickle up the ladies, Sir Jacob ; there is no resisting a red coat.

*Sir Jac.* True, true, Major.

*Major.* But that is now all over with me. “ Farewell to the plumed steeds and neighbouring troops,” as the black man says in the play ; like the Roman censor, I shall retire to my Savine field, and there cultivate cabbages.

*Sir Jac.* Under the shade of your laurels.

*Major.*



*Major.* True ; I have done with the Major, and now return to the Magistrate ; *Cedunt Arma Togge.*

*Sir Jac.* Still in the service of your country.

*Major.* True ; man was not made for himself ; and so, thinking that this would prove a busy day in the justicing way, I am come, Sir Jacob, to lend you a hand.

*Sir Jac.* Done like a neighbour.

*Major.* I have brought, as I suppose most of our business will be in the battery way, some warrants and mittimus'es ready fill'd up, with all but the names of the parties, in order to save time.

*Sir Jac.* A provident magistrate.

*Major.* Pray, how shall we manage as to the article of swearing ; for I reckon we shall have oaths as plenty as hops.

*Sir Jac.* Why, with regard to that branch of our business, to-day, I believe, the law must be suffer'd to sleep.

*Major.* I should think we might pick up something that's pretty that way.

*Sir Jac.* No, poor rascals, they would not be able to pay ; and as to the stocks, we should never find room for their legs.

*Major.* Pray, Sir Jacob, is Matthew Marrow-bone, the butcher of your town, living or dead ?

*Sir Jac.* Living.

*Major.*



*Major.* And swears as much as he used?

*Sir Jac.* An alter'd man, Major; not an oath comes out of his mouth.

*Major.* You surprise me; why, when he frequented our town of a market-day, he has taken out a guinea in oaths—and quite chang'd?

*Sir Jac.* Entirely; they say his wife has made him a Methodist, and that he preaches at Kennington-Common.

*Major.* What a deal of mischief those rascals do in the country—Why then we have entirely lost him?

*Sir Jac.* In that way; but I got a brace of bind-overs from him last week for a couple of bastards.

*Major.* Well done, master Matthew—but pray now, Sir Jacob—

[*Mob without buzzza!*]

*Sir Jac.* What's the matter now, Roger?

*Enter Roger.*

*Rog.* The electors desire to know, if your worship has any body to recommend?

*Sir Jac.* By no means; let them be free in their choice: I shan't interfere.

*Rog.* And if your worship has any objection to Crispin Heel-Tap the Cobler's being returning officer?

*Sir Jac.* None, provided the rascal can keep himself sober: Is he there?

*Rog.*

*Rog.* Yes, Sir Jacob : make way there ; stand farther off from the gate : here is Madam Sneak in a chair, along with her husband.

*Major.* Gad-so, you will permit me to convoy her in ? *[Exit Major.*

*Sir Jac.* Now here is one of the evils of war. This Sturgeon was as pains-taking a Billingsgate-broker as any in the bills of mortality. But the fish is got out of his element ; the soldier has quite demolish'd the citizen.

*Enter Mrs. Sneak, banded by the Major.*

*Mrs. Sneak.* Dear Major, I demand a million of pardons. I have given you a profusion of trouble ; but my husband is such a goose-cap, that I can't get no good out of him at home or abroad—Jerry, Jerry Sneak !—Your blessing, Sir Jacob.

*Sir Jac.* Daughter, you are welcome to Garratt.

*Mrs. Sneak.* Why, Jerry Sneak ! I say.

*Enter Sneak, with a band-box, a hoop-petticoat under his arm, and cardinal, &c. &c. &c.*

*Sneak.* Here, lovy.

*Mrs. Sneak.* Here, looby: there, lay these things in the hall ; and then go and look after the horse : are you sure you have got all the things out of the chaise ?

B

*Sneak:*

*Sneak.* Yes, chuck.

*Mrs. Sneak.* Then give me my fan.

[*Jerry drops the things in searching his pocket for the fan.*]

*Mrs. Sneak.* Did ever mortal see such a—I declare, I am quite asham'd to be seen with him abroad: go, get you gone out of my sight.

*Sneak.* I go, lovy: Good-day to my father-in-law.

*Sir Jac.* I am glad to see you, son Sneak: But where is your brother Bruin and his wife?

*Sneak.* He will be here anon, father Sir Jacob; he did but just step into the Alley to gather how tickets were sold.

*Sir Jac.* Very well, son Sneak.

[*Exit Sneak.*]

*Mrs. Sneak.* Son! yes, and a pretty son you have provided.

*Sir Jac.* I hope all for the best: why, what terrible work there would have been, had you married such a one as your sister? one house could never have contain'd you—Now, I thought this meek mate—

*Mrs. Sneak.* Meek! a mushroom! a milksop!

*Sir Jac.* Lookye, Molly, I have married you to a man; take care you don't make him a monster.

[*Exit Sir Jac.*]

*Mrs. Sneak.* Monster! Why, Major, the fellow has no more heart than a mouse: Had my

my kind stars indeed allotted me a military man, I should, doubtless, have deported myself in a befitting manner.

*Major.* Unquestionably, madam.

*Mrs. Sneak.* Nor would the Major have found, had it been my fortune to intermarry with him, that Molly Jollup would have dishonoured his cloth.

*Major.* I should have been too happy.

*Mrs. Sneak.* Indeed, Sir, I reverence the army ; they are all so brave ; so polite ; so every thing a woman can wish—

*Major.* Oh ! madam—

*Mrs. Sneak.* So elegant ; so genteel ; so obliging : and then the rank ; why, who would dare to affront the wife of a Major ?

*Major.* No man with impunity ; that I take the freedom to say, madam.

*Mrs. Sneak.* I know it, good Sir : Oh ! I am no stranger to what I have miss'd.

*Major.* Oh, madam !—Let me die, but she has infinite merit. [*Aside.*]

*Mrs. Sneak.* Then to be join'd to a sneaking slovenly cit ; a paltry, praying, pitiful pin-maker !

*Major.* Melancholy !

*Mrs. Sneak.* To be jostled and cramm'd with the croud ; no respect, no place, no precedence ; to be choak'd with the smoak of the city ; no country jaunts but to Islington ; no balls but at Pewterers-hall.



*Major.* Intolerable !

*Mrs. Sneak.* I see, Sir, you have a proper sense of my sufferings.

*Major.* And would shed my best blood to relieve them.

*Mrs. Sneak.* Gallant gentleman !

*Major.* The brave must favour the fair.

*Mrs. Sneak.* Intrepid Major !

*Major.* Divine Mrs. Sneak !

*Mrs. Sneak.* Obliging commander !

*Major.* Might I be permitted the honour—

*Mrs. Sneak.* Sir—

*Major.* Just to ravish a kiss from your hand.

*Mrs. Sneak.* You have a right to all we can grant.

*Major.* Courteous, condescending, complying—Hum—Ha !

*Enter Sneak.*

*Sneak.* Chuck, my brother and sister Bruin are just turning the corner ; the Clapham stage was quite full, and so they came by water.

*Mrs. Sneak.* I wish they had all been fous'd in the Thames—A praying, impertinent puppy !

*Major.* Next time I will clap a centinel to secure the door.

*Mrs. Sneak.* Major Sturgeon, permit me to withdraw for a moment ; my dress demands a little repair.

*Major.* Your ladyship's most entirely devoted.

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Sneak.* Ladyship ! he is the very Broglio and Belleisle of the army !

*Sneak.* Shall I wait upon you, dove ?

*Mrs. Sneak.* No, dolt ; what, would you leave the Major alone ? is that your manners, you mongrel ?

*Major.* Oh, madam, I can never be alone ; your sweet idera will be my constant companion.

*Mrs. Sneak.* Mark that : I am sorry, Sir, I am obligated to leave you.

*Major.* Madam—

*Mrs. Sneak.* Especially with such a wretched companion.

*Major.* Oh, madam—

*Mrs. Sneak.* But as soon as my dress is restored, I shall fly to relieve your distress.

*Major.* For that moment I shall wait with the greatest impatience.

*Mrs. Sneak.* Courteous commander.

*Major.* Barragon of women !

*Mrs. Sneak.* Adieu !

*Major.* Adieu ! [Exit Mrs. Sneak.

*Sneak.* Notwithstanding, Sir, all my chicken has said, I am special company when she is not by.

*Major.* I doubt not, master Sneak.

*Sneak.* If you would but come one Thursday-night to our club, at the Nag's-Head, in the Poultry, you would meet some roaring, rare boys, i'faith : There's Jemmy Per-

kins, the packer ; little Tom Simkins, the grocer ; honest Master Muzzle, the midwife—

*Major.* A goodly company !

*Sneak.* Ay, and then sometimes we have the Choice Spirits from Comus's Court, and we crack jokes, and are so jolly and funny : I have learnt myself to sing " An old woman clothed in grey." But I durst not sing out loud, because my wife would overhear me ; and she says as how I bawl worser than the broom-man.

*Major.* And you must not think of disobliging your lady.

*Sneak.* I never does : I never contradicts her, not I.

*Major.* That's right : she is a woman of infinite merit.

*Sneak.* O, a power : and don't you think she is very pretty withal ?

*Major.* A Venus !

*Sneak.* Yes, werry like Wenus—Mayhap you have known her some time ?

*Major.* Long.

*Sneak.* Belike, before she was married ?

*Major.* I did, Master Sneak.

*Sneak.* Ay, when she was a wirgin. I thought you was an old acquaintance, by your kissing her hand ; for we ben't quite so familiar as that---But then, indeed, we han't been married a year.

*Major*

*Major.* The mere honey-moon.

*Sneak.* Ay, ay, I suppose we shall come to it by degrees.

*Bruin* [*within*] Come along, Jane; why you are as purfy and lazy, you jade—

*Enter Bruin and Wife; Bruin with a cotton cap on; his Wife with his wig, great-coat, and fishing-rod.*

*Bruin.* Come, Jane, give me my wig; you slut, how you have tussled the curls? Master Sneak, a good morning to you. Sir, I am your humble servant, unknown.

*Enter Roger.*

*Rog.* Mrs. Sneak begs to speak with the Major.

*Major.* I will wait on the lady immediately.

*Sneak.* Don't tarry an instant; you can't think how impatient she is. [*Exit Major.*

*Sneak.* A good morrow to you, brother Bruin; you have had a warm walk across the fields.

*Mrs. Bruin.* Good lord, I am all in a muck.—

*Bruin.* And who may you thank for it, hussy? If you had got up time enough, you might have secur'd the stage; but you are a lazy lie-a-bed.

*Mrs. Bruin.* There's Mr. Sneak keeps my sister a chay.



*Bruin.* And so he may ; but I know better what to do with my money : indeed, if the war had but continued awhile, I don't know what mought ha' been done ; but this plaguy peace, with a pox to't, has knock'd up all the trade of the Alley.

*Mrs. Bruin.* For the matter of that, we can afford it well enough as it is.

*Bruin.* And how do you know that ? Who told you as much, Mrs. Mixen ? I hope I know the world better than to trust my concerns with a wife : no, no, thank you for that, Mrs. Jane.

*Mrs. Bruin.* And pray who is more fitter to be trusted ?

*Bruin.* Hey-day ! Why, the wench is bewitch'd : come, come, let's have none of your palaver here—Take twelve-pence and pay the waterman.—But first see if he has broke none of the pipes—And, d'ye hear, Jane, be sure to lay the fishing-rod safe.

[*Exit Mrs. Bruin.*]

*Sneak.* Ods me, how finely she's manag'd ! what would I give to have my wife as much under !

*Bruin.* It is all your own fault, brother Sneak.

*Sneak.* D'ye think so ? she is a sweet pretty creature.

*Bruin.* A vixen.

*Sneak.*

*Sneak.* Why, to say the truth, she does now and then hector a little ; and, between ourselves, domineers like the devil : O Lord, I lead the life of a dog : why, she allows me but two shillings a week for my pocket.

*Bruin.* No !

*Sneak.* No, man ; 'tis she that receives and pays all : and then I am forc'd to trot after her to church, with her cardinal, patens, and prayer-book, for all the world as if I was still a 'prentice.

*Bruin.* Zounds ! I would fouse them all in the kennel.

*Sneak.* I durst not—And then at table, I never gets what I loves.

*Bruin.* The devil !

*Sneak.* No ; she always helps me herself to the tough drumsticks of turkies, and the damn'd fat flaps of shoulders of mutton ; I don't think I have eat a bit of under-crust since we have been married : you see, brother Bruin, I am almost as thin as a lath.

*Bruin.* An absolute skeleton !

*Sneak.* Now, if you think I could carry my point, I would so swinge and leather my lambkin ; God, I would so curry and claw her.

*Bruin.* By the lord Harry, she richly deserves it.

*Sneak.* Will you, brother, lend me a list ?

*Bruin.* Command me at all times.

*Sneak.*

*Sneak.* Why then, I will verily pluck up a spirit; and the first time she offers to —

*Mrs. Sneak.* [*within*] Jerry, Jerry Sneak!

*Sneak.* Gad's my life, sure as a gun that's her voice: look-ye, brother, I don't chuse to breed a disturbance in another body's house; but as soon as ever I get home—

*Bruin.* Now is your time.

*Sneak.* No, no; it would not be decent.

*Mrs. Sneak.* [*within*] Jerry! Jerry!—

*Sneak.* I come, lovy. But you will be sure to stand by me?

*Bruin.* Trot, nincompoop.

*Sneak.* Well, if I don't—I wish—

*Mrs. Sneak.* [*within.*] Where is this lazy puppy a-loitering?

*Sneak.* I come, chuck, as fast as I can — Good Lord, what a sad life do I lead!

[*Exit Sneak.*

*Bruin.* *Ex quovis lingua*: who can make a silk purse of a sow's ear?

*Enter Sir Jacob.*

*Sir Jac.* Come, son Bruin, we are all seated at table, man; we have but just time for a snack: the candidates are near upon coming.

*Bruin.* A poor, paltry, mean-spirited — Damn it, before I would submit to such a —

*Sir Jac.* Come, come, man; don't be so crusty.

*Bruin.*

*Bruin.* I follow, Sir Jacob : Damme, when once a man gives up his prerogative, he might as well give up—But, however, it is no bread and butter of mine—Jerry, Jerry! —Zounds, I would Jerry and jerk her too. [Exit.

*End of the First Act.*

---

## ACT II. SCENE continues.

*Sir JACOB, Major STURGEON, Mr. and Mrs. BRUIN, Mr. and Mrs. SNEAK, discovered.*

*Mrs. Sneak.*

**I**NDEED, Major, not a grain of curiosity. Can it be thought that we, who have a Lord-Mayor's show every year, can take any pleasure in this?

*Major.* In time of war, madam, these meetings are not amiss; I fancy a man might pick up a good many recruits : but in these piping times of peace, I wonder Sir Jacob permits it.

*Sir Jac.* It would, Major, cost me my popularity to quash it : the common people are as fond of their customs as the barons were of their *Magna Charta* : besides, my tenants make some little advantage.

*Enter*



*Enter Roger.*

*Rog.* Crispin Heel-Tap, with the electors, are set out from the Adam and Eve.

*Sir Jac.* Gad-so, then they will soon be upon us : come, good folks, the balcony will give us the best view of the whole. Major, you will take the ladies under protection.

*Major.* Sir Jacob, I am upon guard.

*Sir Jac.* I can tell you, this Heel-Tap is an arch rascal.—

*Sneak.* And plays the best game at cribbage in the whole corporation of Garratt.

*Mrs. Sneak.* That puppy will always be a-chattering.

*Sneak.* Nay, I did but—

*Mrs. Sneak.* Hold your tongue, or I'll send you home in an instant—

*Sir Jac.* Pr'ythee, daughter !—You may to-day, Major, meet with something that will put you in mind of more important transactions.

*Major.* Perhaps so.

*Sir Jac.* Lack-a-day, all men are alike ; their principles exactly the same : for tho' art and education may disguise or polish the manners, the same motives and springs are universally planted.

*Major.* Indeed !

*Sir Jac.* Why, in this mob, this group of plebeians, you will meet with materials to make a Sylla, a Cicero, a Solon, or a Cæsar :  
let

let them but change conditions, and the world's great lord had been but the best wrestler on the green.

*Major.* Ay, ay, I could have told these things formerly; but since I have been in the army, I have entirely neglected the classes.

[*Mob without buzz.*

*Sir Jac.* But the heroes are at hand, Major.

*Sneak.* Father Sir Jacob, might not we have a tankard of stingo above?

*Sir Jac.* By all means.

*Sneak.* D'ye hear, Roger.

[*Exeunt into the balcony.*

SCENE, a STREET.

*Enter Mob, with Heel-Tap at their head; some crying a Goose; others a Mug; others a Primmer.*

*Heel-Tap.* Silence, there; silence!

*1st. Mob.* Hear neighbour Heel-Tap.

*2d. Mob.* Ay, ay, hear Crispin.

*3d. Mob.* Ay, ay, hear him, hear Crispin: He will put us into the model of the thing at once.

*Heel-Tap.* Why then, silence! I say.

*All.* Silence.

*Heel-Tap.* Silence, and let us proceed, neighbours, with all the decency and confusion usual upon these occasions.

*1st. Mob.* Ay, ay, there is no doing without that.

*All.*

*All.* No, no, no.

*Heel-Tap.* Silence then, and keep the peace : what, is there no respect paid to authority ? am not I the returning officer ?

*All.* Ay, ay, ay.

*Heel-Tap.* Chosen by yourselves, and approved of by Sir Jacob ?

*All.* True, true.

*Heel-Tap.* Well then, be silent and civil ; stand back there, that gentleman without a shirt, and make room for your betters : where's Simon Snuffle the Sexton ?

*Snuffle.* Here.

*Heel-Tap.* Let him come forward ; we appoint him our secretary : for Simon is a scollard, and can read written hand ; and so let him be respected accordingly.

*3d Mob.* Room for Master Snuffle.

*Heel-Tap.* Here, stand by me : and let us, neighbours, proceed to open the premunire of the thing : but first, your reverence to the lord of the manor : a long life and a merry one to our landlord Sir Jacob ! Huzza !

*Mob.* Huzza !

*Sneak.* How fares it, honest Crispin ?

*Heel-Tap.* Servant, Master Sneak.—Let us now open the premunire of the thing, which I shall do briefly, with all the loquacity possible ; that is, in a medium way ; which, that we may the better do it, let the secretary read the names of the candidates,  
and

and what they say for themselves; and then we shall know what to say of them: Master Snuffle, begin.

*Snuffle.* "To the worthy inhabitants of  
" the ancient corporation of Garratt: Gen-  
" tlemen, your votes and interest are hum-  
" bly requested in favour of Timothy  
" Goose, to succeed your late worthy may-  
" or, Mr. Richard Dripping, in the said  
" office, he being" —

*Heel-Tap.* This Goose is but a kind of Gosling, a sort of sneaking scoundrel: who is he?

*Snuffle.* A journeyman taylor, from Putney.

*Heel-Tap.* A journeyman taylor! A rascal, has he the impudence to transpire to be mayor? D'ye consider, neighbours, the weight of this office? Why, it is a burthen for the back of a porter; and can you think that this cross-legg'd cabbage-eating son of a cucumber, this whey-fac'd ninny, who is but the ninth part of a man, has strength to support it?

*1st Mob.* No Goose! no Goose!

*2d Mob.* A Goose!

*Heel-Tap.* Hold your hissing, and proceed to the next.

*Snuffle.* "Your votes are desired for Mat-  
" thew Mug."

*1st Mob.* A Mug! A Mug!

*Heel-*



*Heel-Tap.* Oh, oh, what you are all ready to have a touch of the tankard : but, fair and soft, good neighbours, let us taste this Master Mug, before we swallow him ; and, unless I am mistaken, you will find him a damn'd bitter draught.

*1st Mob.* A Mug ! a Mug !

*2d Mob.* Hear him ; hear Master Heel-Tap.

*1st Mob.* A Mug ! a Mug !

*Heel-Tap.* Harkye, you fellow, with your mouth full of Mug, let me ask you a question : bring him forward : pray is not this Matthew Mug a victualler ?

*3d Mob.* I believe he may.

*Heel-Tap.* And lives at the sign of the Adam and Eve ?

*3d Mob.* I believe he may.

*Heel-Tap.* Now answer upon your honour, and as you are a gentleman, what is the present price of a quart of home-brew'd at the Adam and Eve ?

*3d Mob.* I don't know.

*Heel-Tap.* You lie, firrah : an't it a groat ?

*3d Mob.* I believe it may.

*Heel-Tap.* Oh, may be so : now, neighbours, here's a pretty rascal ; this same Mug, because, d'ye see, state-affairs would not jog glibly without laying a farthing a quart upon ale ; this scoundrel, not content-  
ed

ed to take things in a medium way, has had the impudence to raise it a penny.

*Mob.* No Mug! no Mug!

*Heel-Tap.* So, I thought I should crack Mr. Mug. Come, proceed to the next, Simon.

*Snuffle.* The next upon the list is Peter Primmer, the schoolmaster.

*Heel-Tap.* Ay, neighbours, and a sufficient man: let me tell you, Master Primmer is the man for my money; a man of learning; that can lay down the law; why, adzooks, he is wise enough to puzzle the parson: and then, how you have heard him oration at the Adam and Eve of a Saturday night, about Russia and Prussia: Ecod, George Gage the exciseman is nothing at all to un.

*4th Mob.* A Primmer!

*Heel-Tap.* Ay, if the folks above did but know him; why, lads, he will make us all statesmen in time.

*2d Mob.* Indeed!

*Heel-Tap.* Why, he swears as how all the miscarriages are owing to the great people's not learning to read.

*3d Mob.* Indeed!

*Heel-Tap.* For, says Peter, says he, if they would but once submit to be learned by me, there is no knowing to what a pitch the nation might rise.

C

*1st Mob.*

*1st Mob.* Ay, I wish they would.

*Sneak.* Crispin, what is Peter Primmer a candidate?

*Heel-Tap.* He is, Master Sneak.

*Sneak.* Lord, I know him, mun, as well as my mother: why, I used to go to his lectures to Pewterers-hall 'long with deputy Firkin.

*Heel-Tap.* Like enough.

*Sneak.* Odds-me, brother Bruin, can you tell what is become of my wife?

*Bruin.* She is gone off with the Major.

*Sneak.* Mayhap to take a walk in the garden; I will go and take a peep at what they are doing. [Exit Sneak.

*Mob without huzza.*

*Heel-Tap.* Gad-so! the candidates are coming. Come, neighbours, range yourselves to the right and left, that you may be canvass'd in order: let us see who comes first?

*1st Mob.* Master Mug.

*Heel-Tap.* Now, neighbours, have a good caution that this Master Mug does not cajole you; he is a damn'd palavering fellow.

*Enter Matthew Mug.*

*Mug.* Gentlemen, I am the lowest of your slaves: Mr. Heel-Tap, have the honour of kissing your hand.

*Heel-Tap.* There, did not I tell you?

*Mug.*

*Mug.* Ah, my very good friend, I hope your father is well?

*1st Mob.* He is dead.

*Mug.* So he is. Mr. Grub, if my wishes prevail, your very good wife is in health.

*2d Mob.* Wife! I never was married.

*Mug.* No more you were. Well, neighbours and friends—Ah! what honest Dick Bennet.

*3d Mob.* My name is Gregory Gubbins.

*Mug.* You are right, it is so; and how fares it with good Master Gubbins?

*3d Mob.* Pretty tight, Master Mug.

*Mug.* I am exceedingly happy to hear it.

*4th Mob.* Harkye, Master Mug.

*Mug.* Your pleasure, my very dear friend?

*4th Mob.* Why as how, and concerning our young one at home.

*Mug.* Right; she is a prodigious promising girl.

*4th Mob.* Girl! Zooks, why 'tis a boy.

*Mug.* True; a fine boy! I love and honour the child.

*4th Mob.* Nay, 'tis none such a child; but you promis'd to get un a place.

*Mug.* A place! what place?

*4th Mob.* Why, a gentleman's service, you know.

*Mug.* It is done; it is fix'd; it is settled.

*4th Mob.* And when is the lad to take on?

*Mug.* He must go in a fortnight at farthest.



36. THE MAYOR

*4th Mob.* And is it a pretty goodish birth, Master Mug?

*Mug.* The best in the world; head butler to lady Barbara Bounce.

*4th Mob.* A lady!

*Mug.* The wages are not much, but the vails are amazing.

*4th Mob.* Barbara Bunch?

*Mug.* Yes; she has routs on Tuesdays and Sundays, and he gathers the tables; only he finds candles, cards, coffee, and tea.

*4th Mob.* Is Lady Barbara's work pretty tight?

*Mug.* As good as a fine-cure; he only writes cards to her company, and dresses his mistress's hair.

*4th Mob.* Hair! Zounds, why Jack was bred to dressing of horses.

*Mug.* True; but he is suffered to do that by deputy.

*4th Mob.* May be so.

*Mug.* It is so. Harkye, dear Heel-Tap, who is this fellow? I should remember his face.

*Heel-Tap.* And don't you?

*Mug.* Not I, I profess.

*Heel-Tap.* No!

*Mug.* No.

*Heel-Tap.* Well said, Master Mug; but come, time wears: have you any thing more to say to the Corporation?

*Mug.*

*Mug.* Gentlemen of the Corporation of Garratt.

*Heel-Tap.* Now, twig him; now, mind him: mark how he hawls his muscles about.

*Mug.* The honour I this day solicit, will be to me the most honourable honour that can be conferr'd; and, should I succeed, you, gentlemen, may depend on my using my utmost endeavours to promote the good of the borough; for which purpose, the encouragement of your trade and manufactories will most principally tend. Garratt, it must be own'd, is an inland town, and has not, like Wandsworth, and Fulham, and Putney, the glorious advantage of a port; but what nature has denied, industry may supply: cabbage, carrots, and colly-flowers, may be deemed, at present, your staple commodities; but why should not your commerce be extended? Were I, gentlemen, worthy to advise, I should recommend the opening a new branch of trade; sparagrass, gentlemen, the manufacturing of sparagrass: Battersea, I own, gentlemen, bears, at present, the belle; but where lies the fault? In ourselves, gentlemen: let us, gentlemen, but exert our natural strength, and I will take upon me to say, that a hundred of grass from the Corporation of Garratt, will in a short time, at the London market, be held, at least, as an equivalent to a Battersea bundle,

*Mob.* A Mug! a Mug!

*Heel-Tap.* Damn the fellow, what a tongue he has! God, I must step in, or he will carry the day. Harkee, Master Mug!

*Mug.* Your pleasure, my very good friend?

*Heel-Tap.* No flumming me: I tell thee, Matthew, 'twon't do: why, as to this article of ale here, how comes it about that you have rais'd it a penny a quart?

*Mug.* A word in your ear, Crispin; you and your friends shall have it at three pence.

*Heel-Tap.* What, firrah, d'ye offer a bribe! D'ye dare to corrupt me, you scoundrel!

*Mug.* Gentlemen—

*Heel-Tap.* Here, neighbours; the fellow has offer'd to bate a penny a quart, if so be as how I would be consenting to impose upon you.

*Mob.* No Mug! no Mug!

*Mug.* Neighbours, friends—

*Mob.* No Mug!

*Mug.* I believe this is the first borough that ever was lost by the returning officer's refusing a bribe.

[*Exit Mug.*

*2d Mob.* Let us go and pull down his sign,

*Heel-Tap.* Hold, hold, no riot: but that we may not give Mug time to pervert the votes and carry the day, let us proceed to the election.

*Mob.* Agreed! agreed!

[*Exit Heel-Tap, and Mob.*

*Sir*

*Sir Jacob, Bruin, and Wife, come from the balcony.*

*Sir Jac.* Well, son Bruin, how d'ye relish the Corporation of Garratt?

*Bruin.* Why, lookye, Sir Jacob, my way is always to speak what I think: I don't approve on't at all.

*Mrs. Bruin.* No!

*Sir Jac.* And what's your objection?

*Bruin.* Why, I was never over-fond of your May-games: besides, corporations are too serious things; they are edge-tools, Sir Jacob.

*Sir Jac.* That they are frequently tools, I can readily grant: but I never heard much of their edge.

*Mrs. Bruin.* Well now, I protest, I am pleas'd with it mightily.

*Bruin.* And who the devil doubts it?—You women folks are easily pleas'd.

*Mrs. Bruin.* Well, I like it so well, that I hope to see one every year.

*Bruin.* Do you? Why then you will be damnably bit; you may take your leave I can tell you, for this is the last you shall see.

*Sir Jac.* Fye, Mr. Bruin, how can you be such a bear: is that a manner of treating your wife?

*Bruin.* What, I suppose you would have me such a sniveling sot as your son-in-law



Sneak, to truckle and cringe, to fetch and to —

*Enter Sneak, in a violent hurry.*

*Sneak.* Where's brother Bruin? O Lord! brother, I have such a dismal story to tell you—

*Bruin.* What's the matter?

*Sneak.* Why, you know I went into the garden to look for my wife and the Major, and there I hunted and hunted as sharp as if it had been for one of my own minikens; but the deuce a Major or Madam could I see: at last, a thought came into my head to look for them up in the summer-house.

*Bruin.* And there you found them?

*Sneak.* I'll tell you, the door was lock'd; and then I look'd thro' the key-hole: and, there, Lord a mercy upon us! [*Whispers*] as sure as a gun.

*Bruin.* Indeed! Zounds, why did not you break open the door?

*Sneak.* I durst not: what, would you have me set my wit to a soldier? I warrant, the Major would have knock'd me down with one of his boots; for I could see they were both of them off.

*Bruin.* Very well! Pretty doings! You see, Sir Jacob, these are the fruits of indulgence: you may call me bear, but your daughter shall never make me a beast.

*Mob.*

*Mob buzzas.*

*Sir Jac.* Hey-day! What is the election over already?

*Enter Crispin, &c.*

*Heel-Tap.* Where is master Sneak?

*Sneak.* Here, Crispin.

*Heel-Tap.* The ancient Corporation of Garratt, in consideration of your great parts and abilities, and out of respect to their landlord, Sir Jacob, have unanimously chosen you mayor.

*Sneak.* Me! huzza! good Lord, who would have thought it: but how come Master Primmer to lose it?

*Heel-Tap.* Why, Phill Fleam had told the electors, that Master Primmer was an Irishman; and so they would none of them give their vote for a foreigner.

*Sneak.* So then, I have it for certain: Huzza! Now, brother Bruin, you shall see how I'll manage my Madam: Gad, I'll make her know I am a man of authority; she shan't think to bullock and domineer over me.

*Bruin.* Now for it, Sneak; the enemy's at hand.

*Sneak.* You promise to stand by me, brother Bruin.

*Bruin.* Tooth and nail.

*Sneak.* Then now for it; I am ready, let her come when she will.

*Enter*

*Enter Mrs. Sneak.*

*Mrs. Sneak.* Where is the puppy?

*Sneak.* Yes, yes, she is axing for me.

*Mrs. Sneak.* So, sot; what, is this true that I hear?

*Sneak.* May be 'tis, may be 'tan't: I don't chuse to trust my affairs with a voman. Is that right, brother Bruin?

*Bruin.* Fine! don't bate her an inch.

*Sneak.* Stand by me.

*Mrs. Sneak.* Hey-day! I am amaz'd! Why, what is the meaning of this?

*Sneak.* The meaning is plain, that I am grown a man, and vil do what I please, without being accountable to nobody.

*Mrs. Sneak.* Why, the fellow is surely bewitch'd.

*Sneak.* No, I am unwitch'd, and that you shall know to your cost; and since you provoke me, I will tell you a bit of my mind: what, I am the husband, I hope?

*Bruin.* That's right: at her again.

*Sneak.* Yes; and you shan't think to Hector and domineer over me as you have done; for I'll go to the club when I please, and stay out as late as I list, and row in a boat to Putney on Sundays, and wifit my friends at Vifontide, and keep the key of the till, and help myself at table to vhat vittles I like, and I'll have a bit of the brown.

*Bruin,*

*Bruin.* Bravo, brother ! Sneak, the day's your own.

*Sneak.* An't it? vhy, I did not think it vas in me : shall I tell her all I know?

*Bruin.* Every thing ; you see she is struck dumb.

*Sneak.* As an oyfter : besides, madam, I have something further to tell you : ecod, if some folks go into gardens with Majors, mayhap other people may go into garrets with maids.—There, I gave it her home, brother Bruin.

*Mrs. Sneak.* Why, doodle ! jackanapes ! harkee, who am I ?

*Sneak.* Come, don't go to call names : am I ? vhy my wife, and I am your master.

*Mrs. Sneak.* My master ! you paltry, puddling puppy ; you sneaking, shabby, scrubby, sniveling whelp !

*Sneak.* Brother Bruin, don't let her come near me.

*Mrs. Sneak.* Have I, firrah, demean'd myself to wed such a thing, such a reptile as thee ! Have I not made myself a byeword to all my acquaintance ! Don't all the world cry, Lord, who would have thought it ! Miss Molly Jollup to be married to Sneak ! to take up at last with such a noodle as he !

*Sneak.* Ay, and glad enough you could catch me : you know, you was pretty near your last legs,



*Mrs. Sneak.* Was there ever such a confident cur? My last legs! Why, all the country knows, I could have pick'd and chus'd where I would: did not I refuse 'Squire Ap-Griffith from Wales? did not Counsellor Crab come a courting a twelvemonth? did not Mr. Wort, the great brewer of Brentford, make an offer that I should keep my post-chay?

*Sneak.* Nay, brother Bruin, she has had werry good proffers, that is certain.

*Mrs. Sneak.* My last legs!—but I can rein my passion no longer; let me get at the villain.

*Bruin.* O fye, sister Sneak.

*Sneak.* Hold her fast.

*Mrs. Sneak.* Mr. Bruin, unhand me: what, it is you that have stirred up these coals then; he is set on by you to abuse me.

*Bruin.* Not I; I would only have a man behave like a man.

*Mrs. Sneak.* What, and are you to teach him, I warrant—But here comes the Major.

*Enter Major Sturgeon.*

Oh Major! such a riot and rumpus! Like a man indeed! I wish people would mind their own affairs, and not meddle with matters that does not concern them: but all in good time; I shall one day catch him alone, when he has not his bullies to back him.

*Sneak.*

*Sneak.* Adod, that's true, brother Bruin; what shall I do when she has me at home, and nobody by but ourselves?

*Bruin.* If you get her once under, you may do with her whatever you will.

*Major.* Look ye, Master Bruin, I don't know how this behaviour may suit with a citizen; but, were you an officer, and Major Sturgeon upon your court-martial—

*Bruin.* What then?

*Major.* Then! why then you would be broke.

*Bruin.* Broke! and for what?

*Major.* What! read the articles of war: but these things are out of your spear; points of honour are for the sons of the sword.

*Sneak.* Honour! if you come to that, where was your honour when you got my wife in the garden?

*Major.* Now, Sir Jacob, this is the curse of our cloth: all suspected for the faults of a few.

*Sneak.* Ay, and not without reason; I heard of your tricks at the king of Bohemy, when you was campaigning about, I did: father Sir Jacob, he is as wicious as an old ram.

*Major.* Stop whilst you are safe, Master Sneak; for the sake of your amiable lady, I pardon what is past—But for you—

*Bruin.* Well.

*Major.* Dread the whole force of my fury.

*Bruin.*

*Bruin.* Why, lookye, Major Sturgeon, I don't much care for your poppers and sharps, because why, they are out of my way; but if you will doff with your boots, and box a couple of bouts——

*Major.* Box! box! blades! bullets! Bag-shot!

*Mrs. Sneak.* Not for the world, my dear Major! oh, risk not so precious a life. Ungrateful wretches! and is this the reward for all the great feats he has done? After all his marchings, his fousings, his sweatings, his swimmings; must his dear blood be spilt by a broker!

*Major.* Be satisfy'd, sweet Mrs. Sneak; these little fracasés we soldiers are subject to; trifles, bagatailes, Mrs. Sneak: But that matters may be conducted in a military manner, I will get our chaplain to pen me a challenge. Expect to hear from my adjutant.

*Mrs. Sneak.* Major, Sir Jacob; what, are you all leagu'd against his dear——A man! yes, a very manly action indeed to set married people a quarreling, and ferment a difference between husband and wife: if you were a man, you would not stand by and see a poor woman beat and abus'd by a brute, you would not.

*Sneak.* Oh Lord, I can hold out no longer! why, brother Bruin, you have set her a weeping: my life, my lovy, don't weep: did I  
ever

ever think I should have made my Molly to weep?

*Mrs. Sneak.* Last legs! you lubberly—  
[*Strikes him.*]

*Sir Jac.* Oh, fye! Molly.

*Mrs. Sneak.* What, are you leagu'd against me, Sir Jacob?

*Sir Jac.* Prithee, don't expose yourself before the whole parish: but what has been the occasion of this?

*Mrs. Sneak.* Why has not he gone and made himself the fool of the fair? Mayor of Garratt indeed! ecod, I could trample him under my feet.

*Sneak.* Nay, why should you grudge me my purfarment?

*Mrs. Sneak.* Did you ever hear such an oaf? why thee wilt be pointed at wherever thee goest: lookye, Jerry, mind what I say; go, get 'em to chuse somebody else, or never come near me again.

*Sneak.* What shall I do, father Sir Jacob?

*Sir Jac.* Nay, daughter, you take this thing in too serious a light; my honest neighbours thought to compliment me: but come, we'll settle the business at once. Neighbours, my son Sneak being seldom amongst us, the duty will never be done, so we will get our honest friend Heel-Tap to execute the office; he is, I think, every way qualified.

*Mob.* A Heel-Tap!

*Heel-Tap.* What d'ye mean, as Master Jeremy's deputy?  
*Sir*



*Sir Jac.* Ay, ay, his *Locum Tenens*.

*Sneak.* Do, Crispin; do be my *Locum Tenens*.

*Heel-Tap.* Give me your hand, Master Sneak, and to oblige you I will be the *Locum Tenens*.

*Sir Jac.* So, that is settled; but now to heal the other breach: come, Major, the gentlemen of your cloth seldom bear malice; let me interpose between you and my son.

*Major.* Your son-in-law, Sir Jacob, does deserve a castigation; but, on recollection, a cit would but sully my arms. I forgive him.

*Sir Jac.* That's right; as a token of amity, and to celebrate our feast, let us call in the fiddles. Now if the Major had but his shoes, he might join in a country-dance.

*Major.* Sir Jacob, no shoes, a Major must be never out of his boots; always ready for action. Mrs. Sneak will find me lightsome enough.

*Sneak.* What are all the women engaged? why then my *Locum Tenens* and I will jig together. Forget and forgive, Major.

*Major.* Freely.

Nor be it said, that, after all my toil,  
I stain'd my regimentals by a broil.

To you I dedicate boots, sword, and shield,

*Sir Jac.* As harmless in the chamber as  
the field.

THE END.

T H E

K N I G H T S.

A

C O M E D Y.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

T H E  
K N I G H T S.

A  
C O M E D Y,

I N  
T W O A C T S.

As it is performed.

At the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

---

B Y S A M U E L F O O T E, E s q.

---

— *sed habet Comœdia tanto*  
*Plus oneris, quanto Veniæ minus.*

Hor.

---

L O N D O N,  
Printed for P. VAILLANT, opposite Southampton-Street,  
in the Strand.



KING HENRY 8.

COMEDY

IN

TWO ACTS

As it is performed.

At the Theatre-Royal in Chancery-Lane.

---

By SAMUEL JOHNSON, ESQ.

---

Printed by J. Johnson, in Pall-mall.

LONDON

Printed by J. Johnson, in Pall-mall.

---

---

P R E F A C E

*AS this is the last opportunity I shall have of addressing the public this year, I think it my duty to return them my warmest acknowledgments for their favourable reception of the following little piece.*

*The three principal characters I met with in a summer's expedition; they are neither vamped from antiquated plays, pilfered from French farces, nor the baseless beings of the poet's brain. I have given them in their plain natural habit; they wanted no dramatic finishing; nor can I claim any other merit than grouping them together, and throwing them into action. The justice done them there by the performers, has been too strongly distinguished by the town, to render any thing from me necessary: I could only wish that the managers of the theatres would employ Mr. Castallo, whose peculiar naïveté, and strict propriety, would greatly become many characters on our stage.*

# P R O L O G U E,

Written and spoke by Mr. FOOTE.

**H**APPY my Muse, had she first turn'd her art,  
From Humour's dangerous path, to touch the  
heart.

They, who in all the bluster of blank verse,  
The mournful tales of love, and war rehearse;  
Are sure the Critics censure to escape,  
You hiss not heroes now, you only ——— gape.  
Nor, (strangers quite to heroes, kings, and queens,)  
Dare you intrude, you judgment, on their scenes.  
A different lot the comic muse attends,  
She is oblig'd to treat you with your friends;  
Must search the court, the forum, and the city;  
Mark out the dull, the gallant, and the witty,  
Youth's wild profusion, th' avarice of age;  
Nay, bring the pit itself, upon the stage.  
First to the bar, she turns her various face:  
Hem, my lord, I am counsel in this case,  
And if so be, your lordship should think fit,  
Why to be sure, my client must submit;  
For why, because—Then off she trips again,  
And to the sons of commerce, shifts her scene:  
There, whilst the griping sire, with mopeing care,  
Defrauds the world himself, t' enrich his heir,  
The pious boy, his father's toil rewarding,  
For thousand throws a main at Covent-Garden.  
These are the portraits we're oblig'd to show;  
You are all judges if the're like or no:  
Here should we fail, some other shape we'll try,  
And grace our future scenes, with novelty.

## PROLOGUE.

*I have a plan to treat you with Burletta,  
That cannot miss your taste, Mia Spilletta.  
But should the following piece your mirth excite,  
From nature's volume, we'll persist to write.  
Your partial favour, bid us first proceed;  
Then spare th' offender, since you urg'd the deed.*

D R A-



## Dramatis Personæ.

Hartop	——	——	Mr. Foote.
Sir Gregory Gazette	—		Mr. Yates.
Jenkins	——	——	Mr. Blakes.
Tim	——	——	Mr. Castallo.
Robin	——	——	Mr. Clough.
Jenny	——	——	Miss Minors.
Miss Penelope Trifle	—		Mrs. Cross.
Miss Sucky Trifle	——		Miss Mills.

---

---

T H E

K N I G H T S.

---

A C T I.

SCENE, *a Room.*

HARTOP *and* JENKINS *discovered.*

*Jenk.* I Should not chuse to marry into  
such a Family.

*Har.* Choice, dear Dick, is  
very little concern'd in the matter : and to  
convince you that love is not the minister of  
my counsels, know, that I never saw but  
once the object of my present purpose ; and  
that too at a time, and in a circumstance,  
not very likely to stamp a favourable im-  
pression. What think you of a raw board-  
ing-school girl at Lincoln minster, with a  
mind unpolish'd, a figure uninform'd, and a  
set of features tainted with the colours of  
her unwholesome food ?

B

*Jenk.*

*Jenk.* No very engaging object indeed; Hartop.

*Har.* Your thoughts now were mine then: but some connections I have since had with her father, have given birth to my present design upon her. You are no stranger to the situation of my circumstances: my neighbourhood to sir Penurious Trifle, was a sufficient motive for his advancing what money I wanted by way of mortgage: the hard terms he impos'd upon me, and the little regard I have paid to œconomy, has made it necessary for me to attempt by some scheme the re-establishment of my fortune. This young lady's simplicity, not to call it ignorance, presented her at once as a proper subject for my purpose.

*Jenk.* Success to you, Jack, with all my soul! a fellow of your spirit and vivacity, mankind ought to support for the sake of themselves. For, whatever Seneca and the other moral writers may have suggested in contempt of riches, it is plain their maxims were not calculated for the world as it now stands: in days of yore, indeed, when virtue was call'd wisdom, and vice, folly, such principles might have been encourag'd; but as the present subjects of our enquiry are, not what a man is, but what he has; as to be rich, is to be wise and virtuous, and to be poor, ignorant and vicious, I heartily applaud your plan!

*Har.* Your observation is but too just. And is it not, Dick, a little unaccountable that we, who condescend so servilely to copy the follies and fopperies of our polite neighbours, should be so totally averſe to an imitation of their virtues? In France, has he wealth? is an interrogation never put till they are diſappointed in their inquiries after the birth and wiſdom of a fashionable fellow: but here, how much a year?—two thouſand.—The devil! In what country? Berkſhire. Indeed! God bleſs us! a happy dog!—How the duce come I to be intereſted in a man's fortune, unleſs I am his ſteward or his taylor: indeed, knowlege and genius are worth examining into; by thoſe my underſtanding may be improv'd, or my imagination gratify'd; but why ſuch a man's being able to eat ortolans, and drink French wine, is to recommend him to my eſteem, is what I can't readily conceive.

*Jenk.* This complaint may with juſtice be made of all imitations: the ridiculous ſide is ever the object imitated. But a truce to moralizing, and to our buſineſs. Prithee, in the firſt place, how can you gain admittance to your miſtreſs? and in the ſecond, is the girl independent of her father? his conſent, I ſuppoſe, you have no thought of obtaining.

*Har.* Some farther propoſals concerning my eſtate; ſuch as an increaſe of the mort-



gage, or an absolute sale, is a sufficient pretence for a visit: and as to the cash, twenty to my knowledge; independent too, you rogue! and, besides, an only child, you know: and then, when things are done, they can't be undone—and 'tis well it's no worse—and a hundred such pretty proverbs, will, it's great odds, reconcile the old fellow at last. Besides, my papa in posse, has a foible, which, if I condescend to humour, I have his soul, my dear.

*Jenk.* Prithee, now you are in spirits, give me a portrait of sir Penurious; tho' he is my neighbour, yet is he so domestic an animal, that I know no more of him than the common country conversation; that he is a thrifty, wary man.

*Har.* The very abstract of penury! sir John Cutler, with his transmigrated stockings, was but a type of him. For instance, the barber has the growth of his and his daughter's head once a year, for shaving the knight once a fortnight; his shoes are made with the leather of a coach of his grandfather's, built in the year, one; his male servant is footman, groom, carter, coachman, and taylor; his maid employs her leisure hours in plain-work for the neighbours, which sir Penurious takes care, as her labour is for his emolument, shall be as many as possible, by joining with his daughter in scouring the rooms, making the beds, &c.

thus

thus much for his moral character. Then as to his intellectual, he is a mere charte blanche; the last man he is with, must afford him matter for the next he goes to; but a story is his idol, throw him in that, and he swallows it; no matter what, raw or roasted, savoury or insipid, down it goes, and up again to the first person he meets: it is upon this basis I found my favour with the knight, having acquir'd patience enough to hear his stories, and equip'd myself with a quantity sufficient to furnish him; his manner is indeed peculiar, and for once or twice entertaining enough. I'll give you a specimen—Is not that an equipage?

*Jenk.* Hey! yes, faith, and the owner, an acquaintance of mine: sir Gregory Gazette, by Jupiter! and his son Tim with him. Now I can match your knight. He must come this way to the parlour. We'll have a scene; but take your cue; he is a country politician.

*Sir Gregory entering, and Waiter.*

*Sir Greg.* What, neither the Gloucester Journal, nor the Worcester Courant, nor the Northampton Mercury, nor the Chester? Mr. Jenkins, I am your humble servant: a strange town this, Mr. Jenkins, no news stirring, no papers taken in! is that gentleman a stranger, Mr. Jenkins? pray, sir, not to be too bold, you don't come from London?

## 6. THE KNIGHTS.

*Har.* But last night.

*Sir Greg.* Lack-a-day ! that's wonderful !  
*Mr. Jenkins,* introduce me.

*Jenk.* Mr. Hartop, Sir Gregory Gazette.

*Sir Greg.* Sir, I am proud to—well, fir,  
and what news ? you come from—pray,  
fir, are you a parliament-man ?

*Har.* Not I, indeed, fir.

*Sir Greg.* Good lack ! may be belong to  
the law ?

*Har.* Nor that.

*Sir Greg.* Oh, then in some of the offices ;  
the treasury or the exchequer ?

*Har.* Neither, fir.

*Sir Greg.* Lack-a-day ! that's wonderful !  
Well, but Mr.—Pray what name did Mr.  
Jenkins, Ha, Ha,

*Har.* Hartop.

*Sir Greg.* Ay, true ! what, not of the  
Hartops of Boston.

*Har.* No.

*Sir Greg.* May be not. There is, Mr.  
Hartop, one thing that I envy you London-  
ers in much:—quires of news-papers ! now,  
I reckon, you read a matter of eight sheets  
every day.

*Har.* Not one.

*Sir Greg.* Wonderful ? then, may be, you  
are about court ; and so being at the foun-  
tain-head, know what is in the papers before  
they are printed.

*Har.*

*Har.* I never trouble my head about them.  
—An old fool!

*Sir Greg.* Good lord! your friend, Mr. Jenkins, is very close.

*Jenk.* Why, sir Gregory, Mr. Hartop is much in the secrets above; and it becomes a man so trusted to be wary, you know.

*Sir Greg.* May be so, may be so. Wonderful! ay, ay, a great man, no doubt.

*Jenk.* But I'll give him a better insight into your character, and that will induce him to throw off his reserve.

*Sir Greg.* May be so; do, do; ay, ay!

*Jenk.* Prithee, Jack, don't be so crusty: indulge the knight's humour a little; besides, if I guess right, it may be necessary for the conduct of your design to contract a pretty strict intimacy there.

*Har.* Well, do as you will.

*Jenk.* Sir Gregory, Mr. Hartop's ignorance of your character made him a little shy in his replies; but you will now find him more communicative; and, in your ear,—he is a treasure; he is in all the mysteries of government; at the bottom of every thing.

*Sir Greg.* Wonderful! a treasure! ay, ay be so.

*Jenk.* And, that you may have him to yourself, I'll go in search of your son.

*Sir Greg.* Do so, do so; Tim is without; just come from his uncle Tregegle's at Mene-



# 8 THE KNIGHTS.

gizy in Cornwall: Tim is an honest lad, do so, do so. [*Exit Jenk.*] Well, Mr. Hartop, and so we have a peace lack-a-day! long look'd-for come at last. But, pray, Mr. Hartop, how many news-papers may you have printed in a week?

*Har.* About an hundred and fifty, fir Gregory.

*Sir Greg.* Good now, good now? and all full, I reckon; full as an egg; nothing but news! well, well, I shall go to London one of these days. A hundred and fifty! wonderful! and, pray now, which do you reckon the best?

*Har.* Oh, fir Gregory, they are as various in their excellencies as their uses; if you are inclin'd to blacken by a couple of lines the reputation of a neighbour, whose character neither your nor his whole life can possibly restore, you may do it for two shillings in one paper: if you are displaced, or disappointed of a place, a triplet against the ministry will be always well receiv'd at the head of another: and then, as a paper of morning-amusement, you have the Fool.

*Sir Greg.* The Fool! good lack! and pray who and what may that same Fool be?

*Har.* Why, fir Gregory, the author has artfully assumed that habit, like the royal jesters of old, to level his satire with more security to himself, and severity to others.

*Sir*

*Sir Greg.* May be so, may be so! the Fool! ha, ha, ha! well enough! a queer dog, and no fool, I warrant you. Killigrew, ah, I have heard my grandfather talk much of that same Killigrew, and no fool. But what's all this to news, Mr. Hartop? who gives us the best account of the king of Spain, and the queen of Hungary, and those great folks? Come now, you could give us a little news if you would; come now!—snug!—nobody by. Good now do; come, ever so little.

*Har.* Why, as you so largely contribute to the support of the government, it is but fair you should know what they are about. We are at present in a treaty with the pope.

*Sir Greg.* With the pope! wonderful! good now, good now! how, how?

*Har.* We are to yield him up a large tract of the Terra-incognita, together with both the Needles, Scilly-rocks, and the Lizard-point, on condition that the pretender has the government of Laputa, and the bishop of Greenland succeeds to St. Peter's chair; he being, you know, a protestant, when possessed of the pontificals, issues out a bull, commanding all catholics to be of his religion; they deeming the pope infallible, follow his directions; and then, Sir Gregory, we are all of one mind.

*Sir*

10 THE KNIGHTS.

*Sir Greg.* Good lack, good lack! rare news, rare news, rare news! ten millions of thanks, Mr. Hartop. But might not I just hint this to Mr. Soakum, our vicar? 'twould rejoice his heart.

*Har.* Oh fie! by no means.

*Sir Greg.* Only a line—a little hint—do now.

*Har.* Well, sir, it is difficult for me to refuse you any thing.

*Sir Greg.* Ten thousand thanks! now! the pope—wonderful! I'll minute it down—both the Needles?

*Har.* Ay, both.

*Sir Greg.* Good now, I'll minute it—the Lizard-Point—both the Needles—Scilly-Rocks—bishop of Greenland—St. Peter's chair—why then, when this is finished, we may chance to attack the great Turk, and have holy-wars again, Mr. Hartop.

*Har.* That's part of the scheme.

*Sir Greg.* Ah! good now! you see I have a head! politics have been my study many a day. Ah, if I had been in London to improve by the news papers! They tell me Doctor Drybones is to succeed to the bishoprick of Wisper.

*Har.* No; Doctor——

*Sir Greg.* Indeed! I was told by my landlord at Ross, that it was between him and the dean of——

*Har.* To my knowlege.

*Sir*

# THE KNIGHTS      II

*Sir Greg.* Nay, you know best; to be sure: if it should—hush! here's Mr Jenkins, and son Tim; mum! Mr Jenkins does not know any thing about the treaty with the pope?

*Har.* Not a word.

*Sir Greg.* Mum!

*Enter Tim and Mr. Jenkins.*

*Jenk.* Master Timothy is almost grown out of knowlege, Sir Gregory.

*Sir Greg.* Good now, good now! ay, ay; Ill weeds grow a-pace: son Tim, Mr. Hartop; a great man, child! Mr. Hartop, son Tim.

*Har.* Sir, I shall be always glad to know every branch that springs from so valuable a trunk as Sir Gregory Gazette.

*Sir Greg.* May be so. Wonderful! ay, ay!

*Har.* Sir I am glad to see you in Herefordshire! have you been long from Cornwall?

*Tim.* Ay, sir; a matter of four weeks or a month, more or less.

*Sir Greg.* Well said, Tim! ay, ay, ask Tim any questions, he can answer for himself. Tim, tell Mr. Hartop all the news about the elections, and the tinnors, and the tides, and the roads and the pilchards. I want a few words with my master Jenkins.

*Har.* You have been so long absent from  
your



your native country, that you have almost forgot it.

*Tim.* Yes sure : I ha' been at uncle Treggle's a matter of twelve or a dozen year, more or less.

*Har.* Then I reckon you were quite impatient to see your papa and mama ?

*Tim.* No sure, not I. Father sent for me to uncle ; sure Menegizy is a choice place ! and I could a'stay'd there all my born days, more or less.

*Har.* Pray, fir, what were your amusements ?

*Tim.* Nan ? what d'ye say ?

*Har.* How did you divert yourself ?

*Tim.* Oh, we ha' pastimes enow there : we ha' bull-baiting, and cock-fighting, and fishing, and hunting, and hurling, and wrestling.

*Har.* The two last are sports for which that country is very remarkable : in those, I presume, you are very expert.

*Tim.* Nan ! what ?

*Har.* I say you are a good wrestler.

*Tim.* Oh ! yes sure, I can wrestle well enow : but we don't wrestle after your fashion : we ha' no tripping, fath and soul ! we go all upon close hugs, or the flying mare. Will you try a fall, master ? I wan't hurt you, fath and soul.

*Har.* We had as good not venture tho'. But have you left in Cornwall nothing that  
you

you regret the loss of more than hurling and wrestling ?

*Tim.* Nan ! what ?

*Har.* No favourite she ?

*Tim.* Arra, I coupled Favourite and Jowler together, and sure the tug'd it all the way up. Part with Favourite ! no I thank you for nothing ; you must know I nurs'd Favourite myself ; uncle's huntsman was going to mill-pond to drown all Music's puppies ; so I sav'd she : but, fath, I'll tell you a comical story ; at Lanston, they both broke loose, and eat a whole lion-a'-veal, and a leg of beef : crist ! how landlord swear'd ! fath, the poor fellow was almost maz'd : it made me die wi' laughing : but how came you to know about our Favourite ?

*Har.* A circumstance so material to his son, could not escape the knowlege of sir Gregory Gazette's friends. But here you mistook me a little, 'squire Tim ; I meant whether your affections were not settled upon some pretty girl : has not some Cornish lass caught your heart ?

*Tim.* Hush ! 'god, the old man will hear ; jog a tiny-bit this way—won't a'tell father ?

*Har.* Upon my honour !

*Tim.* Why then I'll tell you the whole story, more or less. Do you know Mally Pengrouse ?

*Har.* I am not so happy.

# 14 THE KNIGHTS.

*Tim.* She's uncle's milkmaid ; she's as handsome, lord ! her face all red and white, like the inside of a shoulder of mutton ; so I made love to our Mally : and just, fath, as I had got her good will to run away to Exeter and be married, uncle found it out, and sent word to father ; and father sent for me home ; but I don't love her a bit the worser for that : but, 'icod, if you tell father, he'll knock my brains out ; for he says i'll disparage the family ; and mother's as mad as a March hare about it : so father and mother ha' brought me to be married to some young body in these parts.

*Har.* What, is my lady here ?

*Tim.* No sure, dame Winifred, as father calls her, could not come along.

*Har.* I am sorry for that ; I have the honour to be a distant relation of her ladyship's.

*Tim.* Like enough, fath ! she's a-kin to half the world, I think. But don't you say a word to father about Mally Pengrouse. Hush !

*Jenk.* Mr. Hartop, sir Gregory will be amongst us some time ; he is going with his son to sir Penurious Trifle's : there is a kind of a treaty of marriage on foot between Miss Sukey Trifle and Mr. Timothy.

*Har.* The devil ! I shall be glad of every circumstance that can make me better acquainted with sir Gregory.

# THE KNIGHTS. 15

*Sir Greg.* Good now, good now ; may be so, may be so !

*Tim.* Father, sure the gentleman says as how mother and he are a-kin.

*Sir Greg.* Wonderful ! lack-a-day ! lack-a-day ! how, how ? I am proud to—but how, Mr. Hartop, how ?

*Har.* Why, sir, a cousin-german of my aunt's first husband, inter-marry'd with a distant relation of a colateral branch by the mother's side, the Apprices of Lantrindon ; and we have ever since quarter'd in a 'scutcheon of pretence the three goat's tails rampant, divided by a cheveron, field argent ; with a leek pendant in the dexter point, to distinguish the second house.

*Sir Greg.* Wonderful ! wonderful ! nearly, nearly related ! good now, good now, if dame Winifred was here, she'd make 'em all out with a wet finger ; but they are above me. Prithee Tim, good now, see after the horses—and, d'ye hear ? try if you can get any news-papers.

*Tim.* Yes, father—but, cousin What-d'ye-call-um, not a word about Mally Pengrouse.

*Har.* Mum ! [Exit Tim.]

*Sir Greg.* Good now, that boy will make some mistake about the horses now ! I'll go myself. Good now, no farther, cousin ; if you please, no ceremony—a hundred and fifty



16 THE KNIGHTS.

fifty a week! the Fool! ha, ha, ha! wonderful! an odd dog. [*Exit Sir Greg.*

*Jenk.* So, Jack, here's a fresh spoke in your wheel.

*Har.* This is a cursed cross incident.

*Jenk.* Well, but something must be done to frustate the scheme of your new cousin's. Can you think of nothing?

*Har.* I have been hammering: pray, are the two knights intimate? are they well acquainted with each other's person?

*Jenk.* Faith, I can't tell: but we may soon know.

*Har.* Cou'd you recommend me a good-spirited girl, who has humour and compliance to follow a few directions; and understanding enough to barter a little inclination for 3,000*l.* a year, and a fool?

*Jenk.* In part I guess your design: the man's daughter of the house is a good lively lass, has a fortune to make, and no reputation to lose. I'll call her—Jenny!—but the enemy's at hand—I'll withdraw and prepare Jenny. When the worshipful family are retir'd, I'll introduce the wench. [*Exit Jenk.*

*Enter Sir Gregory and Tim.*

*Sir Greg.* Pray now, cousin, are you in friendship with sir Penurious Trifle?

*Har.* I have the honour, sir, of that gentleman's acquaintance.

*Sir*

*Sir Greg.* May be so, may be so! but, lack-a-day, cousin, is he such a miser as folks say? good now, they tell me we shall hardly have necessaries for ourselves and horses at Gripe-Hall: but as you are a relation, you should, good now, know the affairs of the family. Here's fir Penurious's letter; here, cousin.

*Har.* "Your overture I receive with pleasure, and should be glad to meet you in Shropshire."—I fancy, from a thorough knowledge of fir Penurious's disposition, and by what I can collect from the contents of that letter, he would be much better pleas'd to meet you here, than at his own house.

*Sir Greg.* Lack-a-day, may be so! a strange man! wonderful! But, good now, cousin, what must we do?

*Har.* I this morning pay'd fir Penurious a visit; and if you'll honour me with your commands, I'll—

*Sir Greg.* Wonderful, to day! good now, that's lucky! cousin, you are very kind: good now, I'll send a letter, Tim, by cousin Hartop.

*Har.* A letter from so old an acquaintance, and upon so happy an occasion, will secure me a favourable reception.

*Sir Greg.* Good lack, good lack, an old acquaintance, indeed, cousin Hartop! we were at Hereford 'fise together—let's see, wonderful, how long ago? 'twas while I

was courting dame Winney ; the year before I married—good now, how long ? let's see—that year the hackney stable was built, and Peter Ugly the blind pad fell into a saw-pit.

*Tim.* Mother says father and she was marry'd the first of April in the year ten ; and I knows 'tis there about, for I am two and thirty ; and brother Jeremy, and Roger, and Gregory, and sister Nelly, were born'd before I.

*Sir Greg.* Good now, good now ! how time wears away ! wonderful ! thirty-eight years ago, Tim ; I could not have thought it. But come in, let's set about the letter. But pray, cousin, what diversions, good now, are going forward in London ?

*Har.* Oh, sir, we are in no distress for amusement ; we have plays, balls, puppet-shows, masquerades, bull-baitings, boxings, burlettas, routs, drums, and a thousand others. But I am in haste for your epistle, sir Gregory.

*Sir Greg.* Cousin, your servant.

[*Exit Sir Greg. and Tim.*]

*Har.* I am your most obedient.—Thus far our scheme succeeds : and if Jenkins's girl can assume the awkward pertness of the daughter, with as much success as I can imitate the spirited folly of sir Penurious the father, I don't despair of a happy catastrophe.

*Enter Jenny.*

*Jenny.* Sir, Mr. Jenkins—

*Har.* Oh, child, your instructions shall be administer'd within.

*Jenny.* Mr. Jenkins has open'd your design, and I am ready and able to execute my part.

*Har.* My dear, I have not the least doubt of either your inclination or ability.—But, pox take this old fellow! what in the devil's name can bring him back? scour, Jenny.

*Enter Sir Gregory.*

*Sir Greg.* Cousin, I beg pardon, but I have a favour to beg—good now could not, you make interest at some coffee-house in London to buy, for a small matter, the old books of news-papers, and send them into the country to me? They would pass away the time rarely in a rainy day.

*Har.* Sir, I'll send you a cart-load.

*Sir Greg.* Good now, good now: ten thousand thanks! you are a cousin indeed! But pray, cousin, let us, good now, see some of the works of that same Fool.

*Har.* I'll send them you all; but a—

*Sir Greg.* What, all? lack-a-day, that's kind, cousin? the Terra Incognita—both the Needles—a great deal of that! But what bishop is to be pope?



*Har.* Zounds, fir ! I am in haste for your letter—when I return, ask as many questions—

*Sir Greg.* Good now, good now, that's true—I'll in, and about it.—But, cousin, the pope is not to have Gibraltar ?

*Har.* No, no ; damn it, no ! as none but the Fool could say it, so none but ideots would believe him. Pray, fir Gregory—

*Sir Greg.* Well, well, cousin ! lack-a-day, you are so—but, pray—

*Har.* Damn your praying ! if you don't finish your letter immediately, you may carry it yourself.

*Sir Greg.* Well, well, cousin ! lack-a-day, you are in such a—good now ! I go, I go.

*Har.* But if the truth should be discover'd, I shall be inevitably disappointed.

*Sir Greg.* But cousin, are Scilly Rocks—

*Har.* I wish they were in your guts, with all my heart ! I must quit the field, I find.

[*Exit.*

*Sir Greg.* Wonderful ! good now, good now, a passionate man ! lack-a-day, I am glad the pope is not to have Gibraltar tho' !

## A C T II.

## S C E N E,

*Sir GREGORY, and TIM reading News to him, discovered.*

*Tim.* C O nstantinople, N. S. Nov. 15, the Grande Seigniour—

*Sir Greg.* Lack-a day! good now, Tim, the politicks, child: and read the stars, and the dashes, and the blanks, as I taught you, Tim.

*Tim.* Yes, father—We can assure our readers that the D—dash is to go to F blank; and that a certain noble L—is to resign his p—e in the t—y, in order to make r—m for the two three stars.

*Sir Greg.* Wonderful! good now! good now! great news, Tim! ah, I knew the two three stars would come in play one time or other. This London Evening knows more than any of them. Well, child, well.

*Tim.* From the D. J.

*Sir Greg.* Ay, that's the Dublin Journal. Go on, Tim.

*Tim.* Last Saturday a gang of highwaymen broke into an empty house on Ormond-Quay, and strip'd it of all the furniture.

*Sir Greg.* Lack-a-day ; wonderful ! to what a height these rogues are grown.

*Tim.* The way to Mr. Keith's chapel is turn of your—

*Sir Greg.* Pshaw ! skip that, Tim ; I know that road as well as the doctor ! 'tis in every time.

*Tim.* I Ward, at the Cat and Gridiron, Petticoat-Lane ; makes tabby all over for people inclined to be crooked : and if he was to have the universal world for making a pair of stays he could not put better stuff in them——

*Sir Greg.* Good now ; where's that, Tim ?

*Tim.* At the Cat and Gridiron, father.

*Sir Greg.* I'll minute that : all my lady Isard's children, good now, are inclined to be crooked.

*Enter a Drawer.*

*Draw.* Sir, Mr. Jenkins begs to speak with you.

*Sir Greg.* Good now ; desire him to walk in.

*Enter Jenkins.*

*Jenk.* I thought it might not be improper to prepare you for a visit from sir Penurious Trifle : I saw him and his daughter alight at the apothecary's above.

*Sir Greg.* What, they are come, wonderful ! Very kind, very kind, very kind, indeed, Mr. — Come, Tim, settle my cravat :  
good

good now, let's be a little decent : remember your best bow to your mistress, Tim.

*Tim.* Yes, father : but must not I kiss Miss Suck ?

*Sir Greg.* Lack-a-day, ay, ay ! pray, is cousin Hartop, come along ?

*Jenk.* I have not seen him : but, I fancy, I had better introduce my neighbours.

*Sir Greg.* Good now, would you be so kind ! [*Exit Jenkins.*] Stand behind me, Tim.—Pull down your ruffles, child.

*Tim.* But, father, won't Miss Suck think me bold if I kiss her chops the first time ?

*Sir Greg.* Lack-a-day ! no, Tim, no : faint heart never won fair lady. Ha ! Tim, had you but seen me attack dame Winny ! but times ar'n't as they were ; good now, we were another kind of folks in those days ; stout hearty smacks, that would ha' made your mouth water again ; and the mark stood upon the pouting lip like the print upon a pound of butter. But the master-misses of the present age go, lack-a-day, as gingerly about it, as if they were afraid to fill their mouths with the paint upon their mistresses cheeks. Ah, the days I have seen.

*Tim.* Nay, father, I warrant, if that's all, I kiss her hearty enow, fath and sole !

*Sir Greg.* Hush, Tim, hush ! stand behind me, child.



*Enter Hartop as Sir Penurious Trifle, and Jenny as Miss Sukey, and Jenkins.*

*Sir Greg.* Sir Penurious, I am overjoy'd!  
—Good now!

*Sir Pen.* Sir Gregory, I kiss your hand!  
my daughter Suck.

*Sir Greg.* Wonderful? Miss, I am proud  
to—son Tim—sir Penurious—best bow,  
child—Miss Suck——

*Tim.* An't that right, father? [*kisses her.*

*Sir Greg.* Good now, good now! I am  
glad to see you look so well! you keep your  
own, sir Penurious,

*Sir Pen.* Ay, ay, stout enough, sir Gregory,  
stout enough, brother Knight! hearty as an  
oak; hey, Dick? gad, now I talk of an  
oak, I'll tell you a story of an oak; it will  
make you die with laughing; hey, you Dick,  
you have heard it; shall I tell it, sir Gregory?

*Jenk.* Tho' I have heard it so often, yet  
there is something so engaging in your man-  
ner of telling a story, that it always appears  
new.

*Sir Greg.* Wonderful! good now, good  
now, I love a comical story. Pray, sir Penu-  
rious, let's have it: mind, Tim, mind, Child.

*Tim.* Yes, father; fath and sole, I love a  
choice story to my heart's blood!

*Sir Pen.* You, knight, I was at Bath last  
summer—a water that people drink when  
they are ill: you have heard of the Bath,  
Dick? Hey, you!

*Tim,*

*Tim.* Yes, fath, I know Bath ; I was there in way up.

*Sir Greg.* Hush, Tim ; good now, hush !

*Sir Pen.* There's a coffee-house, you, a place where people drink coffee and tea, and read the news.

*Sir Greg.* Pray, fir Penurious, how many Papers may they take in ?

*Sir Pen.* Pshaw ! damn the news ! mind the story.

*Sir Greg.* Good now, good now ! a hasty man, Tim !

*Sir Pen.* Pox take you both ! I have lost the story—where did I leave off, hey, you Dick ?

*Tim.* About coffee and tea.

*Sir Pen.* Right, you, right ! true, true ! so, god, you knight, I us'd to breakfast at this coffee-house every morning, it cost me eight pence tho', and I had always a breakfast at home—no matter for that tho' ! there I breakfasted ; you Dick, god, at the same table with lord Tom Truewit—You have heard of Truewit, you, Knight ; a droll dog ! you Dick, he told us the story and made us die with laughing : you have heard of Charles the second, you knight, he was son of Charles the first ; king here in England, that was beheaded by Oliver Cromwell : so what does Charles the second, you knight, do ; but he fights Noll at Worcester, a town you have heard of, not far off ; but all would not do,

do, you; god, Noll made him scamper, made him run; take to his heels, you knight; Truewit told us the story, made us die with laughing; I always breakfasted at the coffee-house, it cost me eight pence tho' I had a breakfast at home—so what does Charles do, but hid himself in an oak, an oak tree, you, in a wood call'd Boscobel, from two Italian words, Bosco Bello, a fine wood, you; and off he marches: but old Noll would not let him come home; no, says he, you don't come here—lord Tom told us the story; made us die with laughing; it cost me eight pence tho' I had a breakfast at home: so, you knight, when Noll dy'd; Monk there, you, afterwards Albemarle, in the North brought him back: so you, the cavaliers, you have heard of them? they were friends to the Stuarts, what did they do, god, you Dick, but they put up Charles in a sign, the royal oak, you have seen such signs at country alehouses: so, god, you, what does a Puritan do, the Puritans were friends to Noll, but he puts up the sign of an owl in the ivy bush, and underneath he writes, "This is not the royal oak:" you have seen writings under signs, you knight: upon this, says the royalists, god this must not be; so, you, what do they do, but, god, they prosecuted the poor Puritan; but they made him change his sign tho': and, you Dick, how d'ye think they chang'd? god he puts up the  
royal

royal oak ; and underneath he writes, " This not the owl in the ivy bush." It made us all die with laughing ; lord Tom told the story ; I always breakfasted at the coffee-house, tho' it cost me eight pence, and I had a breakfast at home, hey, you, knight ; what, Dick, hey !

*Sir Greg.* Good now, good now ; wonderful !

*Tim.* A choice tale, fath !

*Jenk.* Oh, sir Penurious is a most entertaining companion, that must be allow'd.

*Sir Greg.* Good now, ay, ay, a merry man ! but, lack-a-day, would not the young lady chuse a little refreshment after her ride ? some tea, or some——

*Sir Pen.* Hey, you knight ! no, no ; we intend to dine with thee, man. Well, you, Tim, what dost think of thy father-in-law that is to be, hey ? a jolly cock, you Tim, hey Dick. But prithee, boy, what dost do with all this tawdry tinsel on ? that hat and waistcoat ? trash, knight, trash ! more in thy pocket and less in thy cloaths ; hey, you Dick ? god, you knight, I'll make you laugh : I went to London, you Dick, last year to call in a mortgage ; and what does me I, Dick, but take a trip to a coffee house in St. Martin's Lane, in comes a French fellow forty times as fine as Tim, with his muff and parlevous, and his Francés ; and his head, you knight, as white with powder, god, you, as  
a twelfth



28 THE KNIGHTS.

a twelfth cake : and who the devil d'ye think, Dick, this might be, hey, you knight ?

*Sir Greg.* Good now, an ambassador to be sure.

*Sir Pen.* God, you knight, nor better nor worser then Mynheer Vancaper, a Dutch figure' dancer at the opera-house in the Hay-market.

*Sir Greg.* Wonderful ! good now, good now !

*Sir Pen.* Pshaw ! Pox, prithee, Tim, nobody dresses now ; all plain ; look at me, knight, I am in the tip of the mode ; now am I in full dress, hey, Dick ?

*Jenk.* You, fir, don't want the aids of dress : but in Mr. Gazette, a little regard to that particular is but a necessary compliment to his mistress.

*Sir Pen.* Stuff, Dick, stuff ! my daughter, knight, has had other guests breeding ; hey, you ! Suck, come forward. Plain as a pike-staff, knight, all as nature made her ; hey, Tim, no flams : prithee, Tim, off with thy lace and burn it : 'twill help to buy the licence : she'll not like thee a bit the better for that ; hey, Suck ! but, you knight ; god, Dick, a toast and tankard would not be amiss after our walk ; hey, you ?

*Sir Greg.* Good now, good now ! what you will, fir Penurious

*Sir Pen.* God, that's hearty you ! but we won't part the young couple, hey : I'll send  
Suck

Suck some bread and cheefe in; hey, knight! at her, Tim. Come, Dick; come, you, knight. Did I ever tell you my courtship, hey, Dick? 'twill make you laugh.

*Jenk.* Not as I remember.

*Sir Greg.* Lack a-day, let's have it.

*Sir Pen.* You know my wife was blind, you, knight.

*Sir Greg.* Good now; wonderful! not I.

*Sir Pen.* Blind as a beetle when I marry'd her, knight: hey, Dick! she was drown'd in our orchard: maid Bess, knight, went to market, you, Dick; and wife rambled into the orchard, and fouse, drop'd into the fish-pond: we found her out next day, but she was dead as a herring: no help for that, Dick; buried her tho', hey you! she was only daughter to sir Tristram Muckworm, you; rich enough, you, hey! god, you, what does she do, you, but she falls in love with young Sleek her Father's chaplain, hey, you! upon that, what does me I, but slips on Domine's robes, you, pass'd myself upon her for him, and we were tack'd together, you, knight, hey! god, tho' I believe she never lik'd me; but what signifies that, hey, Dick! she was rich, you. But come, let's leave the children together.

*Sir Greg.* Sir, I wait on you.

*Sir Pen.* Nay, pray—

*Sir Greg.* Good now, good now, 'tis impossible—

*Sir*

*Sir Pen.* Pox of ceremony! you, Dick, hey? god, knight, I'll tell you a story: one of our Ambassadors in France, you, a devilish polite fellow reckon'd, Dick: god, you, what does the king of France do, but, says he, I'll try the manners of this fine gentleman: so, knight, going into a coach together, the king would have my lord go first: oh, an't please your majesty, I can't indeed; you, hey, Dick! upon which, what does me the king, but he takes his arm thus, you, Dick, am I king of France, or you? Is it my coach or yours? and so pushes him in thus. Hey, Dick!

*Sir Greg.* Good now, good now! he, he, he!

*Sir Pen.* God, Dick, I believe I have made a mistake here; I should have gone in first; hey, Dick! knight, god, you, beg pardon. Yes, your coach, not mine; your house, not mine; hey, knight!

*Sir Greg.* Wonderful! a merry man, Mr. Jenkins. [*Exit the two Knights and Jenk.*]

*Tim.* Father and cousin are gone, fath and sole!

*Jenny.* I fancy my lover is a little puzzled how to begin.

*Tim.* How—Fath and sole, I don't know what to say: how d'ye do, miss Suck?

*Jenny.* Pretty well, thank you.

*Tim.* You have had a choice walk.—'Tis a rare day, fath and sole.

*Jenny.*

*Jenny.* Yes, the day's well enough.

*Tim.* Is your house a good way off here?

*Jenny.* Dree or four mile.

*Tim.* That's a good long walk, fath!

*Jenny.* I make nothing of it, and back again.

*Tim.* Like enow. [Whistles.

*Jenny.* [Sings.

*Tim.* You have a rare pipe of your own, miss.

*Jenny.* I can sing loud enough, if I have a mind: but father don't love singing.

*Tim.* Like enow. [Whistles.

*Jenny.* And I an't overfond of whistling.

*Tim.* Hey! ay, like enow: and I am a bitter bad singer.

*Jenny.* Hey! ay, like enough.

*Tim.* Pray, miss Suck, did ever any body make love to you before!

*Jenny.* Before! when?

*Tim.* Before now.

*Jenny.* What if I won't tell you?

*Tim.* Why then you must let it alone, fath and sole.

*Jenny.* Like enough.

*Tim.* Pray, miss Suck, did your father tell you any thing?

*Jenny.* About what?

*Tim.* About I.

*Jenny.* What should a tell?

*Tim.* Tell! why, as how I and father was come a woing.

*Jenny.*



*Jenny.* Who?

*Tim.* Why, you. Could you like me for a sweet-heart, Miss Suck?

*Jenny.* I don't know.

*Tim.* Mayhap somebody may ha' got your good will already?

*Jenny.* And what then?

*Tim.* Then! hey, I don't know. But if you could fancy me——

*Jenny.* For what?

*Tim.* For your true lover.

*Jenny.* Well, what then?

*Tim.* Then: hey! why, fath, we may chance to be marry'd, if the old folks agree together.

*Jenny.* And suppose I won't be marry'd to you?

*Tim.* Nay, Miss Suck, I can't help it, fath and sole. But father and mother bid me come a courting: and if you won't ha' me, I'll tell father so.

*Jenny.* You are in a woundy hurry, me-thinks.

*Tim.* Not I, fath! you may stay as long as——

*Enter Waiter.*

*Wait.* There's a woman without wants to speak with Mr. Timothy Gazette.

*Tim.* That's I. I am glad on't. Well, Miss Suck, your servant. You'll think about it, and let's know your mind when I come back.

back.—god, I don't care whether she likes me or no ; I don't like her half so well as Mally Pengrouse.—Well, your servant, Miss Suck. [Exit Tim.

*Jenny.* Was there ever such an unlick'd cub ? I don't think his fortune a sufficient reward for sacrificing my person to such a booby : but as he has money enough, it shall go hard but I please myself : I fear I was a little too backward with my gentleman : but, however, a favourable answer to his last question will soon settle matters.

*Enter Jenkins.*

*Jenk.* Now, Jenny, what news, child ? are things fix'd ; are you ready for the nuptial knot ?

*Jenny.* We are in a fair way : I thought to have quicken'd my swain's advances by a little affected coyness ; but the trap would not take : I expect him back in a minute, and then leave it to my management.

*Jenk.* Where is he gone ?

*Jenny.* The drawer called him to some woman.

*Jenk.* Woman ! he neither knows or is known by any body here. What can this mean ? no counterplot ! but, pox, that's impossible ! you have not blab'd Jenny ?

*Jenny.* My interest would prevent me.

*Jenk.* Upon that security any woman  
D may,

may, I think, be trusted. I must after him tho'. [Exit.

*Jenny.* I knew the time when Jenkins would not have left me so hastily: 'tis odd, that the same cause that increases the passion, in one sex, should destroy it in the other: the reason is above my reach; but the fact I am a severe witness of. Heigh ho!

*Enter Hartop, Sir Penurious, and Sir Gregory Gazette.*

*Sir Pen.* And so, you knight, says he, you know knight, what low dogs the ministers were then, how does your pot—a pot, you, that they put over the fire to boil broth and meat in.—You have seen a pot, you knight—how does your pot boil these troublesome times? hey you! god, my lord, says he, I don't know, I seldom go into my kitchen; a kitchen, you knight, is a place where they dress victuals! roast and boil, and so forth; god, says he, I seldom go into the kitchen—but, I suppose, the scum is uppermost still; hey, you knight! what, god, hey! But where's your son, sir Gregory? good now, good now, where's Tim, Miss Sukey? lack-a-day, what's become of Tim?

*Jenny.* Gone out a tiny bit; he'll be here presently.

*Sir Greg.* Wonderful! good now! good now! well, and how Miss Sukey—has Tim? has he? well, and what, you have—wonderful!

*Enter*

*Enter a Servant with a Letter.*

*Serv.* Sir, I was commanded to deliver this into your own hands by Mr. Jenkins.

*Sir Pen.* Hey, you, what, a letter? god so! any answer you? hey!

*Serv.* None, sir.

*Sir Greg.* Lack-a-day, sir Penurious is busy! well, Miss, and did Tim do the thing? did he please you? come now, tell us the whole story: wonderful! rare news for dame Winny! ha, Tim's father's own son! but come, whisper—ay.

*Sir Pen.* "I have only time to tell you that your scheme is blasted: this instant I encounter'd Mrs. Penelope Trifle, with her niece, they will soon be with you."—So then all's over; but let's see what expedition will do——Well, you knight, hey! what have they settled? Is the girl willing!

*Sir Greg.* Good now, good now, right as my leg! ah, Tim, little did I think—but, lack-a-day, I wonder where the boy is! let's seek him.

*Sir Pen.* Agreed, you knight; hey, come.

*Enter Jenkins.*

*Sir Greg.* Lack-a-day, here's Mr. Jenkins. Good now, have you seen Tim?

*Jenk.* Your curiosity shall be immediately satisfied; but I must first have a word with sir Penurious.

*Sir Pen.* Well you, what, hey; any news, Dick?



36 THE KNIGHTS.

*Jenk.* Better than you could hope, your rival is dispos'd of.

*Sir Pen.* Dispos'd of! how?

*Jenk.* Marry'd by this time, you rogue! the woman that wanted him was no other than Mally Pengrouse; trudg'd it up all the way after him, as Tim says; I have recommended them to my chaplain, and before this the business is done.

*Har.* Bravissimo! you rogue! but how shall I get off with the knight!

*Jenk.* Nay that must be your contrivance.

*Har.* I have it—suppose I was to own the whole design to Sir Gregory, as our plan has not succeeded with his son; and as he seems to have a tolerable regard for me, it is possible he may assist my scheme on Sir Penurious.

*Jenk.* 'Tis worth trying however: but he comes.

*Sir Greg.* Well, good now, Mr. Jenkins, have you seen Tim? I can't think where the boy—

*Har.* 'Tis now time, Sir Gregory to set you clear with respect to some particulars; I am now no longer sir Penurious Trifle, but your friend and relation, Jack Hartop.

*Sir Greg.* Wonderful! good now, good now, cousin Hartop, as I am a living man—hey—well, but, good now, how, Mr. Jenkins, hey?

*Jenk.*

*Jenk.* The story, Sir Gregory, is rather too long to tell you now, but in two words; my friend Hartop has very long had a passion for Miss Trifle; and was apprehensive your son's application would destroy his views, which, in order to defeat, he assumed the character of Sir Penurious: but he is so captivated with your integrity and friendship, that he rather chuses to forego his own interest, than interrupt the happiness of your son.

*Sir Greg.* Wonderful! good now, good now, that's kind! who could have thought it, cousin Hartop? lack-a-day, well, but where's Tim? hey! good now, and who are you?

*Jenk.* This, sir, is Jenny, the handmaid of the house.

*Sir Greg.* Wonderful! a pestilent hussy! Ah, Hartop, you are a wag! a pize of your pots and your royal oaks! lack-a-day, who could ha thought—ah, Jenny, you're a—but where's Tim?

*Enter Sir Gregory's Servant.*

*Serv.* Wounds, master! never stir alive if master Tim has na gone and marry'd Mally Pengrouse.

*Sir Greg.* Wonderful! how, firrah, how? good now, good now, cousin Hartop—Mally Pengrouse! who the dickens is she?

*Serv.* Master Timothy's sweetheart in Cornwall.

*Sir Greg.* And how came she here? lack-a-day, cousin!

*Serv.* She tramp'd it up after master: master Timothy is without, and says, as how they be marry'd: I wanted him to come in, but he's afraid you'll knock'n down.

*Sir Greg.* Knock'n down! Good now, let me come at him! I'll—ah, rogue! lack-a-day, cousin, shew me where he is! I'll—

*Har.* Moderate your fury, good Sir Gregory; consider, it is an evil without a remedy.

*Sir Greg.* But what will dame Winny say? good now, such a disparagement to—and then, what will sir Penurious say? lack-a-day, I am almost distracted! and you, you lubberly dog! why did not you—I'll—ah, cousin Hartop! cousin Hartop! good now, good now!

*Har.* Dear sir, be calm; this is no such surprising matter; we have such instances in the news papers every day.

*Sir Greg.* God now, no, cousin, no.

*Har.* Indeed Sir Gregory it was but last week that lord Lofty's son marry'd his mother's maid, and lady Betty Forward run away not a month ago with her uncle's butler.

*Sir Greg.* Wonderful! what in the news? Good now, that's some comfort however, but what will sir Penurious—

*Har.*

*Har.* As to that, leave him to me, I have a project to prevent his laughing at you I'll warrant.

*Sir Greg.* But how, how, cousin Hartop, how?

*Har.* Sir Gregory, dy'e think me your friend?

*Sir Greg.* Lack-a-day, ay, cousin, ay.

*Har.* And would you in return serve me in a circumstance that can't injure yourself?

*Sir Greg.* Good now, to be sure, cousin.

*Har.* Will you then permit me to assume the figure of your son, and so pay my addressee to Miss Trifle? I was pretty happy in the imitation of her father; and if I could impose upon your sagacity, I shall find less difficulty with your brother knight.

*Sir Greg.* Good now! Tim! ah, you could not touch Tim.

*Har.* I warrant you. But see, the young gentleman.

*Enter Tim.*

*Sir Greg.* Ah, Tim, Tim! little did I—  
Good now, good now!

*Tim.* I could not help it now, fath and sole: but if you'll forgive me this time, I'll never do so no more.

*Sir Greg.* Well, well, if thee can't forgive thyself, I can forgive thee; but thank thy cousin Hartop.

*Har.* Oh, sir! if you are satisfy'd, I am rewarded. I wish you joy; joy to you, child.

*Sir Greg.* Thanks, cousin Hartop.



*Enter Waiter.*

*Wait.* Sir, Mrs. Penelope Trifle, with her niece, being come to town, and hearing your worship was in the house, would be glad to pay you their compliments.

*Sir Greg.* Lack-a-day! wonderful! here we are all topsy-turvey again! what can be done now, cousin Hartop?

*Har.* Dick! shew the Ladies in here, but delay them a little. The luckiest incident in the world, sir Gregory! If you will be kind enough to lend Jenkins your dress, and master Timothy will favour me with his, I'll make up matters in a moment.

*Sir Greg.* Ay, ay, cousin!

*Tim.* Fath and sole, you shall have mine dire—

*Har.* No, no, step into the next room a minute, sir Gregory.

*Sir Greg.* Ay, ay, where you will.

*Tim.* Fath, here will be choice sport.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Mrs. Penelope and Suck, with Waiter.*

*Wait.* The gentlemen will wait on you presently. Would you chuse any refreshment?

*Suck.* A draught of ale, friend, for I'm main dry.

*Pen.* Fie! fie! Niece! Is that liquor for a young lady? Don't disparage your family  
and

and breeding! The person is to be born that ever saw me touch any thing stronger than water till I was three-and-twenty.

*Suck.* Troth! aunt, that's so long ago, that I think there's few people alive who can remember what you did then.

*Pen.* How! Gillflirt! none of your fleers! I am glad here's a husband coming that will take you down: your tantrums! You are grown too head-strong and robust for me.

*Suck.* Gad, I believe you would be glad to be taken down the same way!

*Pen.* Oh! you are a pert——But see your lover approaches. Now Sukey, be careful, child: none of your——

*Enter Jenkins as Sir Gregory, and Hartop as Tim.*

*Jenk.* Lack-a-day, Lady! I rejoice to see you! wonderful! and your Niece! Tim, the ladies.

*Har.* Your servant, Mistress! I am glad to see you, Miss Suck. [*Salutes her.*] Fath and sole, Mistress Suck's a fine young woman, more or less!

*Suck.* Yes, I am well enough, I believe.

*Jenk.* But, Lady! where's my brother Trifle? where is sir Penurious?

*Suck.* Father's at home in expectation of you, and aunt and I be come to town to make preparations.

*Jenk.*

*Jenk.* Ay! wonderful! pray, lady! shall I, good now! crave a word in private? Tim, will you and your sweetheart draw back a little?

*Har.* Yes, father; come, Miss will you jog a tinny-bit this way?

*Suck.* With all my heart!

*Jenk.* There is, Lady, a wonderful affair has happen'd, good now! son Tim has fallen in love with a young woman at his uncle's, and 'tis partly to prevent bad consequences that I am, lack-a-day! so hasty to match him; and one of my men, good now! tells me that he has seen the wench since we have been in town; she has followed us here, sure as a gun, Lady! If Tim sees the girl he'll never marry your niece.

*Pen.* It is indeed, sir Gregory Gazette, a most critical conjuncture, and requires the most mature deliberation.

*Jenk.* —Deliberation! lack-a-day! lady! Whilst we deliberate the boy will be lost.

*Pen.* Why, sir Gregory Gazette, what operations can we determine upon.

*Jenk.* Lack-a-day! I know but one.

*Pen.* Administer your proposition, sir Gregory Gazette, you will have my concurrence, Sir, in any thing that does not derogate from the regulations of conduct; for it would be most preposterous in one of my character, to deviate from the strictest attention.

*Jenk.*

# THE KNIGHTS. 43

*Jenk.* Lack-a-day, lady! no such matter is wanted. But, good now! could not we tack the young couple together directly? your brother and I have already agreed.

*Pen.* Are the previous preliminaries settled, Sir Gregory Gazette?

*Jenk.* Good now! as firm as a rock, lady!

*Pen.* Why, then to preserve your son, and accomplish the union between our families, I have no objections to the acceleration of their nuptials, provided the child is inclined, and a minister may be procur'd.

*Jenk.* Wonderful! you are very good! good now! there has been one match already in the house to-day. We may have the same parson; here! Tim! and young gentlewoman!—well, Miss! wonderful and how? has, Tim? hey, boy! Is not Miss a fine young lady?

*Har.* Fath and sole, father! Miss is a charming young woman! all red and white, like Mally—Hum!

*Jenk.* Hush, Tim! well, and Miss how does my boy: he's an honest hearty lad! has he? good now! had the art? how d'ye like him, young gentlewoman?

*Suck.* Liken? well enough, I think.

*Jenk.* Why, then, Miss, with your leave your aunt and I here have agreed, if you are willing to have the wedding over directly.



44 THE KNIGHTS.

*Suck.* Gad ! with all my heart. Ask the young man.

*Har.* Fath and sole ! just as you please, to-day, to-morrow, or when you will, more or less.

*Jenk.* Good now, good now ! then get you in there, there you will find one to do your business : wonderful ! matters will soon be managed within. Well, lady, this was, good now, so kind ! lack-a-day ! I verily believe if dame Winny was dead that I should be glad to lead up such another dance with you, lady !

*Pen.* You are, sir, something too precipitate : nor would there, did circumstances concur as you insinuate, be so absolute a certitude, that I who have rejected so many matches should instantaneously succumb.

*Jenk.* Lack-a-day ! lady ! good now !  
I—

*Pen.* No, sir ; I would have you instructed, that had not Penelope Trifle made irrefragable resolutions, she need not so long have preserved her family surname.

*Jenk.* Wonderful ! why, I was only—

*Pen.* Nor has the title of lady Gazette, such resplendent charms or such bewitching allurements, as to throw me at once into the arms of sir Gregory—

*Jenk.* Good now ! who says—

*Pen.* Could wealth, beauty, or titles superior to perhaps—

*Enter*

*Enter Sir Gregory, Roger, and Tim.*

*Tim.* Yes, indeed, father; Mr. Hartop knew on't as well as I; and Mr. Jenkins got us a parson.

*Sir Greg.* Good now! good now! a rare couple of friends! but I'll be even with them! I'll marr their market! Master Jenkins, you have fobb'd me finely!

*Jenk.* Lack-a-day! what's the matter now?

*Sir Greg.* Come, come, none of your lack-a-day! none of your gambols, nor your tricks to me; good now, good now! give me my cloaths! here take your tawdry trappings. I have found you out at last: I'll be no longer your property.

*Jenk.* Wonderful! what's all this! lady! good now! good now! what's here, a stage-play?

*Sir Greg.* Play me no plays! but give me my wig! and your precious friend my loving cousin, (pize on the kindred) let'n—

*Jenk.* Good now! good now! what are these folks? as sure a gun they're mad.

*Sir Greg.* Mad! no, no! we are neither mad nor fools: no thanks to you tho'.

*Pen.* What is all this? can you unravel this perplexity, untwine this mystery, fir Gregory Gazette?

*Sir Greg.* He, fir Gregory Gazette? lack-a-day, lady! you are tricked, imposed on, bam-

boozled ; good now ! good now ! 'tis I am Sir Gregory Gazette.

*Pen.* How !

*Tim.* Fath and sole, 'tis true, mistress ! and I am his son Tim, and will swear it.

*Pen.* Why is n't Mr. Timothy Gazette with my niece Susannah Trifle ?

*Tim.* Who, me ? lord ! no 'tis none of I, it is cousin Hartop in my cloaths.

*Pen.* What's this ? and pray who—

*Jenk.* Why, as I see the affair is concluded you may, madam, call me Jenkins : come, Hartop, you may now throw off your disguise ; the knight had like to have embarrassed us.

*Pen.* How, Mr. Jenkins ! and would you, sir, participate of a plot too——

*Har.* Madam, in the issue your family will, I hope, have no great reason to repent ; I always had the greatest veneration for Miss Penelope Trifle's understanding ; the highest esteem ! for her virtues can intitle me to the honour of being regarded as her relation.

*Pen.* Sir, I shall determine on nothing, 'till I am apprised of my brother's resolution.

*Har.* For that we must wait. Sir Gregory, I must intreat you and your son's pardon for some little liberties I have taken with you both. Mr. Jenkins, I have the highest obligation to your friendship ; and Miss, when we become a little better acquainted, I flatter myself, the change will not prove unpleasing.

*Suck.* I know nothing at all about it.

*Hart.*

THE KNIGHTS. 47

*Hart.* Sir Gregory, we shall have your company at dinner.

*Sir Greg.* Lack-a-day, no, no, that boy has spoil'd my stomach—come, Tim, fetch thy rib, and let us be jogging towards Wales; but how thou wilt get off with thy mother——

*Tim.* Never fear, father——

Since you have been pleas'd our nuptial  
knot to bless,  
We shall be happy all our lives—more or  
less——

THE END  
OF THE FIRST PART  
OF THE KNIGHTS.



THE EPIGRAM

From the City of London  
I have received a letter  
from my friend, the  
poet, who has just  
published a new  
volume of his  
poems.

—

These you have been  
kind to show  
We shall be happy  
to see them.

THE EPIGRAM

T H E  
BANKRUPT.

A  
COMEDY,  
IN  
THREE ACTS.

---

By SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

---

L O N D O N :

Printed for G. KEARSLY, No. 46, near Serjeants-inn,  
Fleet-street; and T. EVANS, near the New Exchange  
Buildings, in the Strand.

MDCCLXXVI.

[ Price 1s. 6d. ]

Entered at Stationers Hall.

THE

BANKRUPT.

COMEDY.

IN

THREE ACTS.

---

By SAMUEL JOHNSON, Esq.

---

LONDON:

Printed for C. Kearsley, No. 46, near Seferants-inn,  
first-floor, and T. Evans, near the New Exchange  
Building, in the Strand.

MDCCLXXVI.

[ Price 1s. 6d. ]

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

TO THE MOST NOBLE

THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY,

THE PATRON OF LETTERS,

THE HOPE AND ORNAMENT

OF HIS COUNTRY,

THIS COMEDY

IS DEDICATED

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S MOST

DEVOTED AND OBLIGED

HUMBLE SERVANT,

SAMUEL FOOTE.



TO THE MOST NOBLE

THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY,

THE PATRON OF LETTERS,

THE HONOR AND ORNAMENT

OF HIS COUNTRY,

THIS COMEDY

IS DEDICATED

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S MOST

DEVOTED AND OBLIGED

HUMBLE SERVANT,

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

# P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. FOOTE.

**F**OR wit's keen satire, and this laughing stage,  
 What theme so fruitful as a Bankrupt Age?  
 For not confin'd to commerce is the curse,  
 The head is near as empty as the purse;  
 Equally sunk, our credit and our wit,  
 Nor is the sage more solvent than the cit;  
 All these—but soft, ere thus abroad we roam,  
 Were it not prudent first to look at home?  
 You, gentle Sirs, have giv'n me credit long,  
 And took my word for many an idle song;  
 But if exhausted, I give notes to-day,—  
 For wit and humour, which I cannot pay,  
 I must turn Bankrupt too, and hop away.  
 Unless indeed, I modishly apply,  
 For leave to sell my works by lottery.  
 Tho' few will favour, where's no cash to fee'em,  
 Poor hopes, that way to part with my Museum:  
 My old friend, Smirk, indeed, may lend his aid,  
 And sell by auction all my stock in trade;  
 His placid features, and imploring eye,  
 May tempt perhaps the tardy town to buy;  
 His winning manner, and his soft address,  
 To other sales of mine have giv'n success;  
 But after all, my ever honour'd friends,  
 On you alone my fate this night depends;  
 I've fought some battles, gain'd some vict'ries here,  
 And little thought a culprit to appear  
 Before this house; but if resolv'd you go  
 To find me guilty, or to make me so,  
 To grant me neither wit, nor taste, nor sense,  
 Vain were my plea, and useless my defence.  
 But still, I will not steal, I will not beg,  
 Tho' I've a passport in this wooden leg.  
 But to my cot contentedly retire,  
 And stew my cabbage by my only fire;  
 Mean time, great Sirs, my sentence yet unknown,  
 E'en as your Justice be your candour shewn,  
 And when you touch my honour, don't forget your own.

# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

Sir Robert Riscouter,	Mr. <i>Foote.</i>
Sir James Biddulph,	Mr. <i>Aickin.</i>
Pillage, — —	Mr. <i>Palmer.</i>
Resource, — —	Mr. <i>Fearon.</i>
Margin, — —	Mr. <i>Baddeley.</i>
Robin, — —	Mr. <i>Whitefield.</i>
Phelim O'Flam, —	Mr. <i>Bannister.</i>
James, — —	Mr. <i>R. Palmer.</i>
Sir Thomas Tradewell,	Mr. <i>Davis.</i>
Dingey, — —	Mr. <i>Griffiths.</i>
Pepper, — —	Mr. <i>Stephens.</i>
Plaister, — —	Mr. <i>Jones.</i>
Rumour, — —	Mr. <i>Lloyd.</i>
Clerk, — —	Mr. <i>Walters.</i>

## W O M E N.

Lady Riscouter,	Miss <i>Sherry.</i>
Lydia, — —	Mrs. <i>Jewell.</i>
Lucy, — —	Miss <i>Ambrose.</i>
Kitty, — —	Miss <i>Platt.</i>

T H E

# BANKRUPT.

A C T I.

*Enter ROBIN and KITTY, meeting.*

R O B I N.

**T**HIS letter and casket, with my master's most respectful compliments, you will, Kitty, with your own fair hands, deliver to Miss.

K I T T Y.

The Casket is heavy—I suppose, Mr. Robin, this is what my Lady calls the Purryfunalia?

R O B I N.

A small tribute, Madam, to adorn the bride on the happy occasion.

B K I T T Y.



2 THE BANKRUPT.

KITTY.

What then, I suppose you look upon this marriage as good as concluded.

ROBIN.

Things are gone such a length, that not the least doubt can be made.

KITTY.

And yet between the cup and the lip,—you remember the proverb?

ROBIN.

One of the parties may die to be sure, otherwise I don't know how—

KITTY.

No?

ROBIN.

No: The young lady has not alter'd her mind?

KITTY.

Not to my knowledge.

ROBIN.

What, Sir Robert Riscouter, her father? these curmudgeonly cits regard no ties, no obligations when they have an higher interest in view. I suppose he has received larger proposals from some other party.

KITTY.

I have heard no such thing.

ROBIN.

Well then, I am sure no impediment can arise from our quarter. My master, Sir James Bid-  
dolph,

dolph, is too much a man of honour: besides, I know his whole soul is wrapt up in Miss Lydia.

K I T T Y.

He has given her pretty convincing proofs of his passion.

R O B I N.

What, I suppose the malicious mother-in-law, who, I know, hates Miss, and has a damn'd deal of art, in conjunction with Miss Lucy, that precious pledge of her former husband's affections, has contrived to throw some confounded rub in the way.

K I T T Y.

Bless me, Mr. Robin, I don't know what you mean, I am sure I said nothing at all.

R O B I N.

No?

K I T T Y.

No. But only that things which are not done, may perhaps never be done; there is nothing certain but death.

R O B I N.

Very moral, Miss Kitty,—(there is some mystery, if I could but get at it, but this slut is as cunning—I will have a trial, however) nay, for the matter of that, I can have, Mrs. Kitty, no interest at all in this match: there is so much confinement, and form, even in the most fashionable families, that a single service is best suited to me, especially too, that now I am got into most of the clubs: there is one circumstance I

B. 2

shall

#### 4 THE BANKRUPT.

shall most feelingly regret: That I own, will greatly touch me.

K I T T Y.

And pray, what may that be, Mr. Robin?

R O B I N.

Not living under the same roof with Miss Kitty. I made no doubt, Madam, but your fortunes would follow your mistress's, and, in that case, I thought to soften the rigours of my captivity, in your agreeable converse.

K I T T Y.

Really, Mr. Robin? Well, I protest, I did not.

R O B I N.

And when our mutual endeavours had procured for us a small independence, I flatter'd myself with gently sliding the down-hill of life, subject to no other will but Miss Kitty's.

K I T T Y.

What a difference between him, and the servants of this side the bar?—Really, Mr. Robin, you talk nearly as well as your master.

R O B I N.

And no wonder, Madam, since love, the same deity, inspires us both.

K I T T Y.

How quick you are in your rippartees, Mr. Robin? are you good at a riddle?

R O B I N.

If you mean the making them, no; it is too low a species of writing for me; for novels I have

have now and then some dealings with Noble, and have by me a genteel comedy of one act, that is thought to have a good deal of merit.

K I T T Y.

And Pray when does it make its appearance?

R O B I N.

Why, faith, I don't know, all the managers are such scribblers, that they won't give a genius fair play, but engross the whole stage to themselves.

K I T T Y.

Very selfish, indeed. Well, Mr. Robin, though you won't make a riddle, I will, which, as my Lady expects me, you may study to expound by yourself. This match won't take place, and yet are none of the parties to blame; I may live in the same house with you, though I should leave my young Mistress's service, and the loss of my place may perhaps be the making of my fortune. So Adieu.

R O B I N.

Nay, but Miss Kitty, one word, if you please.

K I T T Y.

Not a syllable, go, and puzzle your brains. But take this, for your comfort, that if you cannot at present make out my meaning, a little time will fully explain it. *[Exit.]*

R O B I N.

So skittish and shy, Mrs. Pert! but if our next meeting don't bring forth this secret, you are no true chambermaid, nor I fit for a valet de chambre. All reserve amongst servants is flat treason

## 6 THE BANKRUPT.

treason against the community. Every well-disciplin'd domestic is bound in honour, however careful of his own, to reveal all family secrets, to the rest of the tribe. But I must brush off, for here comes my Lady. *[Exit.*

*Enter* Lady RISCOUNTER, and JAMES.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

And he has promised that the paragraph shall appear in the paper this morning?

JAMES.

I am afraid, Madam, there is no doubt of his keeping his word.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Afraid! what a pusillanimous creature art thou?

JAMES.

As your Ladyship, by what means I know not, is acquainted with my veneration for Miss, you can't wonder at my feeling some compunction, in becoming an instrument to ruin her fame.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Why the fellow is a fool: don't you consider, that her ruin, as you call it, will be your rise?

JAMES.

Perhaps so, Madam, but how can I—

Lady RISCOUNTER.

You love Lydia, you say?

JAMES.

More than I have words to express.

Lady



# THE BANKRUPT.

7

Lady RISCOUNTER.

And Sir James Biddulph you detest, as a successful rival, no doubt?

JAMES.

Except on that account, I have no reason.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

And what better reason can any man have? don't you know, that the two great master passions that give birth to all that we do, is hatred and love?

JAMES.

Without doubt.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

The mind would stagnate without them; and are not you particularly fortunate, in being able, by one masterly stroke, to gratify both?

JAMES.

Were I indeed sure of succeeding with Miss?

Lady RISCOUNTER.

You have every probable chance in your favour: in the first place, it is impossible, consistently with his honour, that Sir James Biddulph can pursue his designs upon Lydia.

JAMES.

May be not.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Nor will any proper suitable person think of her when her reputation is gone.

JAMES.

Too true, I believe.

LADY

### 8 THE BANKRUPT.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Then, who so likely to succeed as yourself? as you are the party suspected, common policy will point out you for her husband.

JAMES.

But will Miss Lydia be brought to submit?

Lady RISCOUNTER.

She can have no choice but her father's. Him, I can easily manage, and possibly, as a *douceur*, prevail on him to augment the very considerable fortune she derives from her aunt; never fear, things are in a very good way.

JAMES.

I must submit all to your ladyship's management.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Your part will be easy enough, you will have nothing to do but be passive.

*Enter KITTY, and LUCY, with a newspaper in her hand*

LUCY.

Here, Madam, here it is, and placed in a most conspicuous part of the paper.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

And no alteration?

LUCY.

Not a word. In the exact form that we sent it.

Lady

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Pr'ythee read it, my dear.

LUCY.

[*Reads.*] “ We can assure the publick, from  
“ the very best authority, that the beautiful  
“ daughter, by a former venture, of an emi-  
“ nent banker, not far from the Monument,  
“ was surpris'd by the servants, in a most criti-  
“ tical situation, with Mr. J——s, clerk to her  
“ father.”

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Right, right.

LUCY.

“ And what heightens her crime, she was on  
“ the eve of being married to an amiable young  
“ baronet, at the west end of the town, the ap-  
“ parent object of her own choice.”

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Finely circumstantial, it is impossible for any  
body to err in the person.

LUCY.

Not in nature ; now, I think, we shall pull  
down Miss Prudery's pride.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

It cannot fail. Kitty, you have carefully pe-  
rused the instructions I gave you.

KITTY.

Please your ladyship, I have them by heart.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Don't be too forward in replying to any ques-  
tion they put to you ; but answer with a kind of

C

reluctant

10 THE BANKRUPT.

reluctant hesitation, as if the facts were forc'd from your mouth.

K I T T Y.

Never fear, Madam.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Don't forget to make frequent professions of the great love and affection you bear your young mistress, that you could not have thought it, shan't know whom to trust for the future; ready to lay down your life for your lady.

L U C Y.

Suggest too, that some strange arts must have been used, or you are convinc'd she could never have been brought to submit.

K I T T Y.

I shall carefully, Madam, obey your directions.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

And squeeze out a tear now and then, if you can.

L U C Y.

Or, if they won't come, rub your eyes till they are red.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Right; this will give probability to all that you say.

L U C Y.

Otherwise, the young hypocrite's behaviour has been always so specious, those who know her won't credit the story.

K I T T Y.

# THE BANKRUPT. II

K I T T Y.

Suppose, Madam, Sir James Biddulph, or any body else, should make any enquiry.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Answer none of their questions; your tenderness for Lydia will be a proper excuse; to your master's authority, indeed, you are obliged to submit. You comprehend me?

K I T T Y.

Perfectly, Madam.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Within, I will give you further instructions; and remember, Kitty, your fortune is at stake: Success, in this one instance, will make you easy for life.

K I T T Y.

The best I can do will be but a poor return for your ladyship's goodness.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Send the news-paper in to your master. [*Exit Kitty.*] You have, James, seen none of our people this morning.

J A M E S.

I have not enter'd the shop.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Then get out of the way as fast as you can; secrete yourself somewhere, that will give additional strength to the story. Your withdrawing will argue a consciousness arising from guilt.



JAMES.

That I most sufficiently feel.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Success will soon drown the remembrance.  
[Exit James.] That fellow must not appear;  
his mind is so maukish, that, should he be confronted with Lydia, he would betray our whole plot in an instant.

LUCY.

It is a wonder, Madam, how have you got all this address: instead of a private family, you are form'd to govern a country.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Why, I think, I may without vanity say, that I deriv'd from nature some talents for this kind of intrigue; but to the care of my education I chiefly owe what I am.

LUCY.

Indeed, Madam!

Lady RISCOUNTER.

My father was a stock-broker, you know, and your father, my first husband, an attorney, my dear.

LUCY.

True, Madam.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

And as they had no reserve, they kept no secrets from me, I must have been a blockhead, indeed, not to have made some progress in their professional arts.

LUCY.

LUCY.

True, Madam.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

But after defeating Sir James Biddulph's designs upon Lydia, to turn the tide of his affections, and substitute you in her room, will, Lucy, be the great political effort.

LUCY.

From your ladyship's great abilities there cannot be the least doubt of success: besides, her father is so hasty and violent that, I am sure, he will never be brought to forgive her.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

There is no relying on that; no mortal was ever so mutable. Our various climate is not so inconstant as he. Sir Robert is choleric enough, but then, as he is provoked without cause, he is appeased without reason; one word will inflame, another extinguish the fire; whom one minute he persecutes, the next he protects. His joy, grief, love, hatred, are in eternal rotation, and I have been often tempted to think his mind a machine, moved only by the immediate objects before it.

LUCY.

And yet, Madam, how compleatly you rule him!

Lady RISCOUNTER.

No longer, child, than I stay by his side; after that, the first person has him that sees him, and all my impressions are effac'd in an instant.

*Enter*

14 THE BANKRUPT.

*Enter KITTY.*

KITTY.

My master has got at the paragraph.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Has he so? well, and—

KITTY.

He enquired, Madam, for you, and putting his finger here, bid me shew this directly to your ladyship.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

He did not suspect then that I had seen it before?

KITTY.

Not in the least—but here he comes, tottering and trembling—with his face as white as a sheet.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Get you behind.

*Enter Sir ROBERT RISCOUNTER.*

Sir ROBERT.

Well, my dear, have you read——

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Sir Robert, I have.

Sir ROBERT.

Have you so? Well, and pray what do you think? Did you ever see such an audacious, abominable, impudent, scandalous piece of scurrility? Zounds, give me my cane, I will go directly to the rascally printer's, and——

Lady RISCOUNTER.

But suppose, Sir Robert, the printer should not be passive, and, in return for the strokes of your cane, should leave the marks of his nails in your face.

Sir ROBERT.

There may be something in that, as your ladyship says, I have heard some of the rogues are strong and sturdy enough.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

And, first, let us be sure who the party is the paragraph points at.

Sir ROBERT.

Hey! what d'ye say? points at? why, it is as clear as the sun—*[takes the paper]*—banker—Monument—first venture—zounds, they might as well have published my name, and my daughter's, at length.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Why, to say truth, the marks are pretty strong; but still let us coolly consider the case. Kitty, go down; Lucy, my dear, leave Sir Robert and me together a little.

*[Exit Lucy and Kitty.]*

Sir ROBERT.

Ay, go, child, pr'ythee go. I don't believe, Lady Riscounter, that there is a single man in the Ward, who would have the least hesitation in pronouncing who was—

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Well, but don't let us be in such hurry to make the application ourselves; the malice of others will

will be ready enough to do that: let me see, is there no other banker lives near the Monument?

Sir ROBERT.

Not that I know; but suppose there should, here, the west end of the town, and the amiable baronet, puts the matter out of dispute: hey, what d'ye say?—

Lady RISCOUNTER.

That, indeed; but, hold a little, does not it mention the name of the paramour? Ay, here it is, J—S.

Sir ROBERT.

J—s.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

J—s, I don't recollect any body that visits here, whose name those letters will suit.

Sir ROBERT.

There is no Jones, nor Joddrell—poo, pox, that is an L—nor Jennings, nor Jarvis, nor Jenkins, nor—

Lady RISCOONTER.

Not that I recollect.

Sir ROBERT.

There is Jacobs the Jew, but he is as old as one of the pairiarchs, with his beard down to his breeches; they can never mean him.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Poo! that is too absurd to suppose: but stay, are there no other distinguishing marks? um, um——“J—s, clerk of her father's,” I own that passage escaped me.

Sir



Sir ROBERT.

Hey! what did you say? and me too, one of my clerks! who can that be? J—s, the two letters belonging to a surname.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

So I should imagine.

Sir ROBERT.

Zounds! it can never be James.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

James!

Sir ROBERT.

An impudent, eternal, damn'd son of a bitch! this is the consequence of taking beggars into your bosom.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

But, Sir Robert——

Sir ROBERT.

Don't mention it, Madam; was not he the thirteenth son of a starv'd curate in Essex, ragged as their colts, and knew about as much as one of their calves—did not I feed, cloath, take him into my house, treat him as if he had been——and, in return, the villain to dishonour my child!

Lady RISCOUNTER.

You are too impatient, Sir Robert; why should you fix all at once upon James? I have observed the lad's behaviour to be discreet and modest; nay, indeed, rather shy and reserv'd.

Sir ROBERT.

That is true enough, I must own. I never  
D remark'd

18 THE BANKRUPT.

remark'd the boy to be presumptuous and forward, like some of our pert prigs of the city, but, as your ladyship observes, rather bashful and shy. No, no, it can never be him.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Not but I have known people with that specious outside appearance, carry minds as malignant and daring——

Sir ROBERT.

The cursedest fly dogs upon earth : hypocrisy is the finest veil for a villain. I always suspected there was something bad behind his solemn sanctified look : I don't believe the scoundrel ever swore an oath since he came into the house, There is a villain for you, my dear.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Nay, but my dear, let us conclude nothing rashly. Suppose you send for James up, and sift him a little ?

Sir ROBERT.

That mayn't be amiss—who's there ?

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Not that I believe he will be ever brought to confess.

Sir ROBERT.

He ! no, no, curse him. Him ! you will never catch him at that : you might as well hope to extract sugar from salt. I may as well let him alone.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Let us see him however.

*Enter*

*Enter a Servant.*

Sir ROBERT.

True. Let James know that I want him, but don't tell the fellow I am angry, and so get him to skulk out of the way.

SERVANT.

I did not know that your worship was angry, 'till you told me your——

Sir ROBERT.

I tell you! my dear, did I say any such thing? you prying, impertinent——Go, and do as you are bid. *[Exit Servant.]*

Lady RISCOUNTER.

I don't think it unlikely, Sir Robert, but some idle acquaintance, without considering the consequences, may have inserted this malicious article, by way of pleasantry, as a kind of jest upon James.

Sir ROBERT.

Nothing so probable, Lady Riscounter: this town swarms with such forward, frivolous puppies.

*Enter Servant.*

Well, where is James?

SERVANT.

Sir, he is not within.

Sir ROBERT.

What, is the rascal run off?

20 THE BANKRUPT.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

No, my dear, perhaps only gone out with some bills for acceptance.

Sir ROBERT.

Like enough. When will he be back?

SERVANT.

The rest of the clerks have not seen him to-day.

Sir ROBERT.

Not seen him to-day? what, are all of them blind then?

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Nay, Sir Robert, perhaps he has not been in the shop.

SERVANT.

So they say.

[Exit.

Sir ROBERT.

Then they could not see him, indeed. Not in the shop! nay, then the business is clear; guilt, guilt, flight is full as bad as confession.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

It does look suspicious, I own; but then nothing ill can happen without your daughter's concurrence, and you have not the least doubt of her.

Sir ROBERT.

Doubt! hey!

Lady RISCOUNTER.

And, in fact, have nothing to fear.

Sir

Sir ROBERT.

Fear! doubt! I hope your Ladyship has no more doubts than myself.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Why should I? how does this affair concern me?

Sir ROBERT.

As it concerns me, Lady Riscounter; do you suppose I should have been indifferent, if such a charge had fallen on Lucy?

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Such a charge can never fall upon my daughter Lucy.

Sir ROBERT.

Full as soon as on my daughter Lydia.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

I am not, Sir Robert, so certain of that.

Sir ROBERT.

Lady Riscounter, you begin to alarm me; you know more of this matter, than you are willing to own.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Whatever I know, Sir Robert, I am resolved not to communicate.

Sir ROBERT.

And why not?

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Whatever a mother-in-law says, the good-natured world always imputes to malice.

Sir



Sir ROBERT.

Generally the case, I must own. But to me you may, nay, you ought to reveal.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Since you are so earnest, I own some rumours have reach'd me.

Sir ROBERT.

Of what kind?

Lady RISCOUNTER.

You will pardon me there: if you will examine your daughter's maid, Kitty; she, I am told, can satisfy all your enquiries.

Sir ROBERT.

An artful baggage, I know. For heaven's sake, my dear, send her hither directly.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

But not the least mention of me. [*Exit.*]

Sir ROBERT.

Very well. I never observ'd the least correspondence between Lydia and James; but what of that? they would take good care, I warrant, to conceal it from me.

*Enter* KITTY.

So, I find you were the go-between, the little infamous agent in this curs'd——

KITTY

Sir Robert—

Sir

Sir ROBERT.

You must have been a volunteer; I am sure, James was not able to bribe you, for he is as poor as a pillag'd black in Bengal.

KITTY.

Really, Sir, I don't understand you.

Sir ROBERT.

You mean, hussy, you won't: Come, you may as well tell me all the particulars concerning Lydia and James; with the main article, you see I am already acquainted.

KITTY.

Don't press me, pray Sir; I would rather die than say any thing to hurt my young mistress. [*cries.*]

Sir ROBERT.

Nay, pr'ythee, Kitty, don't cry, you are a good girl, and love my daughter, I see.

KITTY.

And not without reason, for she has been the kindest, best——

Sir ROBERT.

Nay, till now, she was ever an amiable girl; but here, child, you will do her a capital service.

KITTY.

Indeed, Sir.

Sir ROBERT.

For if her affections are fix'd upon James, tho' I may lament, I shall not oppose him.

K I T T Y.

Since that is the case, I can't say, but early one morning, hearing a noise in Miss Lydia's apartment, I stepp'd down to see what was the matter.

Sir R O B E R T.

Well?

K I T T Y.

Just as I got to the foot of the stairs, her door open'd, and out came Mr. James.

Sir R O B E R T.

Did he? and why did not you alarm the house and seize the villain directly?

K I T T Y.

That, Sir, would have ruined my Lady's reputation at once.

Sir R O B E R T.

True enough, you did wisely. Did the fellow perceive you?

K I T T Y.

Yes, Sir, and made me a sign to be silent.

Sir R O B E R T.

I don't doubt it.

K I T T Y.

Indeed, he came to me two hours after, told me he had a passion for Miss, never could get an opportunity of disclosing his mind, and desperate, at finding his hopes on the point of being ruin'd, he had stolen that morning into her chamber, humbly to implore her compassion and pity.

Sir

Sir ROBERT.

He chose a fine time and place for the purpose.

KITTY.

On his knees he desired, I would not disclose to any mortal what I had seen.

Sir ROBERT.

Which you should not have done.

KITTY.

He was too late in his caution; not five minutes before I had told it to Mrs. Hemshot, Miss Lucy's maid.

Sir ROBERT.

No wonder then the story is public.

KITTY.

I am certain sure, my young Mistress is innocent, for Mr. James vowed and declar'd he was all upon honour.

Sir ROBERT.

The malice of mankind will never be brought to believe it; you may go. [*Exit Kitty.*] So the girl's reputation is gone, and a retreat from the world the only choice that is left her: all my calamities are come upon me at once; my child ruin'd, and from the general distress, my own fame and fortune on the brink of destruction: the attorney and broker will be instantly here to contrive means for propping my tottering credit. Am I in a condition to think of expedients, or to listen to—

E

*Enter*

*Enter* SERVANT.

SERVANT.

A card, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Sir ROBERT.

Reads.] “ Sir James Biddulph’s compliments  
 “ to Sir Robert Riscouter, and if convenient  
 “ will take the liberty to wait on him this morn-  
 “ ing.” Prepar’d, a. I expected, our misfor-  
 tunes have reach’d him, and he comes to break  
 off the match; he is not to be blam’d. This  
 rash, inconsiderate—I’ll to her, and if she has the  
 least atom of feeling, I’ll—And yet, how could  
 the poor girl help his intrusion? she might be  
 ignorant, and yet the fellow without encourage-  
 ment, would never have dared to—Yet the  
 impudence of some men is amazing, and so in-  
 deed is the folly of women: the original fault  
 must be his. But her after-compliance makes  
 her equally guilty, for had she disapprov’d, she  
 would have reveal’d the fact to her mother or me.  
 That, that, condemns her at once; I will to her  
 directly, and find out the full extent of her guilt.  
 [Exit.

*End of the* FIRST ACT.

ACT



## A C T II.

*Miss LUCY and Miss LYDIA discovered.*

LUCY.

TO us, indeed, who are encumber'd with fathers and mothers, marriage is a convenient business enough.

LYDIA.

And why on that account, my dear Lucy?

LUCY.

As it makes one the entire mistress of one's time, and one is accountable to no mortal for what one says or does.

LYDIA.

What Lucy, not to your husband?

LUCY.

Nay, don't be prudish, my dear: you are going back to the days of Queen Bess; who talks now of obedience and duty? ridiculous! her majesty's old fardingale is not more out of fashion.

LYDIA.

No!

LUCY.

No: one reads in books, indeed, of nuptial ties and conjugal love; mere obsolete stuff! modern marriages are mere matters of interest.

LYDIA.

Interest!

E 2

LUCY.

LUCY.

Ay, child; for instance now, Sir Thomas Perkins, our neighbour, finding that Miss Williams has a good parcel of land, which being contiguous to his estate, will be very proper for him to possess; immediately sends his rent-roll a-courting to her's. The parchments are produc'd on both sides, and no impediments, that is incumbrance appearing, a couple of lawyers marry the manors together.

LYDIA.

Without the last regard to the persons.

LUCY.

Poo, persons! they are consider'd, child, as mansion-houses upon the estates, which one lives in, or neglects, just as they happen to be convenient, or not.

LYDIA.

But suppose Lucy, as in mine, there should happen to be no land in the case.

LUCY.

Then, child, the bargain is alter'd: you deposit so much money, and he grants you such an annuity; a mere Smithfield bargain, that is all.

LYDIA.

A pretty picture you give me of marriage. But this is all raillery, Lucy; I am sure you would never submit to this barter and sale.

LUCY.

I should do like the rest of the world. We must take things as we find them. You are not  
I so

so foolish as to be fond of Sir James Biddulph, my dear.

LYDIA.

Fond? the expression is strong; you must imagine I prefer him to the rest of——

LUCY.

Why, as to his appearance, it must be own'd, that the mansion is a pretty modern structure enough, well built, and prettily finish'd: I can't indeed say his upper story is furnished quite to my taste.

LYDIA.

Nay, Lucy, now you are unjust, the whole world concur in giving him sense.

LUCY:

Nay, that article is not very material. If I had him, that is a part of his house, with which I should hold very little communication, my dear. But however, you love him.

LYDIA.

Or I am sure I never would have him.

LUCY.

And, I suppose, if any accident was to break off this match, it would make you very unhappy.

LYDIA.

Can you doubt it, my dear?

LUCY.

There is one evil that attends these ridiculous contracts.

LYDIA.

LYDIA.

You don't look upon love then as an essential ingredient?

LUCY.

Ha! ha! ha! silly and singular; do you know, Lydia, why Love is always painted as blind?

LYDIA.

There are many causes assigned by the poets.

LUCY.

But not one has given the true one: because the little rogue shuts our eyes to our interests.

LYDIA.

Fye, Lucy, where could you get these narrow and libertine notions?

LUCY.

A little more experience will tell you. But here comes Sir Robert, not a word of what has pass'd.

LYDIA.

I shall, my dear Lucy, for your sake, endeavour to forget all you have said.

*Enter Sir* ROBERT RISCOUNTER.

Sir ROBERT.

Lucy, you may go down. [*Exit Lucy.*] After what has pass'd, you will not be surpriz'd that I insist upon your immediately quitting my house!

LYDIA.

LYDIA.

Quitting the house, Sir!

Sir ROBERT.

Your fortune is independant and large; you will no doubt be happy in escaping from the observing eye of a father.—I will be cool, and desire only an answer to a very few questions. Since the death of your mother (who is happy in having escap'd the knowledge of this infamous business) have I been ever wanting in any act of paternal affection?

LYDIA.

For Heaven's sake, Sir, what can be the meaning of——

Sir ROBERT.

Come, no evasions, but answer briefly, yes, or no, to my questions.

LYDIA.

No, Sir.

Sir ROBERT.

After my first care to educate you fit for the world, has it not been my principal study to settle you properly in it?

LYDIA:

Most assuredly, Sir.

Sir ROBERT.

And knowing to what temptations girls at your age are expos'd, did I not seek out a man of rank, honour, and fortune, to be your protector, and guardian for life?

LYDIA.



LYDIA.

I confess it.

Sir ROBERT.

Did you ever express the least dislike to Sir James Biddulph's address?

LYDIA.

Never.

Sir ROBERT.

How could you then so far forget what you owe to me, and yourself, as privately to harbour and encourage a passion—

LYDIA.

I am confounded.

Sir ROBERT.

For an object too unsuitable in every respect : for a mere creature of charity?

LYDIA.

Charity!

Sir ROBERT.

Ay, for it was compassion to the father's numerous family that induced me to take James in to my house.

LYDIA.

James! what of him? or what relation, Sir, can he have to me?

Sir ROBERT.

This is astonishing in a girl of her years. What then, you know nothing of this fellow's affections?

LYDIA.

LYDIA.

For me?

Sir ROBERT.

Ay, for you. No billet-doux, no private meetings, no stealing into your chamber before the servants were out of their beds.

LYDIA.

Amazing! and who, Sir, has dared to insinuate—

Sir ROBERT.

Insinuate! why the tale is the talk of the town: all the morning papers are full on't.

LYDIA.

What can, Sir, be the meaning of this? is it possible you can think, Sir, your daughter so abandoned, so lost——

Sir ROBERT.

Hey!

LYDIA.

Recollect, dear Sir, I beseech you, have I in the whole course of my life, ever once dared to deceive you?

Sir ROBERT.

Why, Child, I can't say that you have. But in this case, there is such positive proof.

F

LYDIA.

LYDIA.

Of what kind, I beseech you?

Sir ROBERT.

Facts, facts, well attested; so don't pretend to deny.

LYDIA.

Attested! by whom?

Sir ROBERT.

Their names are needless at present. But what motive or interest could any one have to invent, or propagate.

LYDIA.

None, that I can discover; but, however strong the appearance, if either in thought, word, or deed, there has any thing, either criminal or culpable, passed between me and——

Sir ROBERT.

What, no declarations? no interviews?

LYDIA.

No more than with any other man in your service.

Sir ROBERT.

Astonishing!

LYDIA.

If the contrary can be made to appear, abandon me, Sir, at once to that world, already so prepossess'd to my prejudice, the greatest misfortune that can ever befall me.

Sir

Sir ROBERT.

Well, Child, rise; I can't help giving credit to what you aver. But how to persuade the rest of—

*Enter A SERVANT*

Somebody wants me? as I expected. Sir James Biddulph I reckon.

SERVANT.

No, Sir, a couple of gentlemen, who say they came by appointment.

Sir ROBERT.

I guess who they are. Another bad business. Shew them into the parlour. [*Exit Servant.*] You don't know half your father's afflictions—go, child, go into your chamber.

LYDIA.

I hope my father believes me,

Sir ROBERT.

I do, I do. As soon as I have dispatch'd these gentlemen, I will see you again. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE.

SCENE, *A Parlour.**Enter* PILLAGE *and* RESOURCE.

## PILLAGE.

Ay, take my word for it, Mr. Resource, in the whole round of the law, and, thank Heaven, the dominions are pretty extensive, there is not a nicer road to hit than the region of Bankrupts.

## RESOURCE.

I should have thought it a turnpike, for you see how easily even a country Attorney can find it.

## PILLAGE.

Pshaw, what amongst manufacturers, and meagre mechanicks? fellows not worth powder and shot; and yet these paltry Provincials, master Resource, are often obliged to solicit my aid.

## RESOURCE.

Indeed!

## PILLAGE.

Why, t'other day, a poor dog, over head and ears, in debt from the country, was recommended to me, by a client: the fellow had scrap'd together all he could get, and came up to town, with a view of running beyond sea, but I stopp'd him directly.

## RESOURCE.



RESOURCE.

Really !

PILLAGE.

O, ay, in a couple of months wash'd him as white as a sheep that is just shorn.

RESOURCE.

How did you bring it about ?

PILLAGE.

Easy enough. Made him take a house in Cheapside, call'd him a citizen, in the London Gazette, and his name of John Madge, (being as common as carrots) not a soul in the country suspected that it was he.

RESOURCE.

How should they ?

PILLAGE.

Pass'd a few necessary notes to get him number and value, white-wash'd him, and sent him home to his wife.

RESOURCE.

Cleanly and cleverly done.

PILLAGE.

When the country chaps brought in their bills, he drew out of his pocket a certificate, and gave them a receipt in full for all their demands,

RESOURCE.

How the loobies must look,

PILLAGE.

PILLAGE.

Chop-fallen, no doubt: but he is in business again.

RESOURCE.

He is?

PILLAGE.

O yes, and I hear does very well. For I left him two hundred out of the six he brought with him, to begin the world with credit afresh.

RESOURCE.

Very generous indeed, Mr. Pillage.

PILLAGE.

O! a trifling affair, got little by it!—for the matter of that, a mere statute is not much in itself.

RESOURCE.

Ay! Well I thought it brought pretty perquisites with it.

PILLAGE.

No, no; it is a good hot-bed indeed to raise chancery suits in.

RESOURCE.

Ay, that is a produce that deserves propagation.

PILLAGE.

What, I see you have found a remedy for master Monk of the Minorities? I thought his was an incurable case.

RESOURCE.

RESOURCE.

Only 'skinn'd o'er the fore, master Pillage, it will soon break out again.

PILLAGE.

What were the means that you used?

RESOURCE.

Got some friends of mine to advance him cash on a project.

PILLAGE.

Of what kind?

RESOURCE.

A scheme of his, to monopolize sprats and potatoes.

PILLAGE.

And it took?

RESOURCE.

Oh! there was no danger of that. The people of this country are always ready to bite at a bubble.

PILLAGE.

Will it hold?

RESOURCE.

Pshaw! We shall break before the season for sprats, and as to the Potatoes, we had laid in a ship load or two.

PILLAGE.

For which you procured a good price?

RESOURCE.

## RESOURCE.

Not a fouse. They are all now in our cellars in Southwark, and have shot out branches as tall as the trees in the Park.

## PILLAGE.

Ha! ha! ha! but apropos, can you guess Sir Robert's business with us?

## RESOURCE.

Very near, I believe.

## PILLAGE.

What, the house is not a tumbling?

## RESOURCE.

A pretty large crack.

## PILLAGE.

Which he wants our assistance to plaister. Why, I thought the knight was as firm as a rock.

## RESOURCE.

I knew better things. I saw the mansion was daily decaying. Hush, here he comes.

*Enter Sir ROBERT, followed by a Clerk.*

## Sir ROBERT.

As we have effects in our hands, accept the bills to be sure. But how to discharge them when they are due.—So, gentlemen, I have sent for you to beg your assistance.

## PILLAGE.

PILLAGE.

Sir Robert, we shall be very happy to serve you, if you will tell us but how.

Sir ROBERT.

Why, to deal plainly, gentlemen, my affairs are come to a crisis, and without some substantial and speedy assistance, my credit will quickly expire.

PILLAGE.

You surprize me : I never guess'd it in danger. Pray, Sir Robert, what brought on the disease, was it an alley fever, or a gradual decay ?

Sir ROBERT.

A complication of causes. Not but I could have weather'd them all, had the house in Holland but stood, their failure must be followed by mine.

PILLAGE.

What, Van Swieten's ?

Sir ROBERT.

Have you heard any thing of him to-day ?

PILLAGE.

No doubt, I believe, of their stopping ; their bills were offer'd at Garraway's under forty per cent. As your name is not blown upon yet, suppose you coin a couple of quires ! don't you think the circulation might serve you ?

Sir ROBERT.

No, that mint is exhausted, and private paper return'd to its primitive value. My real case

G

can



can be no longer conceal'd. I must stop, and should be glad of your advice how to manage the matter.

## PILLAGE.

There are two methods in use. The choice will depend on how your affairs stand with the world.

Sir ROBERT.

Bitter bad, Mr. Pillage.

## PILLAGE.

I guess'd as much, by your sending for us. They treat us, Master Resource, like a couple of quacks, never apply but in desperate cases.

## RESOURCE.

But in all diseases there are different degrees.

## PILLAGE.

True; for instance, if you find you are pretty near on a par, with perhaps a small balance per contra, summon your creditors, lay your conditions fully before them, convince them you have a fund to answer all their demands, and crave a respite for three or four years.

Sir ROBERT.

Just to call in my debts, and make the most of my other effects?

## RESOURCE.

True; as the English merchants have a good deal of milk in their blood, that is a favour rarely refused.

THE BANKRUPT. 43

Sir ROBERT.

This, Master Pillage, will be only deferring the evil.

PILLAGE.

That is, Sir Robert, as you manage the cards. Don't you see that the length of time, with the want or wish of ready money for trade, will dispose the bulk of your creditors to sell their debts at a loss of thirty or forty per cent?

Sir ROBERT.

True.

RESOURCE.

No contemptible sum, when a man's dealings are large.

Sir ROBERT.

But how shall I profit by—

PILLAGE.

What hinders you from privately buying the debts?

Sir ROBERT.

That, indeed—

RESOURCE.

A fine fortune sav'd out of the fire.

PILLAGE.

True. And now we talk of the fire, for a present supply, you may burn a warehouse or two, after it has been gutted of all its contents.

RESOURCE.

And recover the full amount of the policy.

PILLAGE.

Did you never try that?

RESOURCE.

No, I don't think he has done any thing in the fire way yet; have you, Sir Robert?

Sir ROBERT.

Never once came into my head.

PILLAGE.

May be not; oh! for a fertile brain, there are many means to be used; but what d'ye say to my plan?

Sir ROBERT.

What, the summoning scheme? I am so involved, that I am afraid that project will never prevail.

PILLAGE.

Then you have nothing left but a statute.

Sir ROBERT.

But if my certificate should not be granted?

PILLAGE.

That is my proper business, Sir Robert. If we find your creditors inclined to be crusty, there will be no difficulty in creating demands to get number and value.

Sir

Sir ROBERT.

That will swell my debts to a monstrous amount.

RESOURCE.

So much the more for your honour; consider you are a knight, and your dignity demands you should fail for a capital sum.

Sir ROBERT.

Does it?

PILLAGE:

To be sure. Why, you would not sneak into the Gazette like a Birmingham button-maker.

RESOURCE:

Oh fie!

PILLAGE.

He would never after be able to shew his head upon Change.

RESOURCE.

Never, never.

PILLAGE.

And then, you know, what with the portable stuff, such as jewels, or cash, that he himself may secrete, and the dividends that fall to the share of his friends, which they will doubtless restore—

RESOURCE.

He will be fit to begin the world again with *eclat*.

PIL-

## 46 THE BANKRUPT.

### PILLAGE.

In a much better condition than ever.

### RESOURCE.

And his children's children will have reason to thank him.

Sir ROBERT.

But is there not some danger in concealing the portable stuff, as you call it?

### PILLAGE.

Not in the least. Besides, to colour the business, you may collect a purse of light guineas, with an old batter'd family watch, and deliver them to the commissioners, on your first examination.

### RESOURCE.

That will give an air of integrity.

Sir ROBERT.

You seem to think, then, Gentlemen, that it is the duty of every honest merchant to break once at least in his life, for the good of his family?

### RESOURCE.

Not the least question of that.

### PILLAGE.

Every day's practice confirms it. Well, Sir Robert, when shall I provide you the tackle?

Sir ROBERT.

The tackle!

PIL-



PILLAGE.

In about a month or six weeks, I think, you may be made fit to appear in the papers.

Sir ROBERT.

In the Gazette, as a bankrupt?

RESOURCE.

Aye, but then no time must be lost.

PILLAGE.

Not a moment, for should they smother his design—

Sir ROBERT.

Gentlemen, I must decline your assistance.

PILLAGE.

How?

Sir ROBERT.

For, without considering the private injury I may do to particular persons, this mischievous method must soon affect the whole mercantile world.

PILLAGE.

Why, what has that—

Sir ROBERT.

Mutual confidence is the very cement of commerce. That weaken'd, the whole structure must fall to the ground.

RESOURCE.

Hey!

Sir

Sir ROBERT.

From the practice of these infamous arts, as it is impossible they can be conceal'd, what suspicions, what jealousies must every man in trade entertain?

PILLAGE.

How!

Sir ROBERT.

What an injury besides, to those in my unhappy condition? the risques and losses unavoidably connected with commerce, procure the unsuccessful trader, generally the compassion, sometimes the friendly aid, of those of his order.

RESOURCE.

We know that well enough.

Sir ROBERT.

But when bankruptcy becomes a lucrative traffic, and men are found to fail with a view of making their fortunes, the unhappy and fraudulent will be confounded together, and punishment fall on his head, who has a title to pity.

PILLAGE.

The man's mad.

Sir ROBERT.

Perhaps I myself am a sacrifice to those very arts you have recommended so warmly. But there the mischief shall end. Men may suffer from my calamities, but they never shall by my crimes.

[Exit.

PIL-

PILLAGE.

Did you ever meet with such a squeamish old fool? what could he mean by sending for us?

RESOURCE.

Who can tell? his head's turn'd, I suppose.

PILLAGE.

I thought we had him sure; but how nimbly he has slipp'd through our fingers!

RESOURCE.

Necessity will soon bring him back to our hook. He is shy for the present, but I warrant he will bite bye and bye.

PILLAGE.

Or we shall lose a capital prize.

RESOURCE.

Indeed, should his friends interpose, and matters be compounded without us.

PILLAGE.

That I have a sure way to prevent. Before an hour is past, I will tear such a rent in his robe, as I defy all the botchers in Europe to mend.

RESOURCE.

By what means?

PILLAGE.

I know he is in the receipt of some government money; I will take care to saddle him with an extent.

RESOURCE.

That will do.

H

PIL-

## PILLAGE.

I shall only just go and take out a commission against five macaronies, who are joint annuitants to a couple of Jews.

## RESOURCE.

But how can you lug them into a statute? they are no dealers, you know.

## PILLAGE.

No, dealers? yes, but they are.

## RESOURCE.

Aye, of what kind?

## PILLAGE.

Why, why they are dealers of cards. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Lady RISCOUNTER, and Sir JAMES BIDDULPH.*

## Lady RISCOUNTER.

If you will walk in, Sir James, Sir Robert is a little busy at present, but he will wait upon you directly.

## Sir JAMES.

I have no call, Madam, that prevents my attending his leisure.

## Lady RISCOUNTER.

I fear the design of this visit, Sir James, is of a different nature from those we have lately receiv'd.

## Sir JAMES.

I came, Madam, to offer my aid in detecting  
and

and punishing an infamous calumny that has made its way to the publick, this morning.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

But reports of this kind, when despised and neglected, gradually die of themselves. It is a most unlucky affair, I confess.

Sir JAMES.

Unlucky! most false and atrocious: I hope, Madam, we shall be able to discover its author.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

As to that, it is scarce worth the enquiry.

Sir JAMES.

How, Madam!

Lady RISCOUNTER.

We have family reasons, Sir James, for wishing to draw a veil over—

Sir JAMES.

A veil! I am astonish'd, Lady Riscounter!

Lady RISCOUNTER.

The loss of your alliance, indeed, which now we dare neither expect, nor desire, has mortified us all not a little. If any other means could be found to form a connection between us, and a person of your merit and rank, there is nothing, I am sure, I should so ardently wish.

Sir JAMES.

Your ladyship is most exceedingly kind.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

I hope the whole family, especially myself and  
H 2 daugh-



daughter, are not, through the error of one, to be punished with the loss of your friendship.

Sir JAMES.

You do me infinite honour.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Indeed, my Lucy, upon this occasion, felt chiefly for you ; for tho' perhaps not so imposing and specious, as the girl whose lapse we lament, she has great goodness of heart, and a proper sense of your worth.

Sir JAMES.

Miss Lucy is most prodigiously—

Lady RISCOUNTER.

But Sir Robert's door opens, and as my presence may not be so proper upon this occasion, I take my leave, with the hopes of soon receiving a visit.

Sir JAMES.

I shall be happy, Madam, in seizing every occasion—your ladyship's—[*Exit Lady Riscounter.*] What can be the meaning of this? She seems to confirm and credit the infamous story. Sir Robert, I suppose, will explain it.

*Enter Sir ROBERT.*

Sir ROBERT.

Sir James, I scarce know how to accost you ; but the confusion I feel at the unhappy cause of your visit.

Sir

Sir JAMES.

Indeed, Sir Robert, I own myself greatly perplex'd. I enter'd your house, full of the warmest resentment, and prepar'd to take every active part in my power; but your lady has dropp'd some hints, as if you wish'd to stifle all further enquiry. Pray, Sir Robert, be candid and open. This, Sir, I think, I have right to demand.

Sir ROBERT.

Doubtless. Nor do I wish to conceal: there is room for suspicion, I own; so far Lady Riscounter is right; but yet, Lydia——

Sir JAMES.

You have then seen her, Sir Robert——

Sir ROBERT.

Not ten minutes ago. Her surprise seem'd so sincere, and so artless, and——

Sir JAMES.

Without doubt——

Sir ROBERT.

And such strong marks of truth, both in her words, and her looks, that I confess——perhaps it was a fatherly weakness, I could not help giving credit to all that she said.

Sir JAMES.

You did her but justice, I am sure. I will pawn my life upon her honour and faith.

Sir

Sir ROBERT.

But yet how to reconcile—for, Sir James, I will be impartial ; some accounts I have had—

Sir JAMES.

Time can only do that. Deep-laid designs are not discovered at once. If we can but get at the clue.—And what steps have you taken ? have you been, or sent to the printer's ?

Sir ROBERT.

No. I did think of going, but my lady persuaded me, that the step would be wrong.

Sir JAMES.

For which she had very good reasons, no doubt. Will you give me leave to accompany you thither ?

Sir ROBERT.

If you think it right.

Sir JAMES.

The very first thing you should do.

Sir ROBERT.

But should not we consult my lady about it ?

Sir JAMES.

The very last thing you should do.

Sir ROBERT.

And why so ?

Sir JAMES.

I must beg to conceal my reasons at present. I too, have my suspicions, Sir Robert.

Sir

Sir ROBERT.

You have.

Sir JAMES.

Which I fancy you will soon find to be better founded than those of your family.

Sir ROBERT.

Not unlikely, Sir James.

Sir JAMES.

Come, Sir, my chariot is ready.

Sir ROBERT.

I attend you, Sir James.

[*Exeunt.*]

*End of the* SECOND ACT.

ACT.

## A C T III.

*Enter* ROBIN, *and a Servant of Sir*  
ROBERT.

ROBIN.

MY service to Miss Kitty, and I should be happy to have the honour of her ear a moment.

SERVANT.

Of her ear!

ROBIN.

These low fellows know nothing of the phrases in fashion, mere Vandals and Goats : but I must accommodate myself to their country. Will you tell Miss Kitty Combrush, that I should be glad to speak with her, when she is at leisure?

SERVANT.

Now I understand what you mean, that will I, Master Robin. [Exit.

ROBIN.

Damn'd provoking however, to have our ship sunk just as we were entering the port; this could not happen but by the contrivance of some of the crew: our captain too is most horribly hurt. This jade, I am convinc'd, is in the whole of the plot; but her own art, and the skill of her prompter, will make it difficult to get at the bottom.

*Enter*



*Enter KITTY.*

KITTY.

Bless me, Mr. Robin, after what has pass'd,  
I little expected to see you again at our house.

ROBIN.

What injustice both to me and yourself!

KITTY.

How so, Mr. Robin?

ROBIN.

To your powerful attractions, and my proper  
discernment.

KITTY.

I did not know I had any such things, Mr.  
Robin.

ROBIN.

Infinite! but above all your penetration is the  
most surprising to me. The conjuror in the Old  
Bailey is a fool compar'd to Miss Kitty. You  
are absolutely as knowing as one of the Civils,  
if the latter part of your prediction was but as  
fully accomplish'd.

KITTY.

What was that?

ROBIN.

Our cohabitation in the same house, notwith-  
standing——

KITTY.

Time may bring that about, Mr. Robin.

I

ROBIN.

51 THE BANKRUPT.

ROBIN.

I don't comprehend how that can happen.

KITTY.

No! why, to make your master amends for the loss of Miss Lydia, suppose we were to give him Miss Lucy—

ROBIN.

D'ye call that making my master amends?

KITTY.

She is a good showy girl, and her fortune—

ROBIN.

Will be no temptation to him, I know he detests her.

KITTY.

Indeed!

ROBIN.

Cordially. So that if that be the only means, I have nothing left but despair. Oh! Miss Kitty, think what misery! that tender frame has a tear for pity, I'm sure; to be deprived of the warmest wish of my life, to be cut off for ever—

KITTY.

And do you really think as you say?

ROBIN.

Nothing but an amiable ignorance of your own charms, could for a moment induce you to doubt it.

KITTY.

Suppose then, Mr. Robin, we were to live under our own roof, instead of that of another, don't you think it would be mending the matter?

ROBIN.

It would be Elysium, my angel. But how to get at the means?

KITTY.

If that is your objection, they may be easily found.

ROBIN.

Does my lovely Kitty think I can have any other?

KITTY.

Then since that is the case, Mr. Robin, it is but right I should explain to you, what I meant, by my riddle, this morning. But see that we are safe.

ROBIN.

Not a soul.

KITTY.

You must know, then, that this whole affair of Miss Lydia is my lady's contrivance.

ROBIN.

What, is that whole story a fiction?

KITTY.

A mere sham; nothing else; and to bring about Sir James's marriage with Lucy, her motive.

I 2

ROBIN.

ROBIN.

I conceive.

KITTY.

Now, as the project would not do without my assistance, my lady gave me (here it is, stuck in my stays) a note for five hundred pounds, if the match is broke off; and a thousand, should Miss Lucy's take place.

ROBIN.

Hum—hum—hum—500—hum—hum—Rebecca Riscouter—it is just as you say.

KITTY.

Now, as matters stand, you see I am entitled to the first 500 directly, and, with your assistance, perhaps the other may follow.

ROBIN.

Not unlikely. But hold a little, dear Kitty, a little caution may not be amiss. This mistress of yours is a damn'd artful woman; she has trick'd others, and won't scruple cheating of you.

KITTY.

I don't understand you.

ROBIN.

It is not quite clear that this note is a good one.

KITTY.

How!

ROBIN.

I mean such a one as she will be obliged hereafter to pay.

KITTY.

KITTY.

Then the business shall be blown up in an instant.

ROBIN.

Too late. She will only laugh at you when her ends are obtain'd.

KITTY.

Then what steps can we take?

ROBIN.

There is an old master of mine, who lives in Brick-court in the Temple, as cunning a cur as ever hang'd an innocent man, or sav'd a rogue from the gallows. I'll run, and ask his opinion.

KITTY.

But won't that be betraying our secret?

ROBIN.

Counsellors, like confessors, are bound not to reveal their client's confession: besides, I can easily conceal the name of the party.

KITTY.

You will come immediately back?

ROBIN.

In an instant, unless I have your leave to go a step further.

KITTY.

Further!

ROBIN.

To Doctors Commons, for a little bit of parchment, that will soon unite us for ever.

KITTY.



KITTY.

O law! you are in a vast prodigious great hurry; but, I think, Mr. Robin, you must do as you please.

ROBIN.

Thus let me acknowledge your kind condescension. For a moment then, my dear Kitty, adieu. [*Exit Kitty.*] So, now I have the means in my power to resetttle all our matters again. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, *A Printer's.*

MARGIN *discovered with News-papers, Account-books, &c.*

MARGIN.

September the 9th. Sold twelve hundred and thirty. June the 20th. Two thousand and six. Good increase for the time, considering too that the winter has been pretty pacific: dabbled but little in treasons, and not remarkably scurrilous, unless, indeed, in a few personal cases. We must season higher to keep up the demand. Writers in Journals, like rope-dancers, 'to engage the public attention, must venture their necks every step that they take. The pleasure people feel, arises from the risques that we run—what's the matter?

*Enter* DINGEY.

DINGEY.

Mr. Hyson has left the Answer to his last letter on East India affairs.

MAR-

MARGIN.

A lazy rascal, now his letter is forgot, he comes with an answer. Besides, the subject is stale: Return it again. Are all our people in waiting?

DINGEY.

The Attorney General to the paper, that answers the law cases, is not come yet.

MARGIN.

Oh! that's Ben Bond'em the Bailiff; prudently done, perhaps he has a writ against one of our authors—Bid them enter, and call over their names.

DINGEY.

Walk in, Gentlemen.

*Enter* PEPPER, PLAISTER, RUMOUR, FORGE-  
'EM, FIBBER, COMMA, CAUSTIC, O'FLAM,  
and others.

DINGEY.

Politicians, pro and con, Messieurs Pepper and Plaister.

PEPPER, PLAISTER.

Here.

MARGIN.

Pepper and Plaister, as both the houses are up, I shall adjourn your Political Warfare 'till their meeting again.

PEPPER.

Don't you think the public would bear one skirmish more before we close the campaign? I have a trimmer here in my hand.

PLAIS-

PLAISTER.

To which I have as tart a retort.

MARGIN.

No, no ; enough for the present. It is, Plaister, the proper timing the subject, that gives success to our labours. The conductor of a Newspaper, like a good cook, should always serve up things in their season : who eats oysters in June ? Plays and Parliament Houses are winter provisions.

PEPPER.

Then half the satire and salt will be lost : Besides, if the great man should happen to die, or go out.

MARGIN.

Pshaw ! it will do as well for the great man that comes in. Political papers should bear vamping ; like sermons, change but the application and text, and they will suit all persons and seasons.

PLAISTER.

True enough ; but mean time, what can we turn to ; for we shall be quite out of work ?

MARGIN.

I warrant you, if you an't idle, there's business enough, the press teems with fresh publications—Histories, translations, voyages—

PEPPER.

That take up as much time to read as to make.

MAR-

## MARGIN.

And what with letters from Paris or Spaw, inundations, elopements, dismal effects of thunder and lightning, remarkable causes at country assizes, and with changing the ministry now and then, you will have employment, enough for the Summer.

## PLAISTER.

And so enter upon our old trade in the winter?

## MARGIN.

Aye, or for variety, as it must be tiresome to take always one side; you, Pepper, may go over to administration, and Plaister will join opposition. The novelty may perhaps give fresh spirits to both.

## PEPPER.

With all my heart. A bold writer has now no encouragement to sharpen his pen. I have known the day when there was no difficulty in getting a lodging in Newgate; but now, all I can say, won't procure me a warrant from a Westminster Justice.

## MARGIN.

You say right, hard times, master Pepper, for persecution is the very life and soul of our trade; but don't despair, who knows how soon matters may mend? gentlemen, you may draw back.—Read the next.

## DINGEY.

Criticks—Thomas Comma, and Christopher Caustic.

## K

## MARGIN

MARGIN.

Where are they ?

DINGEY.

As you could not find them in constant employment, they are engaged by the great, to do the articles in the Monthly Reviews.

MARGIN.

I thought they were done by Doctor Doubtful, the Deist.

DINGEY.

Formerly, but now he deals in manuscript sermons, writes religious essays for one of the Journals.

MARGIN.

Then he will soon sink. I foresaw what would come of his dramming. Go on.

DINGEY.

Collectors of paragraphs, Roger Rumour, and Phelim O'Flam.

RUMOUR, FLAM.

Here.

DING Y.

Fibber and Forge'em, composers and makers of ditto.

FIBB R, FORGE'EM.

Here.

MARGIN.



MARGIN.

Well, Rumour, what have you brought for the press?

RUMOUR.

I have been able to bring you no Positives.

MARGIN.

How! no Positives?

RUMOUR.

Not one. I have a Probability from the court end of the town; and two good Supposes out of the city.

MARGIN.

Hand them here—[reads.] “ It is probable, “ that if the King of Prussia should join the Czar- “ ina, France will send a fleet into the Medi- “ terranean, which, by giving umbrage to the “ Maritime powers, will involve Spain by “ its Family Compact. To which, if Austria “ should refuse to accede, there may be a power- “ ful diversion in Poland, made conjunctly by “ Sweden and Denmark. And if Sardinia and “ Sicily abide by the treaties, the German Prin- “ ces can never be neuter; Italy will become the “ seat of war, and all Europe soon set in a flame. —Vastly well, master Rumour, finely confused, and very alarming. Dingey, give him a shilling for this. I hope no other paper has got it?

RUMOUR.

Oh fie! did you ever know me guilty of such a —

MARGIN.

## M A R G I N.

True, true, now let us see your Supposes—  
 [Reads.] “ It is supposed, if Alderman Mango  
 “ should surrender his gown, he will be succeed-  
 “ ed by Mr. Deputy Drylips, and if my Lord  
 “ Mayor should continue ill of the gout, it is  
 “ supposed the swan-hopping will cease for this  
 “ season.—That last suppose is fudged in, why,  
 would you cram these upon me for a couple ?

## R U M O U R.

As distinct as can be.

## M A R G I N.

Fye, remember our bargain. You agreed to  
 do the court of Aldermen always for six pence.

## R U M O U R.

What if a Common Hall should be called ?

## M A R G I N.

Oh ! then you are to have three-pence a mo-  
 tion, I know that, very well : I am sure no gen-  
 tleman can accuse me of being sneaking. Ding-  
 geey, give him six pence for his supposes. Well,  
 Phelim O’Flam, any deaths in your district ?

## O’F L A M.

The devil a one.

## M A R G I N.

How ! none ?

## O’F L A M.

O yes, a parcel of nobodies, that died worth  
 nothing at all. Fellows that can’t pay for a fu-  
 neral.

neral. Upon my conscience, I can't think what becomes of the folks for my part, I believe, all the people who live in town, fall down dead in the country, and then too, since doctor Dispatch is gone to the Bath, patients linger so long.

MARGIN.

Indeed!

O'FLAM.

To be sure they do. Why, I waited at the Jolly Topers, a matter of two days and a half, for the last breath of Lady Dy Dropsy, for fear some other collector should catch it.

MARGIN.

A long time indeed.

O'FLAM.

Wasn't it? considering that she had two consultations besides, devilish tough. Mr. Margin, I shall quit the mortality walk, so provide yourself as soon as you can.

MARGIN.

I hope not.

O'FLAM.

Why, what will I do? I am sure the deaths wont keep me alive, you see I am already stripp'd to my shrowd; since November, the suicide season, I have not got salt to my porridge.

*Enter Sir* THOMAS TRADEWELL.

Sir THOMAS.

Is your name Matthew Margin?

MARGIN.

MARGIN.

It is, and what then?

Sir THOMAS.

Then, pray what right had you to kill me in your last saturday's paper?

MARGIN.

Kill you!

Sir THOMAS.

Ay, Sir, here the article is; surely the law has some punishment for such insolent rascals as you.

MARGIN.

Punishment! and for what? but, after all, what injury have you sustain'd?

Sir THOMAS.

Infinite. All my agents are come post out of the country, my house is crouded with cousins, to be present at the opening my will, and there has been (as it is known she has a very good jointure) no less than three proposals of marriage already made to my relict.

MARGIN.

Let me look at the paragraph. [*Reads.*]  
 "Last night, after eating a hearty supper, died  
 "suddenly, with his mouth full of custard, Sir  
 "Thomas Tradewell, knight, an amiable com-  
 "panion, an affectionate relation, and a friend  
 "to the poor."—O'Flam, this is some blunder  
 of yours; for you see, here the gentleman is,  
 and alive.

O'FLAM.

O'FLAM.

So he says, but the devil a one in this case would I believe but himself; Because why, I was told it by Jeremy O'Turlough, his own body chairman, my dear: by the same token, I treated him with a pint of porter for the good news.

Sir THOMAS.

Vastly oblig'd to you, Mr. O'Flam, but I have nothing to do with this wretched fellow; it is you, Margin, shall answer for this.

MARGIN.

Why, Sir Thomas, it is impossible but now and then we must kill a man by mistake. And in some measure to make amends, you see what a good character the paper has given you.

Sir THOMAS.

Character!

MARGIN.

Aye, Sir, I can tell you I have had a crown for putting in many a worse.

O'FLAM.

Aye, Sir Thomas, consider of that, only think what a comfort it is, to live long enough after you are dead, to read such a good account of yourself in the papers.

Sir THOMAS.

Ha! ha! ha! what a ridiculous rascal! but I would advise you, gentlemen, not to take such liberties with me for the future. *{Exit.*

O'FLAM.



O'FLAM.

Indeed and we won't; and I here give Mr. Margin my word, that you shan't die again, as long as you live, unless, indeed, we get it from under your own hand.

*Enter* Sir ROBERT RISCOUNTER,  
and Sir JAMES BIDDULPH.

Sir ROBERT.

Where is this Margin, this impudent, rascally Printer?

MARGIN.

Hey day! what's the matter now?

Sir JAMES.

Curb your choler, Sir Robert.

Sir ROBERT.

A pretty fellow, indeed, that every man's and woman's reputation must be subject to the power of his poisonous pen.

Sir JAMES.

A little patience, Sir Robert.

Sir ROBERT.

A land of liberty, this! I will maintain it, the tyranny exercised by that fellow, and those of his tribe is more despotic and galling, than the most absolute monarch's in Asia.

Sir JAMES.

Well, but——

Sir ROBERT.

Sir ROBERT.

Their thrones claim a right only over your persons and property, whilst this mungrel, squatting upon his joint stool, by a single line, proscribes and ruins your reputation at once.

Sir JAMES.

Sir Robert, let me crave—

Sir ROBERT.

And no situation is secure from their insults. I wonder every man is not afraid to peep into a paper, as it is more than probable that he may meet with a paragraph, that will make him unhappy for the rest of his life.

MARGIN.

But, Gentlemen, what is all this business about?

Sir ROBERT.

About? zounds, Sir, what right had you to ruin my daughter?

MARGIN.

I? I know nothing of you nor your daughter.

Sir ROBERT.

Sir James Biddulph, you have it, produce the paper

Sir JAMES.

There is no occasion for that, the affair is so recent, I dare say the Gentleman will remember the passage; this, Sir, is the Banker, the father, with whose daughter you was pleased to take those insolent freedoms, this morning.

L

Sir

Sir ROBERT.

And this, Sir, the amiable Baronet, from the West end of the Town.

MARGIN.

I recollect. Well, gentlemen, if you have brought any paragraphs to contradict the report, I am ready to insert them directly.

Sir ROBERT.

And so, you rascal, you want us to furnish fresh food for your paper?

MARGIN.

I do all I can to keep my scales even; the charge hangs heavy here; on the other side, you may throw in the defence, then see which will weigh down the other.

Sir ROBERT.

Indeed, Sir James Biddulph, if he does that—

Sir JAMES.

That I can that paltry expedient atone for his crime? will the snow that is sullied recover its lustre? so tender and delicate, Sir Robert, is the fame of a lady, that once tainted, it is tarnish'd for ever.

Sir ROBERT.

True enough.

MARGIN.

I could bear no ill-will to your daughter, as I know nothing about her.

Sir

Sir ROBERT.

Indeed, Sir James, I don't see how he could.

Sir JAMES.

Is his being the instrument of another man's malice, a sufficient excuse?

Sir ROBERT.

So far from it, that it enhances the guilt. Zounds, Sir James, you are a Parliament Man, why don't you put an end to this practice?

MARGIN.

Ay, let them attack the press, if——

Sir ROBERT.

Have a care of that; no no, that must not be done.

Sir JAMES.

No man, Sir Robert, honours that sacred shield of freedom more than myself.

Sir ROBERT.

I dare say.

Sir JAMES.

But I would not have it serve to shelter these pests, who point their poison'd arrows against the peace of mankind.

Sir ROBERT.

By no means in the world. Let them be dragg'd from behind it directly.

L 2

MARGIN.

MARGIN.

Ay, do destroy the watchful dogs that guard and cover your flocks.

Sir JAMES.

You guard, you cover!

MARGIN.

Ay, who but us alarm the nation when bad designs are on foot?

Sir ROBERT.

In that respect, they are very useful no doubt.

Sir JAMES.

Are they therefore entitled to give the alarm, when no such design is intended?

Sir ROBERT.

By no means. A pack of factious, infamous scoundrels.

MARGIN.

It is we that supply the defects of the laws.

Sir JAMES.

You!

MARGIN.

By stigmatizing those offenders that they cannot reach.

Sir ROBERT.

That, indeed serves to keep the guilty in awe.



Sir JAMES.

And is a pretence for making the innocent the butts of their malice.

Sir ROBERT.

True, true, all is fish that comes to their nets.

Sir JAMES.

Besides, their slander is scattered so generally, and with so little discretion, that the deformity of vice is destroyed.

Sir ROBERT.

True.

Sir JAMES.

Bad men are made worse, by becoming totally callous, and even the good rendered careless, to that source of patriotism, that pride of virtue, the public opinion.

Sir ROBERT.

And they are much in the right on't.

MARGIN.

What, you are a courtier, I reckon? no wonder you wish the press was demolished.

Sir JAMES.

If ever that happens, to such miscreants as you 'twill be owing; nor will it surprize me, if all orders concur to give up a great public benefit, for the sake and security of private honour and peace.

Sir

Sir ROBERT.

Nor me neither.

MARGIN.

You would consent then to surrender the press?

Sir ROBERT.

I would sooner consent to be hang'd.

Sir JAMES:

And its unbounded licence continue?

Sir ROBERT.

I would much rather see it on fire.

MARGIN.

With respect to its general use——

Sir ROBERT.

Not the smallest doubt can be made.

Sir JAMES.

But, Sir Robert, then the abuse——

Sir ROBERT.

Is what no mortal can bear.

MARGIN.

But, Sir Robert, you would but just now——

Sir ROBERT.

I confess it, I did.

Sir JAMES.

Ay, but that was, Sir Robert, because.——

Sir

Sir ROBERT.

For no other reason in life.

MARGIN.

My observation you allowed to be—

Sir ROBERT.

Pointed.

Sir JAMES.

And my reply—

Sir ROBERT.

Conclusive as could be.

MARGIN:

But then—

Sir ROBERT.

To be sure.

Sir JAMES.

Because why—

Sir ROBERT.

You are quite in the right.

O'FLAM.

Upon my soul, they have got the old gentleman into such puzzlement, that I don't believe he knows what he wishes himself. Stand by and let me clear up this matter a little. Hearkee, Mr. Sir Robert, if I understand your meaning at all, it is, that provided people could be prevented from publishing, you are willing the press should be free.

Sir ROBERT.

That was my meaning no doubt.

O'FLAM.

O'FLAM.

Upon my conscience, and nothing but reason. There, I believe, we are all of us agreed. How seldom would people differ, if once we could get them to be all of a mind? And now this difference is whole and compos'd, let me try if I can't make up the other. I understand here, old gentleman, you have had a daughter abused.

Sir ROBERT.

Most foully.

O'FLAM.

And you want to know who was the author?

Sir ROBERT.

That was my sole business here.

O'FLAM.

Then why could not you say so at first, without all this bothering and bawling? Well, master Margin, come give the old buck satisfaction.

MARGIN.

It was anonymous.

O'FLAM.

Upon my soul, and I thought so. That is the most damnedst, impudent son of a bitch, he had like to have brought me into three or four scrapes, by fathering his lies upon me.

Sir JAMES.

Will you give us leave to look at the hand?

MARGIN.

Freely, this is the paper.

Sir

THE BANKRUPT. 81

Sir JAMES.

Sir Robert, do you recollect to have seen this writing before?

Sir ROBERT.

It is James's, I know it as well as my own: here are his B's, his G's, and his T's.

Sir JAMES.

So I guess'd. Will you trust the paper with us?

Sir ROBERT.

Let him get it again, if he can.—Sir James, I shall expect you at home. *[Exit.]*

MARGIN.

I hope no bad use will be made of it.

Sir JAMES.

The worst use has already been made of it; but at parting, Mr. Margin, let me give you a piece of advice. Take care how you provoke the publick patience too far. You have set the laws at defiance, and long reign'd uncontroul'd, I confess; but don't wonder if the subjects of your slander forget there are laws in their turn, and, valuing an honest name more than their lives, should expose their lives to revenge it.

*[Exit.]*

O'FLAM.

Upon my soul, Mr. Margin, very wholesome advice, and will do you much good if you take it; but, above all, rid your hands of James Anonymous as soon as you can; you know it

M

was



was he got you that beating.—That fellow has brought you into more scrapes than all your authors together.

*Enter a SERVANT.*

SERVANT:

Gentlemen, the milk porridge is ready.

A L L.

Let us start fair I beseech you. *[Exeunt.]*

*Enter Lady RISCOUNTER, LUCY, and KITTY.*

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Sir James Biddulph is gone?

K I T T Y.

Yes, Madam, and with him my master.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Sir Robert! to what place, can you guess?

K I T T Y.

I should think, by what I overheard, to the printer's.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

To the printer's! of what use can that be?

K I T T Y.

I can't say; but your ladyship, I hope, will excuse me.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Excuse you, why child, what's the matter?

K I T T Y.

KITTY.

I have heard some whispering among the clerks, as if things were not quite so well with my master.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

What, some little disappointments in trade?

KITTY.

Much worse, I am afraid; I don't know what it means; but they say an extent is brought into the house.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

With all my heart; let what will happen, it can be of little importance to me.

LUCY.

No, Madam!

Lady RISCOUNTER.

No, child, you can't suppose, but upon my marriage, I took care, at all events, to secure a proper provision.

LUCY.

Indeed! can that be done?

Lady RISCOUNTER.

A common caution, my dear; don't you see Mrs. Paduasoy rides in her coach, whilst half her husband's creditors are in gaol.

LUCY.

Is that the case?

Lady RISCOUNTER.

If wives were to have any thing to do with  
M 2 those

those kind of creatures, who d'ye think would marry with people in business? and now I think on't, it will be so much the better; for the father's failure must in some measure fall on the daughter.

LUCY.

True; but your ladyship saw Sir James Bidulph.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

For a moment only, my dear.

LUCY,

Well, Madam, and——

Lady RISCOUNTER.

I only just threw out a hint; to be more explicit now, would make him suspicious; we must give him time to digest his disappointment.

KITTY.

As I live, Miss Lydia is coming.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Lydia!

*Enter* LYDIA.

LYDIA.

I beg your ladyship's pardon, for intruding without your permission; but, my unfortunate situation will, I hope, plead my excuse: I come, Madam, to beg your protection.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Mine, child?

LYDIA.

LYDIA.

Your assistance, in detecting the authors of this horrid design.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

That, child, is properly your father's concern.

LYDIA.

True, Madam; but the relation your ladyship bears to his family might, I hope, induce you to do me this justice.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Justice, Lydia!—as it is my duty, I shall ever be ready to give my advice.

LYDIA.

That, Madam, is all that I want.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

As this affair has made such a noise, there remains but one step to be taken.

LYDIA.

Which is——

Lady RISCOUNTER.

A marriage with James.

LYDIA.

With James! and so sanctify the scandalous story.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

It may be alledged by the family, that the ceremony had pass'd before the detection.

LYDIA.

LYDIA.

Detection! I hope your ladyship does not suppose there is the smallest foundation?

Lady RISCOUNTER.

That I shall not pretend to determine. But, at all events, you are in the right to deny it.

LYDIA.

Your ladyship's indifference shocks me more than the——Your daughter, Lucy, will do me justice I am sure, she has been privy to every——

LUCY.

Me, Miss? I beg pardon for that: how should I know your Intrigues? I beg you will not involve me in your guilt.

LYDIA.

Nay, then it is in vain to struggle; I see, my ruin is resolv'd.

*Enter Sir ROBERT.*

Sir ROBERT.

Where is Lady Riscounter? well, my dear, we have got to the bottom of this infernal business at last—here, here it is, in the rascal's own hand.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Sir Robert!

Sir ROBERT.

Why, the paragraph was sent to the printer's by James.

Lady



Lady RISCOUNTER.

Well?

Sir ROBERT.

So that you see proves the forgery plain.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Now I think it makes the fact more apparent.

Sir ROBERT.

How?

Lady RISCOUNTER.

By the confession of one of the parties.

Sir ROBERT.

That I confess, as it was voluntary—

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Makes it amount to a positive proof.

Sir ROBERT.

It looks very suspicious indeed.

*Enter Sir JAMES BIDDULPH.*

Sir ROBERT.

Here my lady, Sir James, thinks, that instead of clearing, this paper only serves to convince her.

Sir JAMES.

Is that your ladyship's judgment?

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Quite to a demonstration, Sir James.

Sir

Sir JAMES.

But his policy.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Obvious enough ; to force the family to solicit his marrying the girl, as a favour.

Sir JAMES.

That, indeed!

Lady RISCOUNTER.

With the hopes, perhaps, of obtaining some additional advantage.

Sir ROBERT.

In return, no doubt, for his great condescension. An infamous——

Sir JAMES.

I should have thought the young lady's private fortune, and person, especially to one of his rank, a very sufficient inducement. But this Mr. James is an absolute Machiavel.

Sir ROBERT.

As sly a dog as ever existed.

Sir JAMES.

But could not we see him, Sir Robert?

Sir ROBERT.

The rascal is run off.

Sir JAMES.

Indeed!

Sir

Sir ROBERT.

We have search'd for him all the town-over.

Sir JAMES.

That is unlucky, as I should have been glad to have ask'd him a question. I believe it is unnecessary to apologize to the family, for any part I take in this business.

Sir ROBERT.

We are all highly obliged.

Sir JAMES.

But I have received a letter, the contents of which astonish me much.

Sir ROBERT.

About the matter in hand?

Sir JAMES.

Indeed the writer is but a dependant of mine; but his veracity is out of the question, the facts must speak for themselves. Mrs. Kitty, you will be kind enough to stay here for a moment.

KITTY.

What can be the meaning of this?

Sir JAMES.

If the charge is false, I am sure, Lady Riscounter will pardon me for the sake of the motive. If true, she, in her turn, will stand in want of all our forgiveness.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Me! who will dare to impeach my conduct, Sir James?

N

Sir

Sir JAMES.

Your ladyship's patience, a moment. This paper, Sir Robert, charges Lady Riscounter with being the sole contriver of this villainous project.

Sir ROBERT.

How!

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Me!

Sir JAMES.

With a view of dissolving the contract between your fair daughter and me.

Sir ROBERT.

To what purpose? what end?

Sir JAMES.

One that does me too much honour, I own, the bringing about a union between Miss Lucy and me.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

A most probable story, indeed: your informer's name, if you please.

Sir JAMES.

A servant who has oft attended me here.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

And he receiv'd it from——

Sir JAMES.

One of your ladyship's women; there she stands, I believe.

LYDIA

THE BANKRUPT. 91

LYDIA.

Is it possible that you, Kitty—

Sir ROBERT.

Patience, Lydia, a moment.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

And you think this paltry plot, obviously fram'd by a couple of servants, (unless you condescend to be the contriver yourself) will justify you in bringing this charge against a person of my rank and condition.

Sir ROBERT.

Fie, fie, Sir James, that is too presumptuous indeed.

Sir JAMES.

Why, I should not have ventur'd, I believe, if I had not to produce a more unexceptionable witness than these.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Name the person directly.

Sir JAMES.

Lady Riscounter herself.

Sir ROBERT.

What?

Sir JAMES.

There is a little billet contain'd in this letter, where your ladyship promises a capital sum, when some certain services are fully perform'd.

Sir ROBERT.

By your leave, Sir James, let me look. Oh,  
N 2 clear,



92 THE BANKRUPT.

clear, clear, it is her hand, there is no denying of this.

Sir JAMES.

I fancy Mrs. Kitty will own it. Otherwise my servant is below to confront her.

Sir ROBERT.

Well, what reply do you make to all this ?

KITTY.

I beg pardon, Sir, of my mistress, and you.

Sir ROBERT.

Pardon.

KITTY.

I own the accusation is just, though I little thought Mr. Robin would betray me.

Sir ROBERT.

Do you ? and what an ungrateful wretch must you be ? you have been but a poor instrument only. But is it possible you, Lady Riscounter, could so entirely forget what you owe to me, and your——

Lady RISCOUNTER.

I see, Sir Robert, you are so far prepossess'd, that all I can say——

Sir ROBERT.

Say, Madam, what can be said for such——

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Nay, Sir, I am not going to make a formal defence, it is not worth my while, nor would you have leisure to hear it : if you will walk

down, you will find another sort of business, that demands your attention.

Sir ROBERT.

Madam!

Lady RISCOUNTER.

The house fill'd with a new kind of customers.

LYDIA, Sir ROBERT, Sir JAMES.

How!

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Only an extent, to seize on all his effects.

LYDIA, Sir ROBERT, Sir JAMES.

Is it possible!

Lady RISCOUNTER.

The world will therefore see how ill I am treated—but don't imagine, Sir Robert, that the provision I derive from her father, shall be lavished to lessen your debts, or be employ'd in support of their author.

LUCY.

Your ladyship will have more prudence, no doubt.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

No, child, we will quit this mansion directly, and leave him for consolation to the care of his daughter.

LYDIA.

A more precious trust, I could never receive. Your treachery to me, Madam. I could both despise and forgive: but your insistent triumph, at the distress of an unfortunate husband, gives you

## THE BANKRUPT.

you a pre-eminence above the worst of your sex. If, Sir, what you are pleased to call mine, can either reinstate, or assist you, I beg it may be all employ'd in the service.

Sir ROBERT.

Nay, pr'ythee, Lydia—

LYDIA.

You see, Sir James Biddulph, there are new obstacles oppos'd to your purpose.

Sir JAMES.

If you mean those her ladyship has been pleas'd to produce, they add only an additional strength to my wishes. The piety with which this great, this first duty is discharg'd, must accompany every other relation in life. I applaud, and shall be happy to join in your purpose.

Lady RISCOUNTER.

Come, Lucy, let us leave these romantick creatures together, they are only fit for each other; when your effects are convey'd to proper trustees, I shall take care to put in my claim.

*[Exeunt Lady Riscounter and Lucy.]*

Sir ROBERT.

Unfeeling, insolent woman! but thy goodness, Lydia, supplies every loss, nor will my creditors, when they find I never deceiv'd them, take advantage of thy filial affection.

*Enter a* CLERK.

What now?

CLERK.

THE BANKRUPT. 92

CLERK.

The Dutch mail is arrived.

Sir ROBERT.

Any private letters from Holland?

CLERK.

Your correspondents, Sir, have honour'd your bills.

Sir ROBERT.

And discharg'd them?

CLERK.

Every one.

Sir ROBERT.

And the report of their failing——

CLERK.

Was without the smallest foundation.

Sir ROBERT.

Heaven be prais'd; now, Lydia, thy father can look again with confidence in the face of his friends.

LYDIA.

A more real transport could never have reach'd me!

Sir ROBERT.

I know it, Lydia, I know it. This gentleman will both thank and reward you.

CLERK.

Sir, I would beg just to——

Sir

Sir ROBERT.

I guess what you mean; some inquisitive persons below; they shall be satisfied soon. I will attend them directly. [*Exit Clerk.*]

Sir JAMES.

Give me leave to join in the general joy. But what, Sir Robert, shall we do with this paper? I fancy my man is in waiting; Robin.

*Enter* ROBIN.

ROBIN.

Sir.

Sir JAMES.

You have been of singular service to-day, which I shall take good care to acknowledge. The worth of this note, as the conditions have fail'd——

ROBIN.

Like many more of its kindred, is reduc'd to waste paper, your honour; but as this happy turn has been chiefly owing to Kitty, I hope she will be restor'd to favour again.

Sir JAMES.

But consider, Robin, that was not her intention.

ROBIN.

But recollect, Sir, the temptation——

Sir ROBERT.

But the treachery——

ROBIN.

Five hundred pounds.

Sir



Sir ROBERT.

That is true—as many her superiors, tho' perhaps not her betters, are daily detected in doing things more criminal for less consideration, it is some excuse, I confess. But what says my Lydia?

LYDIA.

I shall be directed by you.

Sir ROBERT.

And now, my children, nothing remains but the last act, to establish your union, and if (as I am resolved to disengage myself from that bad woman, and the other cares of this world) you will suffer me to be a partaker of your domestic felicity——

Sir JAMES, LYDIA.

You cannot in any thing oblige us so much.

Sir ROBERT.

That is all I have to ask of you, or the world.  
[*Exeunt.*]

F I N I S.

BOOKS printed for G. KEARSLEY,

At No. 46, near Serjeants-Inn, in Fleet-street :

I. THE GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE  
IN HIS  
TOUR THROUGH FRANCE  
BY AN OFFICER.

With a correct Map of all the Post Roads.

Containing an accurate description of that country. Including Paris, Versailles, Fontainebleau, Marli, St. Germain, St. Cloud, and every publick building and place worthy a traveller's notice. Lists of lodging-houses, ordinaries, places of amusement, with their prices : stage-coaches and water carriages to different parts of the kingdom, with their fares : and every other particular necessary for the information of strangers.

THE  
2. TOUR OF HOLLAND,  
DUTCH BRABANT, the AUSTRIAN NETHER-  
LANDS, and part of FRANCE ;

In which is included, a DESCRIPTION of PARIS, and its environs.

3. USEFUL HINTS  
To those who make the TOUR of FRANCE.

In a series of letters written from that kingdom,  
By PHILIP THICKNESSE, Esq.

These letters (none of which were ever published before) contain some account of the interior police in general, and Paris in particular. With a considerable number of entertaining anecdotes, relative to the first personages on that part of the continent.

\*. These three volumes, which may be had separate or together, price 3s. each, will enable travellers to make the Tour of France and the Low Countries, as they contain every thing worthy the attention of the most minute enquirer ; and will prevent, if properly attended to, the scandalous impositions so often practised by the publicans on the continent.

††† The last article only was written by Mr. Thicknesse.

T H E

DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS;

A C O M E D Y.

WRITTEN by Mr. FOOTE,

PUBLISHED by Mr. COLMAN.

---

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

THE  
DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS;

A COMEDY.

WRITTEN BY MR. FOOT.

PUBLISHED BY MR. COLMAN.

---

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

T H E

*DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS;*

A C O M E D Y,

I N T H R E E A C T S.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL in the HAYMARKET.

WRITTEN BY THE LATE

*S A M U E L F O O T E, Esq.*

AND NOW PUBLISHED BY

*Mr. C O L M A N.*

---

---

L O N D O N,

*Printed by T. Sherlock,*

For T. CADELL, in the Strand.

---

---

MDCCLXXVIII.



THE

DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS,

A COMEDY,

IN THREE ACTS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL in the HAY-MARKET.

WRITTEN BY THE LATE

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

AND NOW PUBLISHED BY

MR. COLEMAN.

---

LONDON,  
Printed by T. Cadell,  
for T. Cadell, in the Strand.

MDCCLXXXIII.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

**S**OME copies of spurious impressions of the Cozeners and the Maid of Bath, having been printed and circulated before the application to the Court of Chancery for an Injunction, it has been thought advisable, in vindication of the property of the Editor, as well as in justice to the deceased Author, immediately to commit to the press genuine editions of the two dramattick pieces above-mentioned, together with THIS COMEDY, which had been also without authority advertised for publication.

On inspection of the spurious impressions, it appears, that all the errors of careless and ignorant transcribers are there religiously preserved; and all the additions and improvements, made by the facetious Writer, are omitted. Many instances of this will occur on perusal of those Comedies, and particularly the Cozeners; in which, besides the restoration of several passages always spoken on the stage, the Reader will find a whole scene, at the end of the First Act, and  
another,

## vi ADVERTISEMENT.

another, still more entertaining and popular, at the beginning of the Third; both which were wholly wanting in the spurious Impressions.

Unauthorized publications are not only always detrimental to private property, but commonly prove injurious to the publick: For the copies, being obtained by clandestine and indirect means, are, for the most part, as has happened in the present instance, incorrect and imperfect.

DRAMATIS

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DEVIL,  
 SIR THOMAS MAXWELL,  
 INVOICE,  
 SLIGO,  
 BROADBRIM,  
 OSASAFRAS,  
 FINGERFEE,  
 CAMPHIRE,  
 CALOMEL,  
 DIACHYLON,  
 HABAKKUK,  
 Dr. LAST,  
 JOHNNY MACPHERSON,  
 JULEP,  
 APOZEM,  
 FORCEPS,  
 SECRETARY,  
 PRINTER'S DEVIL,

Doctors.

*Mr. Foote.*  
*Mr. Gardner.*  
*Mr. Du-Bellamy.*  
*Mr. Moody.*  
*Mr. Thompson.*  
*Mr. Egan.*  
*Mr. Hutton.*  
*Mr. Fearon.*  
*Mr. Lings.*  
*Mr. Lewis.*  
*Mr. Pierce.*  
*Mr. Weston.*  
*Mr. Hamilton.*  
*Mr. Palmer.*  
*Mr. Castle.*  
*Mr. Stevens.*  
*Mr. Loyd.*  
*Mr. Jacobs.*

MARGARET,  
 HARRIET,

*Mrs. Gardner.*  
*Mrs. Jewell.*

Servants, &c.





T H E

DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

A C T I.

*A Room.*

*Enter Sir Thomas Maxwell and Margaret.*

*Sir Thomas.*

**W**H Y, the woman is mad! these curs'd news-paper patriots have shatter'd her brains! nothing less than a senator of seven years standing can conceive what she means.

*Marg.* Why, Sir Thomas, my conversation is neither deficient in order, precision, or dignity.

*Sir Tho.* Dignity! and what occasion for dignity in the common concerns of my house? why the deuce can't you converse like the rest of the world? If you want money to pay off my bills, you move me for further supplies; if I turn away a

B

servant,

## 2 THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

servant, you condemn me for so often changing my ministry; and because I lock up my daughter, to prevent her eloping with the paltry clerk of a pitiful trader, it is forsooth an invasion of the Bill of Rights, and a mortal stab to the great Charter of Liberty.

*Marg.* As Serjeant Second'em said in the debate on the corn-bill, "Then why don't you chuse  
"better ground, brother, and learn to enlarge  
"your bottom a little? Consider, you must draw  
"the line of liberty somewhere; for if these rights  
"belong"——

*Sir Tho.* Mercy on us!

*Marg.* But indeed, my dear brother, you are got quite out of your depth: Woman, I tell you, is a microcosm, and rightly to rule her requires as great talents, as to govern a state. And what says the Aphorism of Cardinal Polignac? "If  
"you would not have a person deceive you, be  
"careful not to let him know you mistrust him!" and so of your daughter.

*Sir Tho.* Mrs. Margaret Maxwell, bestow your advice where it is wanted! Out of my depth? a likely story indeed, that I, who am fix'd here in a national trust, appointed guardian of the English interest at the court of Madrid, should not know how to manage a girl!

*Marg.* And pray, Mr. Consul, what information

## THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS. 3

tion will your station afford you? I don't deny your knowledge in export and import, nor doubt your skill in the difference between wet and dry goods; you may weigh with exactness the balance of trade, or explain the true spirit of a treaty of commerce; the surface, the mere skimmings of the political pot!

*Sir Tho.* Mighty well!

*Marg.* But had you, with me, traced things to their original source; had you discover'd all social subordination to arise from original compact; had you read Machiavel, Montesquieu, Locke, Bacon, Hobbes, Harrington, Hume; had you studied the political testaments of Alberoni and Cardinal Richlieu——

*Sir Tho.* Mercy on us!

*Marg.* Had you analiz'd the Pragmatic Sanction, and the family-compact; had you toil'd thro' the laborious page of the Vinerian professor, or estimated the prevailing manners with the Vicar of Newcastle; in a word, had you read Amicus upon Taxation, and Inimicus upon Representation, you would have known——

*Sir Tho.* What?

*Marg.* That, in spite of the frippery French Salick laws, woman is a free agent, a noun substantive entity, and, when treated with confidence——

#### 4 THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

*Sir Tho.* Why, perhaps, she may not abuse it ; But still, my sage sister, it is but a *perhaps* ; now my method is certain, infallible ; by confining her, I can't be deceiv'd.

*Marg.* And pray, Sir, what right have you to confine her ? look in your Puffendorff ! tho' born in Spain, she is a native of England ; her birth-right is liberty—a better patrimonial estate than any of your despotic countries could give her.

*Sir Tho.* Zooks, you would tire the patience of Job ! Pray answer me this ; is Harriet my daughter ?

*Marg.* What then ? for that inestimable blessing she is not beholden to you ; nor can you, tho' a father, with reason, justice, or law, take it from her.

*Sir Tho.* Why, Margaret, you forget where you are ! This, child, is the town of Madrid ; you are amongst a sage, steady people, who know and revere the natural rights of a parent.

*Marg.* Natural rights ! Can a right to tyrannize be founded in nature ?

*Sir Tho.* Look'ee, Margaret ! you are but losing your time ; for unless you can prevail on Count Wall, or the president of Castille, to grant you a Habeas, why Harriet shall stay where she is.

*Marg.* Ay, ay, you know where you are ; but,  
if



THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS. 5

if my niece will take my advice, the justice that is denied to her here, she will instantly seek for elsewhere.

*Sir Tho.* Elsewhere? hark you, sister! is it thus you answer my purpose in bringing you hither? I hop'd to have my daughter's principles form'd by your prudence; her conduct directed by your experience and wisdom.

*Marg.* The preliminary is categorically true.

*Sir Tho.* Then why don't you abide by the treaty?

*Marg.* Yes; you have given me powerful motives!

*Sir Tho.* But another word, madam! as I don't chuse that Harriet should imbibe any more of your romantic republican notions, I shall take it as a great favour if you would prepare to quit this country with the first opportunity.

*Marg.* You need not have remonstrated; a petition would have answered your purpose: I did intend to withdraw, and without taking leave; nor will I reside on a spot where the great charter of my sex is hourly invaded! No, Sir Thomas, I shall return to the land of liberty! but there expect to have your despotic dealings properly and publicly handled.

*Sir Tho.* What, you design to turn author?

*Marg.* There's no occasion for that; liberty has already a champion in one of my sex: The same pen



## 6 THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

pen that has dar'd to scourge the arbitrary actions of some of our monarchs, shall do equal justice to the oppressive power of parents !

*Sir Tho.* With all my heart.

*Marg.* I may, perhaps, be too late to get you into the historical text ; but, I promise you, you shall be soundly swinged in the marginal note.

*Enter a Servant, who whispers Sir Thomas.*

*Sir Tho.* What ! now ?

*Serv.* This instant.

*Sir Tho.* How did he get in ?

*Serv.* By a ladder of ropes, dropped, I suppose, by Miss Harriet from the balcony.

*Sir Tho.* That way, I reckon, he thinks to retreat ; but I shall prevent him ! Here, Dick, do you and Ralph run into the street, and front the house with a couple of carbines ; bid James bring my toledo ; and let the rest of the fellows follow my steps !

*Marg.* Hey-day ! what can be the meaning of this civil commotion ?

*Sir Tho.* Nothing extraordinary ; only the natural consequence of some of your salutary suggestions.

*Marg.* Mine, Sir Thomas ?

*Sir Tho.* Yes, yours, sister Margaret !

*Marg.* I don't understand you.

*Sir Tho.* Oh, nothing but Harriet making use of  
of

THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS. 7

of her great natural charter of liberty, by letting young Invoice, Abraham Indigo's clerk, by the means of a ladder of ropes, into her chamber.

*Marg.* I am not surprized.

*Sir Tho.* Nor I neither.

*Marg.* The instant your suspicions gave her a guard, I told her the act was tantamount to an open declaration of war, and sanctified every stratagem.

*Sir Tho.* You did? mighty well, madam! I hope then, for once, you will approve my proceedings; the law of nations shall be strictly observed; you shall see how a spy ought to be treated, who is caught in the enemy's camp!

*Enter Servant with the toledo.*

Oh, here's my trusty toledo. Come, follow your leader! *[Exit with Servants.]*

*Marg.* Oh, Sir, I shall pursue, and reconoitre your motions; and tho' no cartel is settled between you, take care how you infringe the *jus gentium.* *[Exit Marg.]*

*Another chamber. Harriet and Invoice discovered.*

*Har.* Are you sure you were not observed?

*Inv.* I believe not.

*Har.*

## 8 THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

*Har.* Well, Mr. Invoice, you can, I think, now, no longer doubt of my kindness; tho', let me tell you, you are a good deal indebted for this early proof of it, to my father's severity.

*Inv.* I am sorry, madam, an event, so happy for me, should proceed from so unlucky a cause: But are there no hopes that Sir Thomas may be softened in time?

*Har.* None: He is, both from nature and habit, inflexibly obstinate. This too is his favourite foible; no German baron was ever more attached to the genealogical laws of alliance than he: Marry his daughter to a person in trade? no! Put his present favourite out of the question, he can never be brought to submit to it.

*Inv.* Dear Miss Harriet, then why will you hesitate? there can be no other alternative; you must either submit to marry the count, or by flight escape from the——

*Har.* No, Mr. Invoice, not till the last necessity drives me. Besides, where can we go? how subsist? who will receive us?

*Inv.* *The world is all before us where to chuse;* and, as we fly from oppression, *Providence our guide.*

*Har.* The world, Mr. Invoice, is but a cold kind of common; and, as to Providence, let

us

THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS. 9

us first be sure we deserve its protection.—

[*A noise without.*] Bless me ! don't I hear some bustle below ?

*Inv.* Madam !

*Har.* Hush ! my father, as I live ! I fear, Mr. Invoice, you are discovered.

*Inv.* No, surely !

*Sir Tho.* [*without.*] Have you secured all the posts ?

*Serv.* [*without.*] All, Sir.

*Sir Tho.* Both the front and the rear ?

*Serv.* Both.

*Har.* Left, past redemption !

*Sir Tho.* Then advance ! now let us unharbour the rascal !

*Har.* What can we do ?

*Sir Tho.* Come, madam, open your doors !

*Har.* The balcony, quick, Mr. Invoice, the balcony !

*Sir Tho.* Unlock, Mrs. Minx ! your minion is discovered !

*Inv.* A couple of fellows stand below, with their pieces pointed directly against it.

*Sir Tho.* What, then, you will compel us to batter ?

*Har.* The whole house is surrounded ! how can you escape ?

*Inv.* Where will this window conduct us ?

C

*Har.*



## 10 THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

*Har.* To the leads that join our house to the  
rhymist's.

*Inv.* To the leads? it is but a step; there is  
no danger.

*Har.* Then instantly fly! you have every  
thing to fear from my father.

*Sir Tho.* John, fetch the mattock and crow!

*Inv.* And leave my Harriet behind me?

*Har.* Secure yourself, and abandon me to my  
fate.

*Inv.* No, madam, that I will never do; I'll  
dare your father's utmost resentment.

*Sir Tho.* Where is that rascal a-loitering?

*Har.* Then you are lost!

*Inv.* Would my Harriet accompany my flight—

*Har.* Can you desire it?

*Inv.* I do, I do; my dearest angel, I do!  
By all that's sacred, your honour shall be as se-  
cure with me as in the cell of a saint!

*Har.* But character, decency, prudence——

*Inv.* The occasion, the danger, all justify——

*Sir Tho.* Oh, what, you are come at last.

*Inv.* Determine, my life! You have but a  
moment——

*Har.* Should you, Mr. Invoice, deceive me——

*Inv.* When I do, may my last hope deceive  
me!

*Har.* It is a bold, a dangerous step!

*Inv.*



THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS. 11

*Inv.* Fear nothing, my love!

*[Advances to the window, and gets out.]*

*Sir Tho.* Drive at the pannel.

*Marg.* *[without.]* I enter my protest!

*Sir Tho.* And I will enter the room!

*Inv.* Now leap; all is safe.

*[Harriet gets out at the window.]*

Sir Thomas, adieu!

*Sir Tho.* Wrench open the lock!

*Marg.* Ay, do, at your peril!

*Sir Tho.* Down with the door!

*Marg.* Then you shall all be swingeingly fous'd.  
Produce your authority!

*Sir Tho.* Mine.

*Marg.* You have none; not so much as the  
sanction of a general warrant.

*Sir Tho.* What, then, I see I must do it myself:  
There it goes! Pretty law indeed, to lock a man  
out of his own house!

*Enter Sir Thomas, Margaret, and Servants.*

Now, Mrs.—Heyday! what are become of the  
parties? vanished?

*Marg.* Deceiv'd by your spies! no uncommon  
thing, brother, for a blundering general.

*Sir Tho.* You are sure you saw him come in?

*Serv.* Certain, Sir Thomas.

*Sir Tho.* Then I warrant we will ferret them

## 12 THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

out. Come, lads! let not a corner escape you!

[*Exeunt Sir Tho. and Servants.*]

*Marg.* I shall wait on your motions, and bring up the rear. [Exit.]

*Scene changes to the Chymist's.*

*Enter Invoice and Harriet, through the sash.*

*Inv.* Safely landed, however.

*Har.* Are you sure you are not pursued?

*Inv.* Not a soul: Never fear! they will hardly venture this road.

*Har.* What a step have you induced me to take! to what distress and difficulties have I exposed myself!

*Inv.* Banish your fears, and let us look forward, my love.

*Har.* Nay, I have gone too far to retreat. Well, Sir, what is next to be done?

*Inv.* The Spaniards are naturally generous; perhaps, upon hearing our story, the owner of the house may lend his assistance. This, I suppose, is the Laboratory, and this door leads to the shop.

*Devil [in a bottle].* Heigh-ho!

*Har.* Who is that?

*Inv.* That! where?

*Har.* Did not you hear a voice?

*Inv.*

THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS. 13

*Inv.* None. Fancy, my love; only your fears.

*Devil.* Heigh-ho!

*Har.* There again!

*Inv.* I hear it now.—Who is there?

*Devil.* Me.

*Inv.* Me? he speaks English! Who and where are you?

*Devil.* Here in this bottle; where I have been cork'd up for these six months.

*Inv.* Cork'd up in a bottle! I never heard of such a thing in my life, unless, indeed, in the Hay-market once.—Cork'd up in a bottle, d'ye say?

*Devil.* Ay; by the master of this house, a magician.

*Inv.* A magician! Why then you are a spirit, I suppose.

*Devil.* You are right; I am the Devil.

*Har.* Mercy on us!

*Devil.* Don't be terrified, Miss: You remember the old proverb, "The Devil is not so black as he is painted."

*Inv.* Well, but, Sir——

*Devil.* A truce to your questions, my good Sir, for the present!—Consider, ramm'd up in this narrow compass, I can't be much at my ease; now if you will but break the bottle before you on the floor——

*Har.* For heaven's sake, Mr. Invoice, take care what you do!

*Devil.*

14 THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

*Devil.* Why, my pretty Miss, what risque do you run? your affairs can hardly be changed for the worse.

*Har.* That's true, indeed!

*Devil.* Believe me, Miss, as matters stand, we can be of mutual use: Your lover may deliver me from prison, and I can prevent you both from going into confinement.

*Inv.* What says my Harriet? shall I rely on the gentleman's word?

*Devil.* Do, madam! I am a Devil of honour. Besides, you have but a little time to consider; in less than five minutes, you will have the Consul and all his crew in the house.

*Inv.* Nay, then—Pray which is the bottle?

*Devil.* That in the middle, right before you.

*Inv.* There it goes!

[*He breaks the bottle, and Devil rises out of it. Thunder.*]

*Har.* Oh, what a——

*Devil.* I am not surpriz'd, Miss, that you are a little shock'd at my figure. I could have assum'd a much more agreeable form; but as we are to be a little better acquainted, I thought it best to quit all disguise and pretence; therefore, madam, you see me just as I am.

*Har.* I am sure, Sir, you are ve—ve—very agreeable.

*Devil.*

THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS. 15

*Devil.* Yo—yo—you are pleas'd to compliment, madam.—Come, answer me sincerely; am I such a being as you expected to see?

*Har.* Really, Sir, I can hardly say what I expected to see.

*Devil.* I own it is a puzzling question; at least, if the world does us justice in the contradictory qualities they are pleas'd to afford us.

*Inv.* You will forgive me, if I don't understand you.

*Devil.* Why, for all their superlative epithets, you cannot but see how much men are beholden to us; by our means it is that you measure the extent both of your virtues and vices.

*Inv.* As how?

*Devil.* As thus: In describing your friends, or your foes, they are *devilish* rich, *devilish* poor, *devilish* ugly, *devilish* handsome; now and then, indeed, to vary the mode of conversing, you make a little free with our condition and country, as, *bellish* dull, *damn'd* clever, *bellish* cold; Psha! how *damn'd* hot it is!

*Inv.* True, Sir; but I consider this as a rhetorical figure, a manner of speaking devis'd and practis'd by dulness, to conceal the lack of ideas, and the want of expressions.

*Devil.* Partly that, I confess: Not but there is some truth in the case; for at different times we  
have



## 16 THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

have the power, and do assume the various forms, you assign us.

*Inv.* We? I observe you always make use of the plural; is that, Sir, by way of distinction, or, is your family pretty large and extensive?

*Devil.* Multitudinous as the sands on the beach, or the moats in a sun-beam: How the deuce else do you think we could do all the business below? Why, there's scarce an individual amongst you, at least of any rank or importance, but has five or six of us in his train.

*Inv.* Indeed!

*Devil.* A little before I got rammed in that phial, I had been for some time on very hard duty in this part of the world.

*Inv.* Of what kind?

*Devil.* The Dæmon of Power and I had long laid siege to a subject, the man a grandee; I was then a popular spirit, and wore the mask of a patriot; at different times, we possessed him by turns; but, in the midst of a violent struggle (by which means I got lame on this leg, and obtained the nick-name of the Devil Upon Sticks), the Dæmon of Vanity, a low under-strapper amongst us, held over his head a circle of gold, with five knobs on the top, and, *whew!* flew away with our prize in an instant.

*Inv.* Under-strapper! what, are there different ranks and orders amongst you?

*Devil.*

THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS. 17

*Devil.* Without doubt.

*Inv.* And, pray, Sir—I hope, no offence; but I would not be wanting in proper respect—are you, when at home, of condition? or how must I——

*Devil.* You mean, am I a Devil of fashion, or one of the base born?

*Inv.* I do.

*Devil.* I have no reason to be ashamed of my family.

*Inv.* I don't doubt it. You will forgive me, if I make a mistake: Perhaps, my lord Lucifer.

*Devil.* Who?

*Inv.* Lord Lucifer.

*Devil.* Lord Lucifer? how little you know of our folks! Lucifer a *lord*! Why, that's the meanest rascal amongst us.

*Inv.* Indeed!

*Devil.* Oh, a paltry mechanic! the very genius of jobbing! a mere Bull and Bear booby; the patron of lame ducks, brokers, and fraudulent bankrupts.

*Inv.* You amaze me! I vow I always thought him a principal agent.

*Devil.* He! Not at all. The fellow, indeed, gave himself some airs of importance, upon following the camp, and having the Contractors and Commissaries under his care; but that affair, you know, closed with the war.

D

*Inv.*

## 18 THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

*Inv.* What, then, are they now entirely out of his hands?

*Devil.* Yes; quite out of his: He only suggested their *cent. per cent.* squeezings, and prompted the various modes of extortion and rapine: But, in his room, they have six or seven Dæmons a-piece, to direct the dissipation of their ill-gotten wealth.

*Inv.* Indeed!

*Devil.* Poor Lucifer, it is all over with him! if it were not for the fluctuation of India, an occasional lottery, or a contested election, the Alley would be empty, and Lucifer have as little to do as a pickpocket when the playhouses are shut.

*Inv.* Perhaps, Sir, then your name may be Belzebub?

*Devil.* He? worse and worse! Not a devil that has the least regard to his character would chuse to be seen in his company: Besides, it is the most petulant, waspish, quarrellsome cur— But no wonder; he is the imp of chicane, and protects the rotten part of the law.

*Inv.* Then he, at least, has employment enough.

*Devil.* Yes, during the Term, he has a good deal to do: He is the parent of quibbles, the guardian of pettifoggers, bad bail, and of bailiffs;

new set this before, would the

THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS. 19

the supporter of *alibi's*, the source of sham pleas, the maker and finder of flaws, the patron of perjury, and a sworn foe to all trials by jury! Not long ago, though, my gentleman was put to his shifts.

*Inv.* How was that?

*Devil.* The law had laid hold of an old friend of his, for being too positive as to a matter of fact; evidence, evasion, protraction, pleas, every art, was employed to acquit him, that the most consummate skill could suggest; but all to no purpose.

*Inv.* That was strange.

*Devil.* Beyond all belief; he could have hang'd a dozen innocent people, with half the pains that this paltry perjury gave him.

*Inv.* How came that about?

*Devil.* Why—I don't know—he had unfortunately to do with an obstinate magistrate, who bears a mortal hatred to rogues, and whose sagacity could not be deceived. But, however, tho' he was not able to save his friend from the shame of conviction (a trifle, which he indeed but little regarded), yet he had the address to evade, or at least defer, the time of his punishment.

*Inv.* By what means?

*Devil.* By finding a flaw.



20 THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

*Inv.* A flaw! what's a flaw?

*Devil.* A legal loop-hole, that the lawyers leave open for a rogue now and then to creep through, that the game mayn't be wholly destroyed.

*Inv.* Provident sportsmen! Would it not be too much trouble to favour me with this particular instance?

*Devil.* Not at all. Why, Sir, when matters grew desperate, and the case was given over for lost, little Belzy starts up in the form of an able practitioner, and humbly conceived, that his client could not be convicted upon that indictment; forasmuch as therein he was charg'd with forswearing himself *now*; whereas it clearly appeared, by the evidence, that he had only forsworn himself *then*: If, indeed, he had been indicted generally, for committing perjury *now AND then*, proofs might be produced of any perjury he may have committed; whereas, by limiting the point of time to the *now*, no proofs could be admitted as to the *then*: So that, with submission, he humbly conceived, his client was clearly absolved, and his character as fair and as spotless as a babe that's just born, and immaculate as a sheet of white paper.

*Inv.* And the objection was good?

*Devil.* Fatal; there was no getting rid of the flaw.

*Inv.*



## THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS. 21

*Inv.* And the gentleman——

*Devil.* Walks about at his ease; not a public place, but he thrusts his person full in your face.

*Inv.* That ought not to be; the contempt of the Public, that necessary supplement to the best-digested body of laws, should in these cases be never dispensed with.

*Devil.* In days of yore, when the world was but young, that method had merit, and the sense of shame was a kind of a curb; but knaves are now so numerous and wealthy, they can keep one another in countenance, and laugh at the rest of the world.

*Inv.* There may be something in that.— Well, Sir, I have twice been out of my guess; will you give me leave to hazard a third? Perhaps you are Belphegor, or Uriel?

*Devil.* Neither. They too are but diminutive devils: The first favours the petty, pilfering frauds; he may be traced in the double score and soap'd pot of the publican, the allum and chalk of the baker, in the sophisticated mixtures of the brewers of wine and of beer, and in the false measures and weights of them all.

*Inv.* And Uriel?

*Devil.* He is the Dæmon of quacks and of mountebanks; a thriving race all over the world, but their true seat of empire is England:

There

22 THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

There, a short sword, a tye, and a nostrum, a month's advertizing, with a shower of handbills, never fail of creating a fortune. But of this tribe I foresee I shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

*Inv.* Well, but, Sir —

*Devil.* Come, Sir, I will put an end to your pain; for, from my appearance, it is impossible you should ever guess at my person.—Now, Miss, what think you of Cupid.

*Har.* You? you Cupid? you the gay god of love?

*Devil.* Yes; me, me, Miss!—What, I suppose you expected the quiver at my back, and the bow in my hand; the purple pinions, and filleted forehead, with the blooming graces of youth and of beauty.

*Har.* Why, I can't but say the poets had taught me to expect charms——

*Devil.* That never existed but in the fire of their fancy; all fiction and phrenzy!

*Inv.* Then, perhaps, Sir, these creative gentlemen may err as much in your office, as it is clear they have mistaken your person.

*Devil.* Why, their notions of me are but narrow. It is true, I do a little business in the amorous way; but my dealings are of a different kind to those they describe.—My province

## THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS. 23

vince lies in forming conjunctions absurd and preposterous: It is I that couple boys and beldames, girls and greybeards, together; and when you see a man of fashion lock'd in legitimate wedlock with the stale leavings of half the fellows in town, or a lady of fortune setting out for Edinburgh in a post-chaise with her footman, you may always set it down as some of my handywork. But this is but an inconsiderable branch of my business.

*Inv.* Indeed? ]

*Devil.* The several arts of, the drama, dancing, musick, and painting, owe their existence to me: I am the father of fashions, the inventor of *quints*, *trente*, *quarante*, and hazard; the guardian of gamesters, the genius of gluttony, and the author, protector, and patron of licentiousness, lewdness, and luxury.

*Inv.* Your department is large.

*Devil.* One time or other I may give you a more minute account of these matters; at present we have not a moment to lose: Should my tyrant return, I must expect to be again cork'd up in a bottle. [*Knocking.*] And hark! it is the consul that knocks at the door; therefore be quick! how can I serve you?

*Inv.* You are no stranger, Sir, to our distress: Here, we are unprotected and friendless; could your art convey us to the place of our birth—

*Devil.*

## 24 THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

*Devil.* To England?

*Inv.* If you please.

*Devil.* Without danger, and with great expedition. Come to this window, and lay hold of my cloak.—I have often resided in England: At present, indeed, there are but few of our family there; every seventh year, we have a general dispensation for residence; for at that time the inhabitants themselves can play *the devil* without our aid or assistance.—Off we go! stick fast to your hold! [Thunder. Excunt.]

ACT

A C T II.

*A Street in London.*

*Enter Devil, Invoice, and Harriet.*

*Devil.*

WELL, my good friends, I hope you are not displeased with your journey?

*Inv.* We had no time to be tired.

*Har.* No vehicle was ever so easy.

*Devil.* Then, by you mortals what injustice is done us, when every crazy, creaking, jolting, jumbling coach, is called *the devil of a carriage*.

*Inv.* Very true.

*Devil.* Oh, amongst you we are horridly used.— Well, Sir, you now see I am a Devil of honour, and have punctually obeyed your commands: But I sha'n't limit my gratitude to a literal compliance with our compact; is there any thing else for your service?

*Inv.* Were I not afraid to trespass too much on your time——

*Devil.* A truce to your compliments! Tho' they are the common change of the world, we know of what base metal the coin is composed,

E

and



## 26 THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

and have cried down the currency : Speak your wishes at once.

*Inv.* England, Sir, is our country, it is true ; but Miss Maxwell being born abroad, and my leaving it young, have made us both as much strangers to its manners and customs, as if you had set us down at Ispahan or Delhi : Give us, then, some little knowledge of the people with whom we are to live.

*Devil.* That task, young gentleman, is too much even for the Devil himself ! Where liberty reigns, and property is pretty equally spread, independence and pride will give each individual a peculiar and separate character : When classed in professions, indeed, they then wear some singular marks that distinguish them from the rest of their race ; these it may be necessary for you to know.

*Inv.* You will highly oblige me.

*Devil.* And at the same time that I am shewing you persons, I will give you some little light into things. Health and property you know are the two important objects of human attention : You shall first see their state and situation in London.

*Inv.* You mean the practice of physick and law ?

*Devil.* I do. And as to the first, you will find it, in some of the professors, a science, noble, salutary, and liberal ; in others, a trade, as mean as it is mercenary ; a contemptible combination of  
dunces

## THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS. 27

dunces, nurses, and apothecaries : But you have now a lucky opportunity of knowing more in an hour of the great improvements in this branch of civil society, than, by any other means, seven years could have taught you.

*Inv.* Explain, if you please.

*Devil.* The spirit of Discord prevails : The republic of tied periwigs, like the Romans of old, have turned their arms from the rest of mankind, to draw their short swords on themselves.

*Inv.* But how came this about ?

*Devil.* To carry on the metaphor, you must know, in this great town, there are two corps of these troops, equally numerous, and equally formidable : The first, it is true, are disciplined, and fight under a general, whom they christen a President : The second contains the hussars, and pandours of physick ; they rarely attack a patient together ; not but the latter single-handed can do good execution.

*Inv.* But their cause of contention ?

*Devil.* Pride. The light troops are jealous of some honours the others possess by prescription, and, though but a militia, think they have right to an equal rank with the regulars.

*Inv.* Why, this in time may ruin their state.

*Devil.* True ; but that we must prevent ; it is our interest to make up this breach ; Already we

feel the fatal effects of their feuds: By neglecting their patients, the weekly bills daily decline, and new subjects begin to grow scarce in our realms.

*Inn.* This does, indeed, claim your attention.

*Devil.* We purpose to call in the aid of the law; bleeding the purse is as effectual for damping the spirit, as opening a vein for lowering the pulse: The Dæmon of Litigation has already possessed the Licentiates; I must infuse the same passion into the President; and I warrant you, in two or three terms, with two or three trials, all sides will be heartily tired. But, a-propos! I see a brace of apothecaries coming this way; they seem deep in debate: Let us listen; we shall best learn from them the present posture of—Hush, hide!—You shall here too have a proof what a Proteus I am. [*They retire.*]

*Enter Julep and Apozem, with a letter.*

*Julep.* I tell you, Apozem, you are but young in the business, and don't foresee how much we shall be all hurt in the end.

*Apozem.* Well, but what can be done, Mr. Julep? Here Dr. Hellebore writes me word, that they threaten a siege, and are provided with fire-arms: Would you have them surrender the College at once?

*Julep.* Fire-arms? If they are mad enough not  
to

to know that the pen is the doctor's best pistol, why, let them proceed !

*Apozem.* But are we to stand quietly by, and see the very seat of the science demolished and torn ?

*Julep.* And with what arms are we to defend it ? where are our cannon ? We have mortars indeed, but then they are fit to hold nothing but pestles ; and, as to our small arms, of what use can they be in a siege ? they are made, you know, to attack only the rear.

*Apozem.* Come, come, Mr. Julep, you make too light of these matters : To have the lawful descendants from Galen, the throne of Esculapius, overturned by a parcel of Goths !

*Julep.* Peace, Apozem, or treat your betters with proper respect ! What, numskull, do you think all physicians are blockheads, who have not washed their hands in the Cam or the Isis ?

*Apozem.* Well, but I hope you will allow that a university-doctor——

*Julep.* May, for aught you know, be a dunce. Besides, fool, what have we to do with degrees ? The doctor that doses best is the best doctor for us. You talk of the College ; there are some of their names, I am sure, that I never desire to see on my file.

*Apozem.* Indeed !

*Julep.*

30 THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

*Julep.* Indeed? no, indeed. Why, there's Dr. Diet, that makes such a dust: He had a person of fashion, a patient of mine, under his care t'other day; as fine a slow fever! I was in hopes of half making my fortune——

*Apozem.* Yes; I love a slow fever. Was it nervous?

*Julep.* Ay; with a lovely dejection of spirits.

*Apozem.* That was delightful, indeed! I look upon the nerves and the bile to be the two best friends we have to our back.—Well, pray, and how did it answer?

*Julep.* Not at all; the scoundrel let him slip through my hands for a song; only a paltry six pounds and a crown.

*Apozem.* Shameful!

*Julep.* Infamous! and yet, forsooth, he was one of your College. Well, now to shew you the difference in men; but the very week after, Dr. Linetus, from Leyden, run me up a bill of thirty odd pounds, for only attending Alderman Soakpot six days in a surfeit.

*Apozem.* Ay, that was doing of business.

*Julep.* Ah! that's a sweet pretty practitioner, Apozem: We must all do our utmost to push him.

*Apozem.* Without doubt. But, notwithstanding all that you say, Mr. Julep, there are some of the gentlemen of the College; that I know——

*Julep.*



THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS. 31

*Julep.* Ah ! as fine fellows as ever fingered a pulse ; not one of the trade will deny it.

*Apozem.* But, amongst all now, old Nat Nightshade is the man for my money.

*Julep.* Yes ; Nat, Nat has merit, I own ; but, pox take him ! he is so devilish quick : To be sure, he has a very pretty fluent pen whilst it lasts ; but then he makes such dispatch, that one has hardly time to send in two dozen of draughts.

*Apozem.* Yes ; the doctor drives on, to be sure.

*Julep.* Drives on ! If I am at all free in the house when old Nightshade is sent for, as a preparatory dose I always recommend an attorney.

*Apozem.* An attorney ? for what ?

*Julep.* To make the patient's will, before he swallows the doctor's prescription.

*Apozem.* That is prudent.

*Julep.* Yes ; I generally afterwards get the thanks of the family.

*Apozem.* What, Mr. Julep, for the attorney, or the physician ? ha, ha !

*Julep.* Ha, ha ! you are arch, little Apozem ; quite a wag, I profess.

*Apozem.* Why, you know, brother Julep, these are subjects upon which one can hardly be serious.

*Julep.* True, true ; but then you should never laugh loud in the street : We may indulge, indeed, a kind of simpering smile to our patients, as we  
drive

## 32 THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

drive by in our chariots; but then there is a decency, not to say dignity, that becomes the publick demeanour of us, who belong to the faculty.

*Apozem.* True. And yet there are times when one can hardly forbear: Why, t'other day now I had like to have burst: I was following a funeral into St. George's—a sweet pretty burying; velvet pall, hatband and gloves; and, indeed, the widow was quite handsome in all things; paid my bill the next week, without sconcing off sixpence, though they were thought to have lived happily together—but, as I was a-saying, as we were entering the church, who should stand in the porch but Kit Cabbage the taylor, with a new pair of breeches under his arm: The sly rogue made me a bow, “ Servant, master Apozem!” says he; “ what, you are carrying home your work too, “ I see.” Did you ever hear such a dog?

*Julep.* Ay, ay; let them, let them—But, is not that Dr. Squib that is crossing the way?

*Apozem.* Yes; you may see it is Squib, by his shuffle. What, I suppose now he is scouring away for the College.

*Julep.* Who? Squib? how little you know of him! he did not care if all our tribe was tipped into the Thames.

*Apozem.* No!

*Julep.*

THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS. 33

*Julep.* No? Lord help you! he is too much taken up with the national illness, to attend to particular ails: Why, he would quit the best patient in town, to hunt after a political secret; and would rather have a whisper from a great man in the Court of Requests, than five hundred pounds for attending him in a chronical case.

*Apozem.* Wonderful!—Who can that dirty boy be that he has in his hand?

*Julep.* One of his scouts, I suppose.—We shall see.

*Re-enter Devil, as Dr. Squib, and Printer's Devil.*

*Squib.* And you are sure this was worked off one of the first?

*Boy.* Not a single one, Sir, has been sent out as yet.

*Squib.* That is daintily done, my dear devil! Here, child, here's sixpence. When your master gives you the rest, you need not be in haste to deliver them, but step into the first publick-house to refresh you.

*Boy.* I shall, Sir.

*Squib.* By that means, I shall be earliest to treat two or three great men that I know with the sight.

*Boy.* No further commands, Sir?

*Squib.* None, child.—But, d'ye hear? if you can at any time get me the rough reading of

34 THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

any tart political manuscript, before it goes to the press, you sha'n't be a loser.

*Boy.* I shall try, Sir.

*Squib.* That's well ! Mind your business, and go on but as you begin, and I foresee your fortune is made : Come, who knows but in a little time, if you are a good boy, you may get yourself committed to Newgate.

*Boy.* Ah, Sir, I am afraid I am too young.

*Squib.* Not at all : I have seen lads in limbo much younger than you. Come, don't be faint-hearted ; there has many a printer been raised to the pillory from as slender beginnings.

*Boy.* That's great comfort, however. Well, Sir, I'll do my endeavour. [Exit.

*Squib.* Do, do !—What, Apozem ! Julep ! well encountered, my lads ! You are a couple of lucky rogues ! Here, here's a treat for a prince ; such a print, boys ! just fresh from the plate : Feel it ; so wet you may wring it.

*Julep.* And pray, good doctor, what is the subject ?

*Squib.* Subject ? Gad take me, a trimmer ! this will make some folks that we know look about them : Hey, Julep, don't you think this will sting ?

*Julep.* I profess I don't understand it.

*Squib.* No ? Why, zounds, it is as plain as a pikestaff ;

pikestaff; in your own way too, you blockhead! Can't you see? Read, read the title, you rogue! But, perhaps you can't without spectacles. Let me see; ay, "The State-Quacks; or, Britannia a-dying:" You take it?

*Fulep.* Very well.

*Squib.* There you see her stretched along on a pallet; you may know she is Britannia, by the shield and spear at the head of her bed.

*Apozem.* Very plain; for all the world like the wrong side of a halfpenny!

*Squib.* Well said, little Apozem! you have discernment, I see. Her disease is a lethargy; you see how sick she is, by holding her hand to her head; don't you see that?

*Fulep.* I do, I do.

*Squib.* Well then, look at that figure there upon her left-hand.

*Fulep.* Which?

*Squib.* Why, he that holds a draught to her mouth,

*Fulep.* What, the man with the phial?

*Squib.* Ay, he! he with the phial: That is supposed to be—[*whispers.*] offering her laudanum, to lull her faster asleep.

*Fulep.* Laudanum! a noble medicine when administered properly: I remember once, in a locked jaw——



36 THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

*Squib.* Damn your lock'd jaw ! hold your prating, you puppy ! I wish your jaws were lock'd ! Pox take him, I have forgot what I was going to ! Apozem, where did I leave off ?

*Apozem.* You left off at faster asleep.

*Squib.* True ; I was faster asleep. Well then ; you see that thin figure there, with the meagre chaps ; he with the straw in his hand.

*Apozem.* Very plain.

*Squib.* He is supposed to be——[*whispers*] You take me ?

*Julep.* Ay, ay.

*Squib.* Who rouses Britannia, by tickling her nose with that straw ; she starts, and with a jerk——[*starting, strikes Julep.*] I beg pardon !—and with a jerk knocks the bottle of laudanum out of his hand ; and so, by that there means, you see, Britannia is delivered from death.

*Julep.* Ay, ay.

*Squib.* Hey ! you swallow the satire ? Pretty bitter, I think ?

*Julep.* I can't say that I quite understand—that is—a—a—

*Squib.* Not understand ? then what a fool am I to throw away my time on a dunce ! I shall miss too the reading a new pamphlet in Red-Lion-Square ; and at six I must be at Serjeant's-Inn, to justify bail for a couple of journeymen printers.

*Apozem.*

THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS. 37

*Apozem.* But, Dr. Squib, you seem to have forgot the case of the College, your brethren.

*Squib.* I have no time to attend their trifling squabbles: The nation, the nation, Mr. Apozem, engrosses my care. The College! could they but get me a stiptic to stop the bleeding wounds of my—it is there, there, that I feel! Oh, Julep, Apozem,

Could they but cast the water of this land,  
Purge her gross humours, purify her blood,  
And give her back her pristine health again,  
I would applaud them to the very echo  
That should applaud again!

*Julep.* Indeed, Dr. Squib, that I believe is out of the way of the College.

*Squib.* Throw physic to the dogs then! I'll have  
none of't.

But tell me, Apozem, inform me, Julep,  
What fenna, rhubarb, or what purgative drug,  
Can scour these—hence?

You understand me, lads!

*Julep.* In good truth, not I, Sir.

*Squib.* No! then so much the better! I warrant little Pozy does.—Well, adieu, my brave boys! for I have not an instant to lose. Not understand me, hey? Apozem, you do, you rogue?—

What fenna, rhubarb, or—hey—can scour these Sc—  
Egad, I had like to have gone too far!—Well,  
bye, bye!

[*Exit Squib.*

*Julep.* Why, the poor man seems out of his senses.  
*Apozem.*

### 38 THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

*Apozem.* When he talked of throwing physic to the dogs, I confess I began to suspect him. But we shall be late; we must attend our summons, you know.

*Julep.* Throw physic to the dogs! I can tell thee, *Apozem*, if he does not get cured of these fancies and freaks, he is more likely to go to the kennel by half. Throw physic to the dogs! an impertinent ignorant puppy! [*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter Devil, Invoice, and Harriet.*

*Devil.* Well, I think chance has thrown a pretty good sample into your way. Now, if I could but get one to conduct you—But stay! who have we here?

*Enter Last, with a pair of shoes.*

*Last.* Pray, good gentleman, can you tell a body which is the ready road to find Warwick-lane?

*Devil.* Warwick-lane, friend? and prithee what can thy errand be there?

*Last.* I am going there to take out a licence to make me a doctor, an like your worship.

*Devil.* Where do you live?

*Last.* A little way off, in the country.

*Devil.* Your name, honest friend, and your business?

*Last.* My name, master, is Last; by trade I  
am

am a doctor, and by profession a maker of shoes :  
I was born to the one, and bred up to the other.

*Devil.* Born ? I don't understand you.

*Last.* Why, I am a seventh son, and so were  
my father.

*Devil.* Oh ! a very clear title. And pray,  
now, in what branch does your skill chiefly lie ?

*Last.* By casting a water, I cures the jaun-  
darfe ; I taps folks for a tenpenny ; and have a  
choice charm for the agar ; and, over and above  
that, master, I bleeds.

*Devil.* Bleeds ? and are your neighbours so  
bold as to trust you ?

*Last.* Trust me ? ay, master, that they will,  
sooner than narra a man in the country. May-  
hap you may know Dr. Tyth'em our rector at  
home.

*Devil.* I can't say that I do.

*Last.* He's the flower of a man in the pulpit.  
Why, t'other day, you must know, taking a turn in  
his garden, and thinking of nothing at all, down  
falls the doctor flat in a fit of perplexity ; Ma-  
dam Tyth'em, believing her husband was dead,  
directly sent the sexton for I.

*Devil.* An affectionate wife !

*Last.* Yes ; they are a main happy couple.  
Sure as a gun, master, when I comed, his face  
was as black as his cassock : But, howsomdever,  
I took



40 THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

I took out my launcelot, and forthwith opened a large artifice here in one of the juglers: The doctor bled like a pig.

*Devil.* I dare say.

*Last.* But it did the business, howsomdever; I compassed the job.

*Devil.* What, he recovered?

*Last.* Recovered? Lord help you! why, but last Sunday was se'nnight—to be sure, the doctor is given to weeze a little, because why, he is main opulent, and apt to be tisicky—but he composed as sweet a discourse—I slept from beginning to end.

*Devil.* That was composing, indeed.

*Last.* Ay, warn't it, master, for a man that is strucken in years?

*Devil.* Oh, a wonderful effort!

*Last.* Well, like your worship, and, besides all this I have been telling you, I have a pretty tight hand at a tooth.

*Devil.* Indeed!

*Last.* Ay; and I'll say a bold word, that, in drawing a thousand, I never stumpt a man in my life: Now let your Rasperini's, and all your foreign mounseers, with their fine dainty freeches, say the like if they can.

*Devil.* I defy them.

*Last.* So you may. Then, about a dozen  
years



THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS. 41

years ago, before these here Suttons made such a noise, I had some thoughts of occupying for the small-pox.

*Devil.* Ay ; that would have wound up your bottom at once. And, why did not you ?

*Last.* Why, I don't know, master ; the neighbours were frightful, and would not consent ; otherwise, by this time, 'tis my belief, men, women, and children, I might have occupied twenty thousand at least.

*Devil.* Upon my word !—But, you say a dozen years, master Last : As you have practised physic without permission so long, what makes you now think of getting a licence ?

*Last.* Why, it is all along with one Lotion, a pottercarrier, that lives in a little town hard by we ; he is grown old and lascivious, I think, and threatens to present me at size, if so be I practise any longer.

*Devil.* What, I suppose you run away with the business ?

*Last.* Right, master ; you have guessed the matter at once. So I was telling my tale to Sawney M'Gregor, who comes now and then to our town with his pack ; God, he advised me to get made a doctor at once, and send for a diplummy from Scotland.

*Devil.* Why, that was the right road, master Last.

## 42 THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

*Last.* True. But my master Tyth'em tells me, that I can get it done for pretty near the same price here in London; so, I had rather, d'ye see, lay out my money at home, than transport it to foreign parts, as we say; because why, master, I thinks there has too much already gone that road.

*Devil.* Spoke like an Englishman!

*Last.* I have a pair of shoes here, to carry home to farmer Fallow's son, that lives with master Grogram the mercer hard by here in Cheapside; so I thought I might as well do both businesses under one.

*Devil.* True. Your way, master Last, lies before you; the second street, you must turn to the left; then enter the first great gates that you see.

*Last.* And who must I aks for?

*Devil.* Oh, pull out your purse; you will find that hint sufficient: It is a part of the world where a fee is never refused.

*Last.* Thank you, master! You are main kind; very civil indeed! [*Going, returns.*] I wish, master, you had now either the agar or jaundarse; I would set you right in a trice.

*Devil.* Thank you, master Last; but I am as well as I am.

*Last.* Or, if so be you likes to open a vein; or would have a tooth or two knocked out of your head, I'll do it for nothing.

*Devil.*

THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS. 43

*Devil.* Not at present, I thank you! when I want, I'll call at your house in the country.

[*Exit Last.*

Well, my young couple, and what say you now?

*Inv.* Say, Sir? that I am more afraid of being sick, than ever I was in my life.

*Devil.* Pho! you know nothing as yet. But, my time draws nigh for possessing the President: If I could but get some intelligent person, to conduct you to the place where the Licentiates assemble—There seems a sober, sedate-looking lad; perhaps he may answer our purpose. Hark'ee, young man!

*Enter Johnny Macpherson.*

*Macp.* What's your wul, Sir? would you speer aught wi me?

*Devil.* Though I think I can give a good gues, pray from what part of the world may you come?

*Macp.* My name is Johnny Macpherson, and I came out of the North.

*Devil.* Are you in business at present?

*Macp.* I conna say that, Sir, nor that I am inteerely dastitute neither; but I sal be unco glad to get a mair solid estaablishment.

*Devil.* Have you been long in this town?

*Macp.* Aboot a month awa, Sir: I lauded fra Leith, in the gude ship the Traquair, Davy

#### 44 THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

Donaldson maister, and am lodged wi Sawney Sinclair, at the sign o' the Ceety of Glascow, not far fra the Monument.

*Devil.* But you are in employment?

*Macp.* Ay, for some paart of the day.

*Devil.* And to what may your profits amount?

*Macp.* Ah! for the mater of that, it is a praty smart little income.

*Devil.* Is it a secret how much?

*Macp.* Not at aw: I get three-pence an hour for larning Latin to a physician in the ceety.

*Devil.* The very man that we want.—Latin! and, what, are you capable?

*Macp.* Cappable! Hut awa, mon! Ken ye, that I was heed of the humanity-clafs for mair than a twalvemonth? and was offered the chair of the gramatical professorship in the College, which amunts to a mater of six pounds British a-year.

*Devil.* That's more than I knew. Can you guess, Sir, where your scholar is now?

*Macp.* It is na long, Sir, that I laft him conning his *As in presenti*; after which, he talked of ganging to meet some freends o' the faculty, aboot a sort of a squabble, that he says is sprang up among them; he wanted me to gang along wi him, as I had gi'n mysel to study madicine a little, before I quitted the North.

*Devil.*

THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS. 45

*Devil.* Do you know the publick-house where they meet?

*Macp.* Yes, yes; unco weel, Sir; it is at the tavern the South side of Paul's Kirk.

*Devil.* Will you take the trouble to conduct this young couple thither? they will amply reward you.—You and your partner will follow this lad. Fear nothing! by my art, you are invisible to all but those that you desire should see you. At the College we shall rejoin one another; for thither the Licentiates will lead you.

*Inv.* But how shall we be able to distinguish you from the rest of the Fellows?

*Devil.* By my large wig, and superior importance; in a word, you must look for me in the  
PRESIDENT.

*Inv.* Adieu!

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T



## A C T III.

*Scene a Street.**Fingerfee, Sligo, Osasafra, Broadbrim, other Doctors, and Macpherson, discovered.**Fingerfee.*

NO; I can't help thinking this was by much the best method. If, indeed, they refuse us an amicable entrance, we are then justified in the use of corrosives.

*Sligo.* I tell you, Dr. Fingerfee—I am sorry, d'ye see, to differ from so old a practitioner; but I don't like your prescription at all, at all: For what signifies a palliative regiment, with such a rotten constitution? May I never finger a pulse as long as I live, if you get their voluntary consent to go in, unless indeed it be by compulsion.

*Osaf.* I entirely coincide with my very capable countryman Dr. Sligo, d'ye see; and do give my advice, in this consultation, for putting the whole College under a course of steel, without further delay.

*Sligo.* I am much obligated to you for your  
kind

THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS. 47

kind compliment, doctor. But, pray, what may your name be?

*Osaf.* Dr. Osasafras, at your humble service.

*Sligo.* I am your very obadient altho! I have hard tell of your name. But what did you mane by my countryman? Pray, doctor, of what nation are you?

*Osaf.* Sir, I have the honour to be a native of Ireland.

*Sligo.* Osasafras? that's a name of no note; he is not a Milefian, I am sure. The family, I suppose, came over t'other day with Strongbow, not above seven or eight hundred years ago; or perhaps a descendant from one of Oliver's drummers.—'Pon my conscience, doctor, I should hardly belave you were Irish.

*Osaf.* What, Sir, d'ye doubt my veracity?

*Sligo.* Not at all, my dear doctor; it is not for that: But, between me and yourself, you have lived a long time in this town.

*Osaf.* Like enough.

*Sligo.* Ay; and was here a great while before ever I saw it.

*Osaf.* What of that?

*Sligo.* Very well, my dear doctor: Then, putting that and t'other together, my notion of the upshot is, that if so be you are a native of Ireland, upon my conscience, you must have been born there very young.

*Osaf.*

## 48 THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

*Ofaf.* Young? ay, to be sure: Why, my soul, I was christened there.

*Sligo.* Ay!

*Ofaf.* Ay, was I, in the county of Meath.

*Sligo.* Oh, that alters the property; that makes it as clear as Fleet-Ditch. I should be glad, countryman, of your nearer acquaintance.—But what little slim doctor is that, in his own head of hair? I don't recollect to have seen his features before.

*Ofaf.* Nor I, to my knowledge.

*Sligo.* Perhaps he may be able to tell me, if I ask him himself.—I am proud to see you, doctor, on this occasion; because why, it becomes every gentleman that is of the faculty—that is, that is not of their faculty; you understand me—to look about him and stir.

*Macp.* Oh, by my troth, you are right, Sir: The leemiting of physick aw to ain hoose, caw it a Collège, or by what denomination you wul, it is at best but estaabliishing a sort of monopoly.

*Sligo.* 'Pon my conscience, that is a fine observation. By the twilt of your tongue, doctor, (no offence) I should be apt to guess that you might be a foreigner born.

*Macp.* Sirr!

*Sligo.* From Russia, perhaps, or Muscovy?

*Macp.* Hutawa, mon! not at aw: Zounds, I am a Breeton.

*Sligo.*

*Sligo.* Then, I should suppose, doctor, pretty far to the northward.

*Macp.* Ay; you are right, Sir.

*Sligo.* And pray, doctor, what particular branch of our business may have taken up the most of your time?

*Macp.* Botany.

*Sligo.* Botany! in what college?

*Macp.* The university of St. Andrews.

*Osaf.* Pray, doctor, is not botany a very dry sort of a study?

*Sligo.* Most damnably so in those parts, my dear doctor; for all the knowledge they have they must get from dried herbs, because the devil of any green that will grow there.

*Macp.* Sir, your information is wrong.

*Sligo.* Come, my dear doctor, hold your palaver, and don't be after puffing on us, because why, you know in your conscience that in your part of the world you get no cabbage but thistles; and those you are oblig'd to raise upon hotbeds.

*Macp.* Thistles! zounds, Sir, d'ye mean to affront me?

*Sligo.* That, doctor, is as you plaases to taake it.

*Macp.* God's life, Sir, I would ha' you to ken, that there is narra a mon wi his heed upon his shoulders that dare——

50 THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

*Fing.* Peace, peace, gentlemen! let us have no civil discord. Doctor Sligo is a lover of pleasantry; but, I am sure, had no design to affront you: A joke, nothing else.

*Macp.* A joke! ah; I like a joke weel enough; but I did na understond the doctor's gibing and geering: Perhaps my wut may not be aw together as sharp as the doctor's, but I have a sword, Sir——

*Sligo.* A sword, Sir!

*Fing.* A sword! ay, ay; there is no doubt but you have both very good ones; but reserve them for—Oh! here comes our ambassador.

*Enter Diachylon.*

Well, Dr. Diachylon, what new from the College? will they allow us free ingress and egress?

*Diac.* I could not get them to swallow a single demand.

*All.* No?

*Sligo.* Then let us drive there, and drench them.

*Diac.* I was heard with disdain, and refus'd with an air of defiance.

*Sligo.* There, gentlemen! I foretold you what would happen at first.

*All.* He did, he did.

*Sligo.*



THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS. 51

*Sligo.* Then we have nothing for it, but to force our passage at once.

*All.* By all means ; let us march !

*Broad.* Friend Fingerfee, would our brethren but incline their ears to me for a minute—

*Fing.* Gentlemen, Dr. Broadbrim desires to be heard.

*All.* Hear him, hear him !

*Sligo.* Paw, honey, what signifies hearing ? I long to be doing, my jewel !

*Fing.* But hear Dr. Melchisedech Broadbrim, however.

*All.* Ay, ay ; hear Dr. Broadbrim !

*Broad.* Fellow-labourers in the same vineyard ! ye know well how much I stand inclined to our cause ; forasmuch as not one of my brethren can be more zealous than I——

*All.* True, true.

*Broad.* But ye wot also, that I hold it not meet or wholesome to use a carnal weapon, even for the defence of myself ; much more unseemly then must I deem it to draw the sword for the offending of others.

*Sligo.* Paw ! brother doctors, don't let him bother us, with his *yea* and *nay* nonsense !

*Broad.* Friend Sligo, do not be cholerick ; and know, that I am as free to draw my purse in this cause, as thou art thy sword : And thou

52 THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

wilt find, at the length, notwithstanding thy swaggering, that the first will do us best service.

*Sligo.* Well, but——

*All.* Hear him, hear him!

*Broad.* It is my notion, then, brethren, that we do forthwith send for a sinful man in the flesh, called an attorney.

*Sligo.* An attorney!

*Broad.* Ay, an attorney; and that we do direct him to take out a parchment instrument, with a seal fixed thereto.

*Sligo.* Paw, pox! what good can that do?

*Broad.* Don't be too hasty, friend Sligo.—And therewith, I say, let him possess the outward tabernacle of the vain man, who delighteth to call himself President, and carry him before the men cloathed in lambskin, who at Westminster are now sitting in judgment.

*Sligo.* Paw! a law-suit! that won't end with our lives.—Let us march!

*All.* Ay, ay.

*Sligo.* Come, Dr. Habakkuk, will you march in the front or the rear?

*Hab.* Pardon me, doctor! I cannot attend you.

*Sligo.* What, d'yc draw back, when it comes to the push?

*Hab.* Not at all; I would gladly join in putting these Philistines to flight; for I abhor them

them worse than hogs' puddings; in which the unclean beast and the blood are all jumbled together.

*Sligo.* Pretty food, for all that.

*Hab.* But this is Saturday; and I dare not draw my sword on the Sabbath.

*Sligo.* Then stay with your brother Melchisedech; for tho' of different religions, you are both of a kidney. Come, doctors; out with your swords! Huzza! and now for the Lane! Huzza!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Manent Broadbrim and Habakkuk.*

*Broad.* Friend Habakkuk, thou seest how headstrong and wilful these men are; but let us use discretion, however. Wilt thou step to the Inn that taketh its name from the city of Lincoln? enquire there for a man, with a red rag at his back, a small black cap on his pate, and a bushel of hair on his breast? I think they call him a serjeant.

*Hab.* They do.

*Broad.* Then, without let or delay, bring him hither, I pray thee.

*Hab.* I will about it this instant.

*Broad.* His admonition, perhaps, may prevail. Use dispatch, I beseech thee, friend Habakkuk.

*Hab.*

54 THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

*Hab.* As much as if I was posting to the Treasury, to obtain a large subscription in a new loan, or a lottery.

*Broad.* Nay, then, friend, I have no reason to fear thee. [Exeunt.

*The College.*

*Devil (as Hellebore, the President), Camphire, Calomel, Secretary, and Pupils, discovered.*

*Sec.* The Licentiates, Sir, will soon be at hand.

*Hel.* Let them !

*Cal.* We will do our duty, however ; and, like the patricians of old, receive with silence these Visigoths in the senate.

*Hel.* I am not, Dr. Calomel, of so pacific a turn : Let us keep the evil out of doors, if we can ; if not, *vim vi*, repel force by force.—Barricado the gates !

*Sec.* It is done.

*Hel.* Are the buckets and fire-engine fetched from St. Dunstan's ?

*Sec.* They have been here, Sir, this half-hour.

*Hel.* Let twelve apothecaries be placed at the pump, and their apprentices supply 'em with water !

*Sec.* Yes, Sir.

*Hel.* But let the engine be play'd by old Jollup, from James-street ! Not one of the trade has a better hand at directing a pipe.

*Sec.*

THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS. 55

*Sec.* Mighty well, Sir.

*Hel.* In the time of siege, every citizen ought in duty to serve.—Having thus, brothers, provided a proper defence, let us coolly proceed to our business. Is there any body here, to demand a licence to-day?

*Sec.* A practitioner, Mr. President, out of the country.

*Hel.* Are the customary fees all discharged?

*Sec.* All, Sir.

*Hel.* Then let our censors, Dr. Christopher Camphire, and Dr. Cornelius Calomel, introduce the petitioner for examination.

[*Exeunt Camphire and Calomel.*

After this duty is dispatch'd, we will then read the College and Students a lecture.

*Enter Camphire and Calomel, with Laft.*

*Laft.* First, let me lay down my shoes.

[*They advance, with three bows, to the table.*

*Hel.* Let the candidate be placed on a stool. What's the Doctor's name?

*Sec.* Emanuel Laft, Mr. President.

*Hel.* Dr. Laft, you have petition'd the College, to obtain a licence for the practice of physic; and though we have no doubt of your great skill and abilities, yet our duty compels us previously



56 THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

previously to ask a few questions: What academy had the honour to form you?

*Last.* Anan!

*Hel.* We want to know the name of the place, where you have studied the science of physic?

*Last.* Dunstable.

*Hel.* That's some German university; so he can never belong to the College.

*All.* Never; oh, no.

*Hel.* Now, Sir, with regard to your physiological knowledge. By what means, Dr. Last, do you discover that a man is not well?

*Last.* By his complaint that he is ill.

*Hel.* Well replied! no surer prognostic.

*All.* None surer.

*Hel.* Then, as to recovering a subject that is ill—Can you venture to undertake the cure of an ague?

*Last.* With arra a man in the country.

*Hel.* By what means?

*Last.* By a charm.

*Hel.* And pray of what materials may that charm be compos'd?

*Last.* I won't tell; 'tis a secret.

*Hel.* Well replied! the College has no right to pry into secrets.

*All.* Oh, no; by no means.

*Hel.*

THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS. 57

*Hel.* But now, Dr. Laft, to proceed in due form; are you qualified to adminifter remedies to fuch difeafes as belong to the head?

*Laft.* I believe I may.

*Hel.* Name fome to the College.

*Laft.* The tooth-ache.

*Hel.* What do you hold the beft method to treat it?

*Laft.* I pulls 'em up by the roots.

*Hel.* Well replied, brothers! that, without doubt, is a radical cure.

*All.* Without doubt.

*Hel.* Thus far as to the head: Proceed we next to the middle! When, Dr. Laft, you are called in to a patient with a pain in his bowels, what then is your method of practice?

*Laft.* I claps a trencher hot to the part.

*Hel.* Embrocation; very well! But if this application fhould fail, what is the next ftep that you take?

*Laft.* I gi's a vomit and a purge.

*Hel.* Well replied! for it is plain there is a difagreeable gueft in the houfe; he has opened both doors; if he will go out at neither, it is none of his fault.

*All.* Oh, no; by no means.

*Hel.* We have now difpatched the middle, and head: Come we finally to the other extremity,

I

the

58 THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

the feet ! Are you equally skilful in the disorders incidental to them ?

*Last.* I believe I may.

*Hel.* Name some.

*Last.* I have a great vogue all our way for curing of corns.

*Hel.* What are the means that you use ?

*Last.* I cuts them out.

*Hel.* Well replied ! extirpation : No better method of curing can be. Well, brethren, I think we may now, after this strict and impartial enquiry, safely certify, that Dr. Last, from top to toe, is an able physician.

*All.* Very able, very able, indeed.

*Hel.* And every way qualified to proceed in his practice.

*All.* Every way qualified.

*Hel.* You may descend, Dr. Last. [*Last takes his seat among them.*] Secretary, first read, and then give the doctor his licence.

*Sec.* [*Reads*] “ To all whom these presents may come greeting. Know, ye, that, after a most strict and severe inquisition, not only into the great skill and erudition, but the morals of Dr. Emanuel Last, We are authorized to grant unto the said doctor full power, permission, and licence, to pill, bolus, lotion, potion, draught, dose, drench, purge, bleed, blister, clister, cup, scarify, syringe, salivate, couch, flux, sweat, diet,

## THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS. 59

diet, dilute, tap, plaister, and poultice, all persons, in all diseases, of all ages, conditions, and sexes. And we do strictly command and enjoin all surgeons, apothecaries, with their apprentices, all midwives, male, female, and nurses, at all times, to be aiding and assisting to the said Dr. Emanuel Last. And we do further charge all mayors, justices, aldermen, sheriffs, bailiffs, headboroughs, constables, and coroners, not to molest or intermeddle with the said doctor, if any party whom he shall so pill, bolus, lotion, potion, draught, dose, drench, purge, bleed, blister, clister, cup, scarify, syringe, salivate, couch, flux, sweat, diet, dilute, tap, plaister, and poultice, should happen to die, but to deem that the said party died a natural death, any thing appearing to the contrary notwithstanding. Given under our hands, &c. Hercules Hellebore, Cornelius Calomel, Christopher Camphire.

*Last.* Then, if a patient die, they must not say that I kill'd him?

*Hel.* They say? Why, how should they know, when it is not one time in twenty that we know it ourselves?—Proceed we now to the lecture! [*They all rise and come forward to the table.*] Brethren, and students, I am going to open to you some notable discoveries that I have made, respecting the source, or primary cause, of all dis-

## 60 THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

tempers incidental to the human machine : And these, brethren, I attribute to certain animalculæ, or piscatory entities, that insinuate themselves thro' the pores into the blood, and in that fluid sport, tofs, and tumble about, like mackrel or cod-fish in the great deep : And to convince you that this is not a mere *gratis dictum*, an hypothesis only, I will give you demonstrative proof. Bring hither the microscope !

*Enter a Servant with microscope.*

Doct'r Last, regard this receiver. Take a peep.

*Last.* Where ?

*Hel.* There. Those two yellow drops there were drawn from a subject afflicted with the jaundice.—Well, what d'ye see ?

*Last.* Some little creatures like yellow flies, that are hopping and skipping about.

*Hel.* Right. Those yellow flies give the tinge to the skin, and undoubtedly cause the disease : And, now, for the cure ! I administer to every patient the two-and-fiftieth part of a scruple of the ovaria or eggs of the spider ; these are thrown by the digestive powers into the secretory, there separated from the alimentary, and then precipitated into the circulatory ; where finding a proper nidus, or nest, they quit their torpid state, and vivify, and, upon vivification, discerning  
the



THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS. 61

the flies, their natural food, they immediately fall foul of them, extirpate the race out of the blood, and restore the patient to health.

*Last.* And what becomes of the spiders?

*Hel.* Oh, they die, you know, for want of nutrition. Then I send the patient down to Brighthelmstone; and a couple of dips in the salt-water, washes the cobwebs entirely out of the blood. Now, gentlemen, with respect to the——

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, Mr. Forceps, from the Hospital.

*Hel.* The Hospital! is this a time to——

*Enter Forceps.*

Well, Forceps, what's your will?

*For.* To know, Sir, what you would have done with the Hospital patients to-day?

*Hel.* To-day! why, what was done yesterday?

*For.* Sir, we bled the West ward, and jalloped the North.

*Hel.* Did ye? why then, bleed the North ward, and jallop the West to-day. [Exit For,  
Now, I say, brethren——

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* The Licentiates are drawn up at the gate.

*Hel.*

## 62 THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS,

*Hel.* Who leads 'em?

*Serv.* They are led on by Sligo: They demand instant entrance, and threaten to storm.

*Hel.* Doctors Calomel and Camphire, our two aid-de-camps, survey their present posture, and report it to us.

*Without.* Huzza!

*Hel.* Bid old Jollup be ready to unmask the engine at the word of command.

*Enter Camphire.*

*Hel.* Now, Dr. Camphire?

*Camp.* The sledge-hammers are come, and they prepare to batter in breach.

*Hel.* Let the engine be play'd off at the very first blow!

[*Exit Camp,*

*Without.* Huzza!

*Enter Calomel.*

*Hel.* Now, doctor?

*Cal.* The first fire has demolished Dr. Fingerfee's foretop.

*Hel.* That's well!

[*Exit Cal,*

*Enter Camphire.*

Now, doctor?

*Camp.* The second fire has dropped the stiff buckles of Dr. Osasafras.

*Hel,*

THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS. 63

*Hel.* Better and better !

[*Exit Camp.*

*Enter Calomel.*

Now, doctor ?

*Cal.* Both the knots of Dr. Anodyne's tye are dissolved.

*Hel.* Best of all !

[*Exit Cal.*

*Enter Camphire.*

Now, doctor ?

*Camp.* As Dr. Sligo, with open mouth, drove furiously on, he received a full stream in his teeth, and is retired from the field, dropping wet.

*Hel.* Then the day's our own ! [*Exit Camp.*

*Enter Calomel.*

Now, doctor ?

*Cal.* All is lost ! Dr. Sligo, recruited by a bumper of Drogheda, is returned with fresh vigour.

*Hel.* Let our whole force be pointed at him !

[*Exit Cal.*

*Enter Camphire.*

Now, doctor ?

*Camp.* The siege slackens ; Dr. Broadbrim, with serjeant Demur, are arrived in the camp.

[*Exit.*

*Hel.* What can that mean ?

*Enter*

64 THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

*Enter Calomel.*

Now, doctor?

*Cal.* Serjeant Demur has thrown this manifesto over the gate. *[Exit.*

*Hel.* *[looking at the 'parchment.]* Ha! "Middlesex to wit. John Doe and Richard Roe." It is a challenge to meet 'em at Westminster-Hall; then we have breathing-time till the term.

*Enter Laft.*

Now, doctor?

*Laft.* I have forgot my shoes.

*[Takes 'em up, and exit.*

*Hel.* Oh!

*Enter Campfire.*

*Camp.* The Licentiates file off towards Fleet-Street.

*Hel.* Follow all, and harrafs the rear! leave not a dry thread among them. Huzza! *[Exeunt.*

*Re-enter Devil, Invoice, and Harriet.*

*Devil.* Well, my young friends, you will now be naturally led to Westm—— Oh!

*Inv.* Bless me, Sir, what's the matter? You change colour, and falter.

*Devil.*

THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS. 65

*Devil.* The magician at Madrid has discovered my flight, and recalls me by an irresistible spell: I must leave you, my friends!

*Inv.* Forbid it, Fortune! it is now, Sir, that we most want your aid.

*Devil.* He must, he will be obeyed. Hereafter, perhaps, I may rejoin you again.

*Inv.* But, Sir, what can we do? how live? what plan can we fix on for our future support?

*Devil.* You are in a country where your talents, with a little application, will procure you a provision.

*Inv.* But which way to direct them?

*Devil.* There are profitable professions, that require but little ability.

*Inv.* Name us one.

*Devil.* What think you of the trade with whose badge I am at present invested?

*Inv.* Can you suppose, Sir, after what I have seen——

*Devil.* Oh, Sir, I don't design to engage you in any personal service; I would only recommend it to you to be the vender of some of those infallible remedies, with which our newspapers are constantly crouded?

*Inv.* You know, Sir, I am possessed of no secret.

*Devil.* Nor they either: A few simple waters,  
K dignified



## 66 THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

dignified with titles that catch, no matter how wild and absurd, will effectually answer your purpose: As, let me see now! Tincture of Tinder, Essence of Eggshell, or Balsam of Broomstick.

*Inv.* You must excuse me, Sir; I can never submit.

*Devil.* I think you are rather too squeamish. What say you, then, to a little spiritual quackery?

*Inv.* Spiritual?

*Devil.* Oh, Sir, there are in this town mountebanks for the mind, as well as the body. How should you like mounting a cart on a common, and becoming a Methodist Preacher?

*Inv.* Can that scheme turn to account?

*Devil.* Nothing better: Believe me, the absolute direction of the persons and purses of a large congregation, however low their conditions and callings, is by no means a contemptible object. I, for my own part, can say, what the Conqueror of Persia said to the Cynic; "If I was not Alexander, I would be Diogenes:" So, if I was not the Devil, I would chuse to be a Methodist Preacher.

*Inv.* But then the restraint, the forms, I shall be obliged to observe——

*Devil.* None at all: There is, in the whole catalogue, but one sin you need be at all shy of committing.

*Inv.*

THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS, 67

*Inv.* What's that?

*Devil.* Simony.

*Inv.* Simony! I don't comprehend you.

*Devil.* Simony, Sir, is a new kind of canon, devised by these upstart fanatics, that makes it sinful not to abuse the confidence, and piously plunder the little property, of an indigent man and his family.

*Inv.* A most noble piece of casuistical cookery, and exceeds even the sons of Ignatius! But this honour I must beg to decline.

*Devil.* What think you then of trying the stage? You are a couple of good theatrical figures; but how are your talents? can you sing?

*Inv.* I can't boast of much skill, Sir; but Miss Harriet got great reputation in Spain.

*Har.* Oh, Mr. Invoice!—My father, Sir, as we seldom went out, established a domestic kind of drama, and made us perform some little musical pieces, that were occasionally sent us from England.

*Devil.* Come, Sir, will you give us a taste of your—just a short—*te ti te tor*.

[*Sings a short prelude.*]

*Inv.* I must beg to be excused, Sir; I have not a musical note in my voice, that can please you.

*Devil.* No? Why then, I believe we must

68 THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

trouble the lady: Come, Miss, I'll charm a band to accompany you. [*Waves his stick.*]

[*Harriet sings.*]

*Devil.* Exceedingly well! You have nothing to do now, but to offer yourselves to one of the houses.

*Inv.* And which, Sir, would you recommend?

*Devil.* Take your choice; for I can serve you in neither.

*Inv.* No? I thought, Sir, you told me just now, that the several arts of the drama were under your direction.

*Devil.* So they were formerly; but now they are directed by the Genius of Insipidity: He has entered into partnership with the managers of both houses, and they have set up a kind of circulating library, for the vending of dialogue novels. I dare not go near the new house, for the Dæmon of Power, who gave me this lameness, has possessed the pates, and sown discord among the mock monarchs there; and what one receives, the other rejects. And as to the other house, the manager has great merit himself, with skill to discern, and candor to allow it in others; but I can be of no use in making your bargain, for in that he would be too many for the cunningest Devil amongst us.

*Inv.*

THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS. 69

*Inv.* I have heard of a new playhouse in the Haymarket.

*Devil.* What, Foote's? Oh, that's an eccentric, narrow establishment; a mere summer-fly! He! But, however, it may do for a *coup d'essai*, and prove no bad foundation for a future engagement.

*Inv.* Then we will try him, if you please.

*Devil.* By all means: And you may do it this instant; he opens to-night, and will be glad of your assistance. I'll drop you down at the door; and must then take my leave for some time.

*Allons!* but don't tremble; you have nothing to fear: The public will treat you with kindness; at least, if they shew but half the indulgence to you, that they have upon all occasions shewn to that Manager.

F I N I S.

# THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS. 69

But I have heard of a new playhouse in the  
Hammer.

Dear What Toon's? Oh, that's an enormous  
narrow establishment, a mere room-in-the-  
But however, it may do for a couple of years, and  
prove no bad foundation for a future enterprise.

Yes. Then we will try him, if you please.  
By all means. And you may do it this  
instant; he opens to-night, and will be glad of  
your assistance. I'll drop you down at the door, and  
and most men take my leave for some time.  
Alas! but don't trouble; you have nothing to  
fear. The public will treat you with kindness  
at least. If they show but half the indulgence to  
you, that they have upon all occasions shown to  
that gentleman.

THE END



Just Published,  
The C O M E D I E S of

*The Cozeners;*

(Containing Two ORIGINAL SCENES, not  
inserted in the spurious Impressions)

A N D

*The Maid of Bath;*

And in a few Days will be Published,

The C O M E D Y of

*The Nabob.*

All written by the same Author,

And published by the same Editor.

Just Published

THE COMEDIES OF

The Coxcombs;

(Containing Two Original Scenes, not  
inserted in the former Editions)

AND

The Maid of Bath;

And in a few Days will be Published

THE COMEDY OF

The Nobles.

All written by the same Author,

And published by the same Editor.

THE  
COZENERS;  
A COMEDY.

WRITTEN by Mr. FOOTE,

PUBLISHED by Mr. COLMAN,

---

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

THE

CONFESSION

A COMEDY

WRITTEN BY MR. FOOT

PUBLISHED BY MR. COLMAN

---

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence]

T H E  
C O Z E N E R S;

A C O M E D Y,  
I N T H R E E A C T S.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE  
THEATRE-ROYAL in the HAYMARKET.

WRITTEN BY THE LATE  
S A M U E L F O O T E, *Esq.*

AND NOW PUBLISHED BY  
*Mr.* C O L M A N.

---

L O N D O N,  
*Printed by T. Sherlock,*  
For T. C A D E L L, in the Strand.

---

MDCCLXXVIII.



THE

COMEDY

A COMEDY

IN THREE ACTS

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL IN THE HAYMARKET

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR

AMMUEL KOOTER

AND NOW REVISED BY

MR. COLEMAN

---

LONDON

Printed by J. Smith

In the Strand

1794

## ADVERTISEMENT.

**S**OME copies of spurious impressions of this Comedy, and of the Maid of Bath, having been printed and circulated before the application to the Court of Chancery for an Injunction; it has been thought advisable, in vindication of the property of the Editor, as well as in justice to the deceased Author, immediately to commit to the press genuine editions of the two dramattick pieces above-mentioned, together with the Comedy of the Devil Upon Two Sticks; which had been also without authority advertised for publication.

On inspection of the spurious impressions, it appears, that all the errors of careless and ignorant transcribers are there religiously preserved; and all the additions and improvements, made by the facetious Writer, are omitted. Many instances of this will occur on perusal of this Comedy; in which, besides the restoration of several passages always spoken on the stage, the Reader will find a whole scene; at the end of the First Act, and another, still more entertaining  
and

## vi A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

and popular, at the beginning of the Third; both which were wholly wanting in the spurious Impressions.

Unauthorized publications are not only always detrimental to private property, but commonly prove injurious to the publick: For the copies, being obtained by clandestine and indirect means, are, for the most part, as has happened in the present instance, incorrect and imperfect.

PROLOGUE.

# P R O L O G U E.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mr. FOOTE.

**I**N trifling works of Fancy, wits agree,  
That nothing tickles like a simile:  
And so, by way of tuning you to laughter,  
With which, I hope, you'll tickle us hereafter,  
From our poetick storehouse, we produce  
A couple, spick and span for present use.  
Dramatick writers were, like watchmen, meant  
To knock down Vice—few answer the intent;  
Both should be quick to see and seize their game;  
But both are sometimes blind, and sometimes lame:  
Can those cry *stand*, while they themselves are reeling?  
Can those catch thieves, while they themselves are  
stealing?

When wanted most, the watch a nap will take—  
Are all our comick authors quite awake?  
Or, what is worse, by which they still come near 'em,  
Are not you more than half asleep who hear 'em?  
I, your old watchman, here have fix'd my stand,  
On many a vice and folly laid my hand:  
'Twas you cried *watch!* I limp'd at your command. }  
Let me, like other watchmen, bless the times,  
And take the privilege to nod betimes;  
Nor let your frowns now force me on a fright  
To cry—" *Past seven o'clock, and a cloudy night.*"

But, with your patience not to be too free,  
We'll change the subject and the simile.  
To chase a smuggling crew, who law deride,  
We launch a cutter of three guns this tide:  
With your assistance, we will make the foe  
Sink, or submit to CAPTAIN TIMBERTOE,  
Ye pirate criticks, fall not foul on me!  
If once I sink, I founder in the sea.  
In this condition, can I swim to shore?  
I'm cork'd, 'tis true; but then I want an oar.  
You oft have sav'd my little bark from sinking:  
I am no fish, save me from water-drinking!

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. AIRCASTLE,	<i>Mr. Foote.</i>
TOBY,	<i>Mr. Weston.</i>
MR. O'FLANNAGAN,	<i>Mr. Bannister.</i>
COLONEL GORGET,	<i>Mr. Aickin.</i>
FLAW,	<i>Mr. Wilfon.</i>
TOM,	<i>Mr. Fearon.</i>
MOSES MANASSES,	<i>Mr. Burton.</i>
ROGER,	<i>Mr. Griffith.</i>
HELLEBORE,	<i>Mr. Baddeley.</i>
PRIG,	<i>Mr. Parsons.</i>
Servant,	

MRS. FLEECE'EM,	<i>Miss Sherry.</i>
MRS. SIMONY,	<i>Mrs. Gardner.</i>
MRS. AIRCASTLE,	<i>Miss Platt.</i>
BETSY BLOSSOM,	<i>Mrs. Jewell.</i>
MARIANNE,	<i>Mrs. Smith.</i>
Maid,	

T H E



T H E  
C O Z E N E R S,

A C T I. S C E N E I,

*Enter Mrs. Fleece'em and Flaw.*

*Mrs. Fleece'em.*

**N**OT a word more! you put me out  
of all patience.

*Flaw.* Well, but, madam Fleece-  
'em, listen, I beg, to a little reason.

*Mrs. Fl.* Reason? had you the least atom  
about you, you would rest contented with our  
present agreement.

*Flaw.* But surely, madam, a change of cir-  
cumstances——

*Mrs. Fl.* Change? And pray, master Flaw,  
how are mine changed for the better? Answer  
me a few short questions, and deny what I say,  
if you can. When I was compelled, by the  
cruel laws of this country, to go into exile for

B

taking

## 2 THE COZENER S.

taking by mistake a small parcel of lace out of a shop in the Strand, did not I choose Boston for my place of retirement?

*Flaw.* Granted.

*Mrs. Fl.* Did not I pass there, by means of letters from mynheer Van Smuggle of Rotterdam, for a person most honourably and nobly allied?

*Flaw.* For aught I know.

*Mrs. Fl.* Did not I receive a handsome present from that merchant, for promoting the running Dutch teas, and rejecting those imported from England?

*Flaw.* Like enough.

*Mrs. Fl.* Did not my burning the first pound of Souchong, and my speeches at Faneuil-Hall, and the Liberty-Tree, against the colonies contributing to discharge a debt to which they owe their existence, procure me the love and esteem of the people?

*Flaw.* May be so.

*Mrs. Fl.* And what, but your letters, could induce me to return to a country where I had been treated so ill? But sure, you must have forgot your proposals; here they are, and signed by yourself. Let me see!—[*Reads.*] “Articles of Agreement between Philip Flaw, of Thavies-Inn, in the city of London, on one  
“ part,

“part, and Felicia Fleece’em, late of Boston,  
“but now of Pall-Mall.”

*Flaw.* But what occasion——

*Mrs. Fl.* “*Imprimis*, That the said Felicia  
“do take a handsome house, at the West end  
“of the town, with suitable servants; for the  
“furnishing of which the said Flaw engages to  
“procure her credit.”

*Flaw.* And have not I?

*Mrs. Fl.* “Secondly, that the said Flaw shall  
“circulate, privately and publickly, in taverns,  
“coffee-houses, Journals, Chronicles, Morning  
“and Evening-Posts, and Courants, that the said  
“Felicia is a person of great address and abi-  
“lities; and that, by means of many powerful  
“connections, she is able to procure posts,  
“places, preferments of all conditions and  
“sizes; to raise cash for the indigent, and pro-  
“cure good securities for such as are wealthy;  
“suitable matches for people who want hus-  
“bands and wives, and divorces for those who  
“wish to get rid of them.”

*Flaw.* And have not I performed every tittle?  
have not my expences in attending plays, operas,  
masquerades, and Pantheons, not to mention  
subscription-money to most of the clubs, and  
coteries, amounted to a most enormous——

*Mrs. Fl.* I am near at an end.—[*Reads.*]

#### 4 THE COZENERS.

“That the said Flaw shall at all times advise  
“the said Felicia how far she may go without  
“incurring the law; for all which he is to  
“receive out of the neat profits thirty *per cent.*”  
—You see, Sir!

*Flaw.* I do.

*Mrs. Fl.* And don't you think *that* a very ample provision?

*Flaw.* But consider, madam, I have sacrificed my whole time to your business, and I don't believe the law has procured me——

*Mrs. Fl.* The law? What, a little, private agency at the Old Bailey? a wonderful sacrifice! fy, fy, Mr. Flaw!

*Flaw.* You are the last person, Mrs. Fleece'em, that should cast such a reflection as that: Unless I mistake, my attendance there was pretty useful to you.

*Mrs. Fl.* To me?

*Flaw.* Without my skill and address, your last voyage to America would have been changed to a much shorter trip.

*Mrs. Fl.* Sir!

*Flaw.* A tour to Tyburn, in a tim-whisky and two, would have concluded your travels.

*Mrs. Fl.* Why, you impertinent, infamous, petty-fogging puppy, it was through your ignorance that I was obliged to travel at all.

*Flaw.*

## THE COZENERS. 5

*Flaw.* Mine?

*Mrs. Fl.* Did not Alick Alibi, before your face, at Blackwall, in the Transport, declare, that he never saw such a bungling business; that if he had been employed——

*Flaw.* Alibi?

*Mrs. Fl.* You know him, I fancy.

*Flaw.* Perfectly: As, madam, you think him so wonderfully clever, you had better employ him; I am ready to resign, in his favour.

*Mrs. Fl.* That is ungenerous in you, Mr. Flaw, to insult a gentleman under misfortunes. You know the clipping and filing affair compels him to keep a little private at present.

*Flaw.* Oh, then, that's the reason I am consulted? sweet madam, your servant! But, madam, I must desire you to find out some other agent: I declare off! you sha'n't make a stop-gap of me!

*Mrs. Fl.* Sir!

*Flaw.* Our accounts are easily settled: Let me see! Seven pounds seven shillings, from the brewer's clerk, who is gone with your commendatory letters to India.

*Mrs. Fl.* Nine pounds, if you please.

*Flaw.* Seven. The rest paid out of my pocket to Kitt Copywell, for manufacturing the letters from the directors.

*Mrs.*



## 6 THE COZENERS.

*Mrs. Fl.* Very well ! Have you got the fellow aboard ?

*Flaw.* Sailed the latter end of the week.

*Mrs. Fl.* Then there is the crimp's money, for procuring the company an able recruit.

*Flaw.* Already deducted, for promising to get Bob Blueskin a reprieve at the——

*Mrs. Fl.* These, Mr. Flaw, are but trifling affairs ; they may be settled at some other time.

*Flaw.* I am ready, whenever you please : And so, madam Fleecee'm, I am your most humble, and very—— Oh ! I had like to have forgot ; if any thing should happen, that I may not be blamed, *in futuro*, I would advise you to take care of yourself : I overheard Luke Lockup, the turnkey, say, as you passed by in a coach, that he had some notion of having seen you before, and wanted much to know where you lodged.

*Mrs. Fl.* Luke Lockup ? why, how is it possible he could——

*Flaw.* I know nothing of that : Foreseeing, indeed, that such a thing might possibly happen, I had provided a couple of people to prove that you were shipwreck'd on the Western coast ; so that, though you were returned before your time from your travels, it was none of your fault ;

## THE COZENERS. 7

fault; but that is all over now; Mr. Alibi will, no doubt, take proper care.

*Mrs. Fl.* Nay, as to that, Mr. Flaw, there is no man living to whose care I would sooner trust myself than your own; but sure in this affair we have been both of us rather too quick. Let us coolly consider: I am sure, I am the furthest in the world from—— But come; let us know what are your further demands?

*Flaw.* I scorn, madam, to take any advantage: As our risques and labour are equal, an equal partition; that's all.

*Mrs. Fl.* I consent to the agreement.

*Flaw.* Very well. I will prepare a draft to lay before council; which, when approved, you will sign?

*Mrs. Fl.* Without scruple; that being settled, let us come a little to business. What new game have you sprung?

*Flaw.* Plenty, plenty; the family I expected out of the country is come.

*Mrs. Fl.* Father, mother, and son! have you seen them?

*Flaw.* I received their note but this instant: They have made a little mistake I believe as to their lodgings.

*Mrs. Fl.* How so?

*Flaw.* I advised them, at their coming to town

## THE COZENERS.

town to stay at one of the Hotels for a week or ten days; instead of that, they are got to a Bagnio.

*Mrs. Fl.* A Bagnio?

*Flaw.* At the sign of the Lamb, in Long-Acre.

*Mrs. Fl.* Nay, for aught I know, that place will best answer our purpose.

*Flaw.* I must step directly to the Salopian Coffee-House; Ensign Gaters is to send you a hundred for obtaining him a step in his corps. Here; I have brought you the complimentary cards to put over the chimney.

[*Gives her the cards.*]

*Mrs. Fl.* That's right. Let me see:—*The Duke of—best respects—Earl of—Viscount—Ah, ah; very well! Have you prevailed on the coachman you mentioned?*

*Flaw.* He has promised to parade before your house for an hour, after his master is set down at the Cockpit. A couple of servants to wait at the door, as if the great man was above, will be right.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* A note, Sir, from a person below.

*Flaw.* Let us see it.—[*Reads.*] “Mr. O’Flanagan’s compliments to Mr. Flaw, and as he perhaps may not choose to be at home to him,  
“being

## THE COZENERS. 9

“being at another body’s house, begs to know  
“where he may see him this evening.”—A  
bagatelle; some trifling affair.

*Mrs. Fl.* You had therefore better dispatch  
him at once. Shew him up.

*Flaw.* He brought me a recommendatory  
letter this morning; but I was in a hurry, and  
desired him to meet me here about this time.  
Here he is.

*Enter Mr. O’Flannagan.*

*O’Flan.* Mr. Flaw, I am your most humble  
servant. Madam, I am yours unknown.

*Flaw.* Well, Mr. O’Flannagan, what are  
your commands with me?

*O’Flan.* Oh, Mr. Flaw, we will postpone  
that, if you please: I hope I am a little better  
bred than to mention any thing of my private  
affairs before ladies; their little ears, sweet  
creatures, should be tickled with nothing but  
love.

*Flaw.* True, true; but here you may suspend  
your politeness a little; for, unless I am mis-  
taken, it is to this lady’s good offices you must  
be oblig’d in your present pursuit,

*O’Flan.* Oh! that indeed alters the case. Why  
then, madam, this is my business at once: You  
must understand I came over lately from Lime-

C

rick;



## 10 THE COZENERS.

rick; and there, upon my soul, all the world are gone mad about running beyond sea, in search after—I think it is *emigrations* they call them.

*Mrs. Fl.* I have heard, indeed, that there has been a prodigious desertion.

*O' Flan.* Prodigious! upon my soul, madam, in a hundred miles riding, I did not meet with a human cratur, except sheep and oxen, to tell me the road; and I should have lost myself again and again, but for the mile-stones, that are so kind to answer your questions without giving you the trouble to ask them: And so, being desirous to follow my neighbours' example, I have, madam, made bold to come over before them.

*Flaw.* Right; one would not like to be last in the chase.

*O' Flan.* True. Now, madam, as some emigrations must be better than other some, I should be glad to be recommended to one of the best.

*Flaw.* Why, that will be no very difficult matter. Let me see! is the collector of the window-lights in Falkland's Island disposed of?

*Mrs. Fl.* I have not heard that it has been given away; but, however, if it should, the surveyorship of the woods there is vacant, I am sure.

*Flaw.*



## THE COZENERS. 11

*Flaw.* Indeed?

*O' Flan.* And pray, madam, is that a lucrative place, as to the profit?

*Mrs. Fl.* Besides the salary, for perquisites you are to have all the loppings and toppings.

*Flaw.* Ay? upon my word, if that can be got, you will be a happy man, Mr. O' Flanagan.

*O' Flan.* Without doubt, I shall be in very good luck. But pray, madam, what was the name of the Falklands?

*Mrs. Fl.* Falkland's Island.

*O' Flan.* Island! true, true. But, Mr. Flaw, is it a place one can go to by land? becaafe why, I am not over-fond of the sea; coming over t'other day from Donechedy, it tumbled and jumbled, and rumbled me to such a degree!

*Mrs. Fl.* Mr. Flaw—

*Flaw.* I am afraid it will be difficult.

*O' Flan.* Why then, if it is equally the same, I should be glad to have an emigration in some other parts.

*Mrs. Fl.* There was a thing that I got yesterday for a relation of mine, that would have suited this gentleman.

*O' Flan.* Pray, what might that be?

*Mrs. Fl.* A tidewaiter's place in the inland part of America.

*O' Flan.* Inland ! that would just do to a T.

*Flaw.* Why, you may easily provide in some other way for your cousin.

*Mrs. Fl.* That's true ; but then, you know, he has put himself to some expence, in fitting himself out for the——

*Flaw.* Oh ! I dare say Mr. O' Flannagan will be glad to reimburse him.

*O' Flan.* That I will ; and give him a good spill for his resignation, into the bargain.

*Mrs. Fl.* Well, Sir, if you will call here to-morrow, we will try to bring matters to bear ; and——

[*O' Flan. going.*]

*Flaw.* This will be a damn'd fine thing, if you can get it.——Hark'ee ! a word in your ear ! if you discharge well your duty, you will be found in tar and feathers for nothing.

*O' Flan.* Tar and feathers ? and what the devil will I do wid them, my dear ?

*Flaw.* When properly mixed, they make a genteel kind of dress, which is sometimes wore in that climate.

*O' Flan.* Oh ! what, I suppose, a kind of linen, like that at Belfast, that the natives malefactor themselves.

*Flaw.* True. And they will shew you the best manner to wear it ; it is very light, keeps out the rain, and sticks extremely close to the skin.

*O' Flan.*

*O' Flan.* Indeed! That is very convenient. Why, as this place seems to suit me so well, before I get the nomination, by way of binding the bargain, had not I better give some earnest beforehand?

*Flaw.* That will be making things sure.

*O' Flan.* Here is a fifty-pound note of Latouche's, payable at sight in a fortnight.

*Mrs. Fl.* Vastly well! I shall take proper care on't.

*O' Flan.* I don't doubt it at all. Feathers that keep out the rain? they must be ducks', to be sure, because they are used to the water: I can't help thinking, Mr. Flaw, when I have got on the dress, how like a goose I shall look. [*Exit.*]

*Flaw.* Here is the note.

*Mrs. Fl.* This was lucky beyond expectation! If this goes on, in a little time we shall grow as rich as a keeper of one of the capital clubs. [*A rap at the door.*]

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* A gentleman below wishes to see Mr. Flaw.

*Flaw.* What sort of a person?

*Serv.* Vast finely dress'd, please your—

*Flaw.* Oh! I know. Shew him up!—The Israelite I was telling you of.

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Fl.* What, Mr. Moses Manasses?

*Flaw.* The same.

*Enter Moses Manasses.*

Walk in, Mr. Manasses! this, Sir, is the lady.

*Moses.* I vas never see a more finer womans since I vas born. Madam, I vas take de liberty to beg-a your protection upon a littel affairs.

*Mrs. Fl.* Sir, any friend of Mr. Flaw's —

*Moses.* I vas live in de sheety; but I have great ambition to reside at de court-end of de town.

*Mrs. Fl.* City? I could not have imagined that a gentleman of your dress and address would submit to live in the city.

*Moses.* Madam, you vas exceeding polite, indeed: I always finds de ladies very partial to me; I vas have de honour to be chose last veek maister of de ceremony to de Mile-End assembly; and Mrs. Alderman herself make always choice of me for de cotilions.

*Mrs. Fl.* I make not the least doubt of your great success with the ladies.

*Moses.* Oh, madam!

*Flaw.* Mr. Manasses, madam, is modest: The city? his success has not been confined to the city;

city; many a heart-ach has he given, to men of consequence too, let me tell you, on this side the Bar.

*Moses.* Oh, fy, fy, maister Flaw!

*Flaw.* What! don't I know? did not you occasion the separation between Mrs. Modish of Marybone and her husband?

*Moses.* Oh, fy, fy! a flam, indeed, Mr. Flaw.

*Flaw.* Pooh! besides, was not you seen during all the last summer, lounging on horseback, through all the lone lanes about Chelsea and Fulham, with young lady Harrow-heart?

*Moses.* All scandal, upon my honour.

*Flaw.* Zounds! why, have not I heard the young fellows at Betty's, when you have been passing by with lady Kitty Carmine, in her new vis-a-vis, exclaim, "Look, look! there is Moses again! dammee, I can't conceive what the ladies can see in that pencil-felling, mongrel Manasses! Gad, I fancy he catches women, as people do quails, with his pipe."

*Moses.* Dat is all spite, all malice, on my honour!

*Mrs. Fl.* Pipe? what, does he sing?

*Flaw.* He? the voice of Squallache, with the taste and manner of Millico,

*Moses*



*Moses sings*].

“ Ven saw you my fader ?

“ Ven saw you my moder ?

*Mrs. Fl.* I see, I see : Nay, then, I don't wonder.

*Flaw.* Besides all this, master Moses is an absolute Proteus ; in every elegance, at the top of the tree.

*Mrs. Fl.* Indeed ?

*Flaw.* From his present dress, you would think that all his days were spent in a drawing-room.

*Mrs. Fl.* Without doubt.

*Flaw.* But were you to see him on the turf, at Newmarket, in his Tyburn-topp'd wig, tight boots, and round hat, you would swear he had never handled any thing but a curry-comb since he was born. Why, he has rid matches.

*Mrs. Fl.* Really ?

*Flaw.* Many.

*Moses.* No, madam ; but vone, on my vord ; a match with Lord Billy Booty : I vas first, hard in hand on a canter ; my Lord came side by side, give a little bit of chuck vid de elbow, and pop me plump into de ditch of de Devil ; and de people all hollow !

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Fl.* Brutes ! very unlucky indeed. But pray, Mr. Manasses, how can I serve you? I should be happy to——

*Moses.* Why, madam, in vone vord—I should be glad to be as well wid de gentlemen as Mr. Flaw say I be wid de ladies; and if, by your assistance, I could get into de Boodles, de Almack's, or vone of de clubs——

*Mrs. Fl.* Bless me! is it possible that you are not a member?

*Moses.* I vas often put up; but dey always give me de black ball.

*Mrs. Fl.* Bless me! what can be the meaning of that?

*Moses.* I don't know; perhaps my religion was de objection.

*Mrs. Fl.* I should hardly think them so squeamish as that: The dice are indeed often call'd Doctors; but, by the large evacuation they cause, I should rather think them graduates of physic, than of divinity: No, no; that can't be the case. Let me see!—perhaps you have had dealings with some of the club.

*Moses.* Yes, I have de little annuity.

*Mrs. Fl.* Oh ho!—so you have been admitted into the Jerusalem-Chamber?

*Moses.* Yes, yes, very often.

*Mrs. Fl.* Oh ! then the business is out ; there then is the reason at once.

*Moses.* How ?

*Mrs. Fl.* Some of the parties, I suppose, flow in their payments ?

*Flaw.* And there is nothing those gentlemen dread so much as meeting a dun there.

*Mrs. Fl.* But I dare say Mr. Manasses, at such a place, would be above dropping a hint.

*Moses.* Oh, fy ! madam, upon no account.

*Mrs. Fl.* Very well ! why then, I may venture to assure them as much ?

*Moses.* Sure, vidout doubt.

*Flaw.* But, however, madam, tho' some of the old dons should be crusty——

*Mrs. Fl.* To be sure, means might be used to get over that bar.

*Flaw.* Easy enough, I should think.

*Mrs. Fl.* Let us see ! stuffing the negative side of the box, that the black balls cannot descend.

*Flaw.* Or advancing or retarding the clock.

*Mrs. Fl.* True ; but then the waiters should be properly spoke to.

*Flaw.* Oh, I dare say Mr. Manasses does not mind, upon such an occasion.

*Moses.* Oh, not at all ; I am ready to part vid de money.

*Flaw.*

*Flaw.* I dare say. Why, do you consider that a feat there, as Mr. Manasses can manage——

*Mrs. Fl.* May turn out better for him, perhaps, than a borough.

*Moses.* Den I may rely upon you, madam?

*Mrs. Fl.* Give yourself no further trouble about it.

*Moses.* I have de honor, ma'am—— [*going.*]

*Mrs. Fl.* But should not Manasses make a deposit? [*Apart to Flaw.*]

*Flaw.* To be sure.—Mr. Manasses! well, Sir, I wish you joy, Sir: What, we are to have a lottery, I find?

*Moses.* Dat is all fixed; dere is no danger of dat. I think, madam, dere is no finer sight can be, dan to see de lottery-lanthorns hang up in de streets, vid large red letters, write on all sides; it is so noble!

*Mrs. Fl.* An elegant ornament, it must be confess'd, to a capital city: Besides, if the passion for play cannot be suppress'd, all that human wisdom can do, is to turn private vices to the use of the public.

*Moses.* True, true.

*Flaw.* I suppose you are an adventurer.

*Moses.* Ay, ay; I have my share, to be sure.

*Flaw.* Mrs. Fleece'em was saying, that she had some thoughts of trying her fortune.

*Moses.* By all means ; I wish her much luck !

*Flaw.* If you should have any tickets about you——

*Moses.* Perhaps de lady may have de fancy to de particular number.

*Flaw.* No, no ; we are not superstitious as to the number ; it is the numbers we wish to get at.

*Moses.* Dere is, madam, a couple de sheets : Would you give de draft on de banker ? dey are at present mush above par. Let me see !

*Flaw.* Oh, as to the price, we don't trouble our heads about that ; we will settle that some other time ; make a deduction, you know, for what madam bestows upon the waiters.

*Moses.* True, true ! Well, madam, your most humble ! you may tell de club dat I shall make de very good member ; for now and den I love to play a little myself.

*Mrs. Fl.* You do ?

*Moses.* Yes ; to set de caster at hazard ; and hold de Pharaoh-bank wid de cards,

*Flaw.* Be cautious, or you may meet with your match.

*Moses.* Never fear ! ven I vas play, I always do keep myself up for de purpose, like de fighting cock, or de horse.

*Mrs. Fl.*



*Mrs. Fl.* Very right, for intemperance upon such an occasion——

*Moses.* It would be de devil, as I eats so little, and drinks nothing at all.

*Flaw.* No?

*Moses.* No, never at cards; de claret would turn all topsy-turvey: no, no, I must take care not to drown Pharaoh again in de Red Sea.

[*Exit Manasses.*]

*Flaw. and Fl.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Mrs. Fl.* Oh! have you advertised an honourable seat to be sold?

*Flaw.* I never neglect business, you know; but the perpetuating this damn'd bribery-act has thrown such a rub in our way——

*Mrs. Fl.* New acts, like new brooms, make a little bustle at first; but the dirt will return, never fear. What, have no offers been made?

*Flaw.* A short note from a broker, who hopp'd out of the Alley, into a good estate in the North. By the first ships I expect some good subjects from the siege of Tanjore.

*Mrs. Fl.* A sure importation of candidates; they come in good time, for in such a country as this, what signifies cash without consequence?

*Flaw.* True; which in order to get, what they acquire by conquest they expend in corruption.

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Fl.* Whilst perhaps a borough, pretty warmly contested, compels the unhappy hero to make a second trip to the East.—[Knocking.] Who can that be?

*Flaw.* Had not I better withdraw?

*Mrs. Fl.* First, see who it is.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Mrs. Simony, madam, below in a chair.

*Flaw.* Shew her up, by all means.

*Mrs. Fl.* Simony?

*Flaw.* The Doctor's lady, about the living, you know.

*Mrs. Fl.* I remember; but I thought the Doctor himself a——

*Flaw.* A late mistake has made him a little cautious at present.

*Mrs. Fl.* A burnt child dreads the——But, pray, what kind of a woman is——

*Flaw.* An absolute gossip: Your share in the scene will be short: Let her run on; she neither expects, nor desires a reply. Here she is.

*Enter Mrs. Simony.*

*Mrs. Sim.* Madam, I am your obedient, and very devoted! Mr. Flaw, I am entirely yours! ten thousand

thousand pardons for waiting upon you in this dishabille ! but I stay'd so late last night at lady Lurch'em's assembly, that I have had but just time to huddle on my things ; and now I have not five minutes to spare, as I promis'd precisely at twelve to call on lady Frolic, to take a turn in Kensington-Gardens, to see both the exhibitions, the stain'd glass, dwarf, giant, and Cox's Museum. Mr. Flaw, I presume, has mentioned our little affair. The Doctor would have waited on you himself ; but men *bum*, and *ba*, and are so roundabout, awkward, and shy ! now I am always for coming plump to the point : Besides, women best understand one another, you know. But, as I was saying, the patron of the business in question is, as we understand, a near friend and relation of yours.

*Mrs. Fl.* Madam, I shall be happy to——

*Mrs. Sim.* Your patience, madam ! for I have not a moment to spare. Now, as it cannot be supposed that some people should do favours for other people, with which people those people are not acquainted, I am ready to advance—for the Doctor knows nothing about it.

*Mrs. Fl.* How, madam ? I understood——

*Mrs. Sim.* The Doctor ? not he, I assure you, madam ; entirely ignorant, in every respect : Now, if such a favour can be obtain'd, I am  
ready

ready to deposit, as Mr. Flaw has doubtless informed you——

*Mrs. Fl.* Why, I can't say, madam, but it is very handsome.

*Mrs. Sim.* Nay, madam, the party will lose no credit by doing what is desired: The Doctor's powers are pretty well known about town; not a more populous preacher within the sound of Bow-bell; I don't mean for the mobility only; *those* every canting fellow can catch; the best people of fashion ar'n't ashamed to follow my Doctor: Not one, madam, of the humdrum, drawling, long-winded tribe; he never crams congregations, gives them more than they can carry away; not above ten or twelve minutes at most.

*Mrs. Fl.* Indeed?

*Mrs. Sim.* Even the dowager-duchess of Drowsy was never known to nod at my Doctor; and then he doesn't pore, with his eyes close to the book, like a clerk that reads the first lesson; not he! but all extemporary, madam; with a cambrick handkerchief in one hand, and a diamond ring on the other: And then he waves this way, and that way; and he curtsies, and he bows, and he bounces, that all the people are ready to—— But then his wig, madam! I am sure you must admire his dear wig; not  
with

with the bushy, brown buckles, dangling and dropping, like a Newfoundland spaniel; but short, rounded off at the ear, to shew his plump cherry cheeks; white as a curd, feather-topped, and the curls as close as a cauliflower.

*Mrs. Fl.* Why really, madam——

*Mrs. Sim.* Then, my Doctor is none of your scismatics, madam; believes in the whole thirty-nine; and so he would, if there were nine times as many.

*Mrs. Fl.* Very obedient.

*Mrs. Sim.* Obedient! As humble and meek as a curate; does duly his duties; never scruples to bury, though it be but a tradesman—unless, indeed, he happens to be better engaged.

*Mrs. Fl.* Why, with all these good qualities, I should think our success must be certain.

*Mrs. Sim.* With your assistance, madam, I have not the least doubt in the world: So, madam, begging your pardon for having intruded so long, I leave Mr. Flaw and you to confer on the subject.—Not a step, I beseech you.—Lord bless me! I had like to have forgot: My memory, as the Doctor says, is so very tenacious, that it is not one time in twenty I can remember the text. Besides all I have said, my Doctor, madam, possesses a pretty little poetical

E

vein:



vein: I have brought you here a little hymn in my pocket.

*Mrs. Fl.* Madam, you are very——

*Mrs. Sim.* Of which the Doctor desires your opinion.

*Mrs. Fl.* Hymn? then the Doctor sings, I presume.

*Mrs. Sim.* Not a better pipe at the playhouse; he has been long notorious for that: Then he is as chearful, and has such a choice collection of songs! why, he is constantly asked at the great city-feasts; and does, I verily believe, more in-door christnings than any three of the cloth. But this composition, madam, is of a different kind: It is but short; but if the party, your worthy friend and relation, should happen to like the manner of writing, he has a much longer one for his immediate perusal.—Madam, I am your obsequious, and very devoted—— Not a step, my good Mr. Flaw! my chairmen are, you know, in waiting. [Exit.

*Mrs. Fl.* A hymn? what the deuce can the woman mean by a hymn? Let me see!—"Pro-  
mise to pay to the bearer one hundred pounds,  
"for the governor and company"—Ay, marry, this is coming *plump to the business*: No man can deny, Mr. Flaw, but these lines are sterling.

If

If the Doctor's prose is as good as his poetry, I don't wonder he has so many admirers. But when shall I see you?

*Flaw.* Immediately after I have paid my provincials a visit.

*Mrs. Fl.* Oh, then I may have time to execute a little scheme of my own.

*Flaw.* Of what kind?

*Mrs. Fl.* One that will turn out both pleasant and profitable: You know the prim mercer, not far from St. Paul's?

*Flaw.* What, young Prig, that presents you an eternal attitude to all hacks of the city, and stands in stiff buckle before his own shop, like a sign?

*Mrs. Fl.* Even he.

*Flaw.* The fellow is a fop, to be sure; but you will not find it an easy matter to gull him; the coxcomb is suspicious and guarded.

*Mrs. Fl.* Against a common contrivance, perhaps; otherwise he would be no object for one of my original genius. Besides, there is a necessity for some new silks to grace my niece's nuptials, you know.

*Flaw.* True, true: Well, success attend you!

[Exit.

*Mrs. Fl.* Be in no pain about me. Who's there?

*Enter a Servant.*

Order the carriage to the door; and do you and the coachman put on your best liveries.

*Serv.* Yes, madam.

*Mrs. Fl.* And, do you hear, John? if they should be inquisitive, where I stop, as to my place of abode, give 'em no information: I should be sorry to have it known, that one of my rank and fortune was pent up in a paltry lodging.

*Serv.* Your ladyship need be under no fears.

*Mrs. Fl.* If, at coming from the mercer's, where I shall go first, the master of the shop should get into the coach, drive to doctor Hellebore's, who you know is famous for curing of mad folks; the third door to the left in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

*Serv.* I shall give the coachman directions.

*Mrs. Fl.* And, John! if any body should call in my absence, let them know that I am gone, with the countess of Carnaby, to see the preparations for the great trial in Westminster-Hall.

*Serv.* Mighty well, madam. [Exit.

*Mrs. Fl.* That fellow has uncommon talents, for one of his station: What a matchless porter would he make to a great minister! for he lies like an attorney, and his muscles are as steady as those of his master.

[Exit.

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Bagnio. Enter Flaw followed by Tom.*

*Flaw.*

**H**AVE not you a family here, that came lately out of the country?

*Tom.* I suppose you mean, Sir, Mr. Aircastle.

*Flaw.* I do; is the gentleman within?

*Tom.* In the back dining-room, up one pair of stairs.

*Flaw.* Will you let him know there is a person wishes to see him? If he wants to know my name——

*Tom.* I can tell him.

*Flaw.* Ay? why, have we been ever acquainted?

*Tom.* What! have you forgot Tom, master Flaw, at the Crown and Rolls in Chancery-Lane?

*Flaw.* I recollect. But I thought, by this time, you had set up for yourself: You seemed in a very good way.

*Tom.* Pretty well, master, for that part of the town: But, Lord, Sir, the penurious pence of the lawyers won't do for us, who are the superior knights of the napkin; after poring an hour over

a fix

a six and eight-penny bill, “ Here, Tom, give us  
“ change! and mind, there is a groat for yourself:”  
How was it possible to support a girl and a gelding  
upon such a two-penny tax? it could not be.

*Flaw.* That is true, indeed.

*Tom.* No, no. So, dipping pretty deeply in  
debt, I got a friendly commission of bankruptcy  
to discharge my old scores, and removed to this  
end of the town.

*Flaw.* Where you thrive, without doubt.

*Tom.* To give you a sample—It was but last  
night, Sir Ralph Riot moved, that every man in  
the club should give the waiter two guineas a-piece,  
just by way of *surprising* the rascal.

*Flaw.* And it was carried?

*Tom.* Oh, *nem. con.*—the members never flinch  
at a frolic.

*Flaw.* I wish you joy of your station!—But  
pray, by what accident came the family above to  
your house? There must have been some mistake  
in the matter; for they are people of very good  
reputation.

*Tom.* I can’t guess. Only that the town is thin,  
and business begins to grow dead, we should hardly  
have given them admittance; they are a strange  
unaccountable tribe: Pray who the deuce are they?

*Flaw.* A respectable family, from the county of  
Wilts, with a very good landed estate, I assure you,

*Tom.*



*Tom.* On which, I suppose, the 'squire condescends to kill his own meat; and madam, his lady, to dress it: Then it is one eternal wrangle between them, conducted in a language pretty near as coarse as their carter's.

*Flaw.* They have been bred in a state of Nature, Tom.

*Tom.* The husband, for once or twice, is entertaining enough: He sets out to inform you in a most material point, as he thinks, which he forsakes in an instant to follow some other circumstance, not material at all; this he soon quits for another, and soon for another, if you will give him attention. He puts me in mind of a pack of hounds in a hare-warren; by eternally shifting the game, the pursuit never ends.

*Flaw.* You have him, Tom; Mr. Aircastle is, I own, very prolix and digressive.

*Tom.* Unless I am mistaken, the son has an old acquaintance here in the house.

*Flaw.* Ay?

*Tom.* Miss Betsy Blossom, one of our ladies, who comes, I fancy, from their part of the world: She wishes to avoid the father and mother, but hints that she has good reason to remember the son.

*Flaw.* Perhaps so.

*Tom.* Madam the mother too, who is still a jolly brisk dame, seems determined to make the most of her time.

*Flaw.*

*Flaw.* How so?

*Tom.* She has dispatched, this morning, a billet to Col. Gorget, an old master of mine.

*Flaw.* If they are at present alone, you will be so kind to announce me.

*Tom.* Those stairs lead to their door; there is no occasion for a master of the ceremonies.

[*Exit Flaw.*

Miss! Miss Betsy!

*Enter Betsy.*

Well; have you encountered your Corydon?

*Betsy.* No; I have carefully kept myself out of his way.

*Tom.* Then now throw yourself into it, as soon as you can; for, unless you prevent it, I can foresee a design to dispose of him in a very different manner.

*Betsy.* In the interim, I could wish to have him all to myself; no danger of an interruption from the father and mother.

*Tom.* Watch then when they are out of the way. But remember you run no risque in over-acting your part; treat him with a large dish of daggers, death, and despair.

*Betsy.* Never fear; I know how to proportion my dose.

*Tom.* Are you prepared with the two verses I gave you?

*Betsy.*

# THE COZENERS. 33

*Betsy.* Yes, yes; and I warrant will thunder them with good effect in his ears.

*Tom.* Success attend you, my girl! [*Exeunt.*]

*Scene changes to another room.*

*Mr. and Mrs. Aircastle discovered.*

*Air.* Well, well, mark the end on't! this will turn out like all the rest of your projects.

*Mrs. Air.* Bless me, Mr. Aircastle, will you never give over your grumblings? I thought I had convinced you, before you left home, that London was the only spot for people to thrive in.

*Air.* Convinced me? Did not I tell you what parson Prunello said—I remember Mrs. Lightfoot was by—she had been brought to-bed, that day was a month, of a very fine boy—a bad birth; for Doctor Seeton, who served his time with Luke Lancet of Guise's—there was a talk about him and Nancy the daughter—she afterwards married Will Whitlow, another apprentice, who had great expectations from an old uncle in the Grenades; but he left all to a distant relation, Kit Cable, a midshipman aboard the Torbay—she was lost, coming home, in the Channel—the captain was taken up by a coaster from Rye, loaded with cheese——

*Mrs. Air.* Mercy upon me, Mr. Aircastle, at

F

what

what a rate you run on! What has all this to do with our coming to London?

*Air.* Why, I was going to tell you; but you will never have patience!

*Mrs. Air.* More than ever woman possessed. Would you, I say, be contented to spring, grow, and decay, in the same country spot, like a cabbage?

*Air.* Yes; provided I left behind me some promising sprouts.

*Mrs. Air.* What! have you no ambition? no soul? could you be easy to stand stock-still, whilst your neighbours are advancing all round you? Cottagers are become farmers; farmers are made justices; and folks that travelled barefoot to London, roll down again in their coaches and chariots; but still we stick!

*Air.* What then? For, as counsellor Crab said at the assizes—he came down to plead for Ned Nick'em, who won at Bath a large sum of Lord Luckless—the principal witness was Christopher Cogg'em—who was condemned to the pillory; but saved by Phil Fang the attorney—who——

*Mrs. Air.* What matters what any body said? but you are always flying from the——

*Air.* Why, what a pox would the woman be at?—Ha'n't I lopp'd off a handsome limb of my

my land to put your hopeful project in practice?

*Mrs. Air.* Well; and must not every body who ventures in the lottery of life first pay for his ticket?

*Air.* I believe Toby will hardly thank me for going into the wheel.

*Mrs. Air.* No; I suppose he would rather stay at home, and marry Bet Blossom: A pretty alliance he had like to have given us!

*Air.* But you know I droye the girl out of the parish.

*Mrs. Air.* Are there none of the same stamp left behind?

*Air.* Well, well, here we are, and what's to be done?

*Mrs. Air.* Our first business is to get Toby disposed of; upon your head, we will consult Mr. Flaw; as to my affairs, leave me to myself.

*Air.* And as for Toby, the best method, you think, will be——

*Mrs. Air.* To advertise the boy, to be sure.

*Air.* Do you think so? Advertise Toby? I was once told by Tom Type, a printer of one of the papers—he was tried for a libel before Sir Philip Flogg'em, at the Old-Bailey—two of the jury died that sessions of the distemper—doctor Drybones recommended vinegar by way



of prevention—the Doctor wore the strangest black wigs!—they were made by Ben Block'em, of Bow-Street—I dined with him once, when he was churchwarden, upon two bastard children—we had a haunch of venison—the venison was over-roasted, and stunk—but doctor Dewlap twisted down such gobs of fat——

*Mrs. Air.* But what is all this to the purpose?

*Air.* I was going to tell you, if you would but listen a bit!

*Mrs. Air.* What did Type say?

*Air.* That he never knew any good come of that kind of——

*Mrs. Air.* Then Type was a fool! don't we see by the news, that there is no other way of making matches in London?

*Air.* Well, well—you know best, to be sure.

*Mrs. Air.* Here the advertisement is; I have penned it myself.

*Air.* You penned it? Damn me, if she can spell a single syllable of the language!

*Mrs. Air.* Call the boy in; and observe, Mr. Aircastle, if he corresponds with the marks.

*Air.* Toby! [Calling,

*Enter Toby.*

Lord, Mrs. Aircastle, how you have altered the boy! why, his face is as long as a fiddlestick!

stick! and then he has a bundle at his back, as big as a child!

*Mrs. Air.* Pray, Mr. Aircastle, mind your own business, I beg! would you have him dressed like yourself, in a suit of cloaths made thirty years ago, when you were sheriff for the county?—Toby, stand forth! “Wanted, for a young gentleman of an ancient family, and agreeable person”—Toby, hold up your head!

*Toby.* I does, mother, I does.

*Air.* It is impossible, my dear, the boy should ever walk in that manner; why, he will run against every body he meets. Toby, do you think you can step without stumbling?

*Toby.* Not in the streets; but cross a room pretty well, I believe.

*Mrs. Air.* Mr. Aircastle, have you no idea of grace? Shoulders back, Toby; and chest a little more out!

*Air.* Now, child, look at his elbows! you have pinioned him down like a pickpocket.

*Mrs. Air.* Grace, Mr. Aircastle, grace.

*Air.* Grace? he has neither grace, nor grease; his breast-bone sticks out like a turkey’s.

*Mrs. Air.* Nothing but grace! I wish you would read some late Posthumous Letters; you would then know the true value of grace: Do you know that the only way for a young man

# 38 THE COZENERS.

to thrive in the world, is to get a large dish of hypocrisy, well garnished with grace, an agreeable person, and a clear patrimonial estate?—"A wife with a very large portion: If the fortune answers, proper allowance will be made for person and mind. The party, and his rent-roll, may be seen at the Lamb in Long-Acre, every hour of the day."

*Air.* Why, this will bring the whole town to the house.

*Mrs. Air.* That is just what I intend; the more bidders, the better.

*Enter Tom and Flaw.*

*Tom.* Mr. Flaw. *[Exit.*

*Flaw.* Good folks, you are welcome to London!

*Air.* Ay, here we are, Mr. Flaw; here's Toby too.

*Toby.* Yes, here I am, Mr. Flaw.

*Flaw.* Bless me! what a change! I should scarce have known him.

*Toby.* Yes, I suppose I am pretty much altered, being garnished with grace.

*Air.* Ay; a grace, I believe, that will tempt nobody to taste of the dish.

*Mrs. Air.* Never mind him, Mr. Flaw; he is a desponding creature, you know. But, as a proof that we have not been idle, here is the first fruits of my labour.

*Flaw,*

THE COZENERS. 39

*Flaw.* What is it?

*Mrs. Air.* An advertisement to procure a partner for Toby.

*Flaw.* A partner?

*Mrs. Air.* Ay, a wife, with a suitable fortune.

*Flaw.* I hope it is not sent to the papers.

*Toby.* What, the notice where I am to be seen? here it is in my hand.

*Mrs. Air.* Give it me; and go you out, and wait 'till you are wanted: And don't listen! d'ye hear? And, Toby, be mindful of grace! and, d'ye hear? don't laugh! you may grin, indeed, to shew your teeth, and your manners.

*Toby.* Will that do?

*Mrs. Air.* Pretty well, for the first time.

[Exit Toby.]

*Flaw.* Bless me, madam! how could such a thought——

*Mrs. Air.* Don't we every day see such things in the news?

*Flaw.* Ay, from an old maid in despair, a broken millener, or a tottering tobacconist.

*Air.* I told her so, Mr. Flaw: Zounds, says I, you treat the boy as if he was a white bear, or an ostrich—though it is quite a mistake, Mr. Flaw, that those creatures eat iron: I saw one once at the Checquer at Salisbury—the keeper's name was Evan Thomas, a Welshman—he had  
but

## 45 THE COZENERS:

but one hand—he lost the other, endeavouring to steal a piece of cheese out of a rat-trap—the trap went down, and——

*Mrs. Air.* Did ever mortal see such a man?

*Air.* And, zounds, why must not I speak? she likes to listen to no sounds but her own; but I will be heard, and——

*Mrs. Air.* And so you shall, when you talk to the purpose.

*Air.* Purpose, madam? Damn it, I would have you to know——

*Flaw.* Oh, fy, fy, good people! curb your cholers a little: Consider you are not now in the country.

*Air.* Well, well, I am calm.

*Flaw.* Then, to return to our business: Besides, my good madam, I had provided a match that would have completed all our matters at once.

*Mrs. Air.* How?

*Flaw.* A lady, an acquaintance of mine, lately arrived with her niece from the Indies——

*Mrs. Air.* And rich?

*Flaw.* Enough to purchase the sceptre of Poland.

*Air.* How!

*Flaw.* Ay, even before his very good neighbours had brought that monarchy down to a manor.

*Air,*



*Air.* And pray, as to the party?

*Flaw.* Fleece'em is the name of the aunt; not much indebted to fortune; but whoever is happy enough to marry the niece, won't scruple, I dare say, to procure her a proper provision.

*Mrs. Air.* The most reasonable thing in the world.

*Flaw.* I ventured to promise as much.

*Mrs. Air.* Then you have hinted the business?

*Flaw.* As good as concluded. As marriage-bonds are illegal, it will be right to make a deposit before the solemnization.

*Mrs. Air.* To be sure. Now, Mr. Aircastle, I hope I was right; for seeing a little cash might promote our designs, I got him to sell Sycamore-farm, and we have brought the money to town.

*Flaw.* How much might the——

*Mrs. Air.* Five thousand.

*Flaw.* But, with a few diamonds, for which I will get you credit——

*Mrs. Air.* By all means.—When should we wait on the young lady?

*Flaw.* This very morning; we cannot be too quick; some of the young blades about town begin to have an inkling, I fear; I observe them throw their eyes up to the windows.

*Mrs. Air.* Without doubt. Mr. Aircastle,

G

you

you will go out to the shops, and provide Toby with a new Beckford-hat and a couteau du chaffe?

*Flaw.* And purchase at the same time some presents for the young lady.

*Mrs. Air.* The first time?

*Flaw.* Always the rule in the East; you never approach a superior without a suitable present.

*Mrs. Air.* No?

*Air.* No? why, fool, that is the way the Nabobs have got all their wealth—I knew one of them once; and, if he had not been so rich, really a good sort of a—he was inoculated for the small-pox, by one of the Suttons, at the great house by Hyde-Park—the builder of it got into the Bench, and was afterwards cleared by an act of insolvency—though Tom Jenkins, one of his creditors——

*Mrs. Air.* You see!—Lord bless me now, Mr. Aircraftle, how can you, when we have not a moment to lose—Go, go out with the boy, I beseech you!

*Air.* Well, well, well! [Going.

*Flaw.* I'll run before, and prepare Mrs. Fleece'em.

*Mrs. Air.* By all manner of means.

*Air.* Pray, is not the toy-shop at the end of the street, kept by the son of—I remember I met the father once at Newmarket—he was in  
a one-

a one-horse chaise, made by Varnish here in Long-Acre—who built a state-coach for the Empress of Russia—he was recommended by Lord—I can't think of his name—who was chosen one of the sixteen for the kingdom of—

*Mrs. Air.* Take him with you, dear Mr. Flaw!

*Flaw.* Come, Sir, I will shew you the shop.

[*Exeunt Aircastle and Flaw.*]

*Mrs. Air.* So! having provided for Toby, I am at leisure to attend to my own private concerns. Who's there?

*Enter Maid-Servant.*

Bid the Waiter come up! [*Exit Maid.*]

If colonel Gorget answers my letter in the way I expect, it will prove a pretty good beginning: The colonel, I make no doubt, knows the ways of the world, and will soon take the hint: He was vastly struck with me during the races; and I don't see why I have not as good a right to profit by my person, as I am told some ladies do, who live in this——

*Enter Waiter.*

Well, Sir, what return to my letter?

*Waiter.* The colonel, madam, will obey your commands.

*Mrs. Air.* Very well! when he comes, shew him into the next room. [Exeunt.

*Another Room in the Bagnio.*

*Enter Colonel Gorget, reading a letter.*

*Gorget.* Bravo, bravo, my sweet country acquaintance! this is a rendezvous, with a witness. Let me see! *Um, um, um!* “Unexpectedly brought by business to town—no time to make a proper provision—accommodate me with Five Hundred Guineas”—accommodate! an apt phrase, and a pretty sum too; but how the deuce could the woman suppose that I was able to advance such a sum? *Um, um!*—“Not prove ungrateful—Elizabeth”—Oh, ho! now I begin to conceive.—Stay! who have we here? Zooks! the husband himself,

*Enter Aircastle.*

*Air.* What, colonel Gorget!

*Gorget.* Mr. Aircastle, I am happy to see you! But what important business can have brought you to London?

*Air.* Some family affairs, and to lay out a pretty large sum, which I lately got for a parcel of land.—But is this visit intended to me?

*Gorget.* No; I was quite a stranger to your being

being in town. A lady in the house, that I lately knew in the country——

*Air.* What, from our part of the world?

*Gorget.* No, no; but a devilish fine woman: Last summer some little gallantries past between us below.

*Air.* Ay, ay; you officers play the very deuce when you come down into the country. I remember ensign Sash, about ten years ago—his father came from Barbadoes—I met him at Treacle's, the great sugar-baker's, who had a house in St. Mary-Axe—he took the lease from alderman Gingham, who served sheriff with deputy—there was tight work on the hustings—

*Gorget.* Oh, the devil! he runs on at the old rate.—But we forget the lady.

*Air.* Oh, ay; “Gallantry with her below;” which I suppose you have finished above.

*Gorget.* No, faith, not entirely, my friend; but I think we are in a fair way.

*Air.* Ay?

*Gorget.* The garrison has offered to surrender.

*Air.* Then what prevented you from taking possession?

*Gorget.* The governor, as usual, insists on a bribe, which it was not immediately in my power to pay——

*Air.* Damn those governors!—why, there was

the



the governor of Bergen-op-zoom, in the last war——

*Gorget.* But hear me!—I was just stepping home to provide the credentials; but, however, this lucky meeting will, I flatter myself, put an end to my journey.

*Air.* As how?

*Gorget.* If you will supply me with the sum till evening, I shall close the bargain without quitting the house.

*Air.* How much?

*Gorget.* Five hundred guineas.

*Air.* Five hundred guineas? what a cormorant the woman must be!

*Gorget.* Not at all, when her husband is rich, and she is above accepting a trifle.

*Air.* Now, I should have thought that would have made her more reasonable.

*Gorget.* Quite the reverse; why, did you ever know a wealthy courtier accept of a moderate pension?

*Air.* That, indeed—But are you really serious?

*Gorget.* So serious, that if you will lend me the money——

*Air.* Nay, but, colonel, that is——

*Gorget.* Nay, but if you hesitate——

*Air.* No, it is not that; the money is quite at your

your service; but you will repent, and then reproach me—What! five hundred? there can be no woman worth it.

*Gorget.* You would alter your tone, if you saw her.

*Air.* Should I? Prithee tell me her name; perhaps I may know her.

*Gorget.* I durst not; you know my honour is concerned.

*Air.* Honour with such a woman as that?

*Gorget.* She is very well known.

*Air.* And ought to be better.

*Gorget.* But I waste time, and may lose the critical minute: Will you supply me, or must I—

*Air.* With the greatest pleasure in life: Here is in this bag the very sum, which I have just received for a draft in the city.

*Gorget.* Ten thousand thanks, my dear Mr.—

*Air.* I can't say tho', but I am sorry——

*Gorget.* Oh, it is not impossible but I may come off at an easier rate: With such a capital in hand, one may haggle, you know.

*Air.* True, true; I'd endeavour to get her for nothing: Chouse her, chouse her! do, colonel. If indeed she had asked for a ring with a poesy, or any such trifle as that—but such a monstrous demand! I would give something to see her.

*Gorget.*

*Gorget.* Why, it is my opinion you know who she is.

*Air.* Really?

*Gorget.* Now if it should turn out that you had been happy with the lady yourself, would not that greatly surprise you?

*Air.* Me? ha, ha, ha! the deuce a bit: Tho', when I came first to the Temple, there was a lawyer's wife that lived in Quality-Court, that I was exceedingly fond of—her husband came home one night, and I crept under the bed, where I should have remained concealed, but for a little dog of Charles's breed; he went *bow, wow, wow*—

*Gorget.* Oh, the devil!—But consider, time presses; I must away to the lady.

*Air.* True, true; and I to the shops with my boy. And I happy with the—ha, ha, ha—However, if that be the case, colonel, it is a stronger reason for closing your purse-strings; for the devil take me if I ever knew a woman who was deserving a tythe of that sum in my life!—Yes; I lie! I did; a Greek girl, they called Circassian—I saw her at Tunbridge—where, by the bye, they have the oddest pantile walk—with the musick on a shelf—and as the company walk to and fro, the fiddlers go *tal, la, la*——

*Gorget.* Nay, but—[*pushing him out*]. This is lucky beyond expectation; what a civilized husband, to supply me with the very money I wanted!

*Enter*

*Enter Tom.*

Is the lady at leisure?

*Tom.* She knows her husband is gone out, and will be with you this instant.

*Gorget.* Very well! take care, and watch his return.

*Tom.* Here she is: [Exit.

*Enter Mrs. Aircastle.*

*Mrs. Air.* What, you are come, my dear colonel! I have waited for you with the utmost impatience:

*Gorget.* And I, madam, have flown to obey your commands.

*Mrs. Air.* No more of that, colonel, I beg: I blush to consider——

*Gorget.* Blush? and why so, madam?

*Mrs. Air.* At what you must think of my letter: But the high sense I entertain of your friendship, induced me, in such an exigence, to make the trial.

*Gorget.* And the wisest step you could take.

*Mrs. Air.* Pardon me, Sir! I am not to learn how dangerous it is to have an obligation to you.

*Gorget.* And why so? Can there be any thing more natural than to desire the assistance of the

H

person

person who loves us? Of my attachment I hope you have no reason to doubt.

*Mrs. Air.* That, Sir, is the very source of my sorrow, and has determined me to support every evil; nay, to apply even to Mr. Aircastle himself, rather than——

*Gorget.* How, madam! then it is plain I have lost your esteem. Fool that I was, to be lulled by the bewitching lines of your letter! I thought that I had detected Love, that sly lurcher, lurking under the mask of confidential—But now I unfortunately find how far I am from your favour.

*Mrs. Air.* Cruel, unjust colonel Gorget!

*Gorget.* Ha! am I unjust? you revive me! you restore me to—But banish every thought of an obligation to any but me; I should be jealous of——

*Mrs. Air.* But really, colonel, the sum is——

*Gorget.* Of no importance at all; a mere trifle; just nothing: I shall not feel it, believe me.

*Mrs. Air.* How can I be too grateful for such a generous proof of your friendship? Sure you were born to——

*Enter Toby.*

What the deuce has brought that booby back!

[*Aside.*

*Toby,*



*Toby.* Father desires you would call in your way, and take him up at the sword-cutler's.

*Gorget.* How ! the young cub ? This is lucky beyond expectation !—Here, madam, are the five hundred guineas, which you will be kind enough to pay, with my thanks, to Mr. Aircastle, your husband.

*Mrs. Air.* Finely taken and turned ; what infinite wit and contrivance ! [*aside.* ]—But would it not be right, colonel, just to sign a receipt ?

*Gorget.* Unnecessary, madam ; but just as you please.

*Mrs. Air.* There is pen and ink in the room over head.

*Gorget.* Give me leave to conduct you.

[*Exeunt Gorget and Mrs. Air.*]

*Toby.* I don't understand what father and mother's about. Here am I dizened, and skewered, and graced, just like a young colt that is a-breaking : Nay, they were going to advertise me too, as if I was really a horse ; but lawyer Flaw has made them alter their minds, and I am to be disposed of by private contract, I think. I can't say that I am over-fond of their ways. Oh, poor Betsy Blossom ! let them match me to whoever they will, I shall never love any like thee : I believe I should have put an end to their project, if I could but have found—Hey ! who

52 THE COZENERS.

is this? Mercy on me! sure it must be her ghost! and yet that can't be; because ghosts, they say, never comes but at night. Betsy?

*Enter Betsy Blossom.*

*Betsy.* Master Toby?

*Toby.* But is it possible? can it be you?

*Betsy.* As you see,

*Toby.* Well, and how? Lord, I have ten thousand questions to ask you. Where hast been? how dost do? how comest here? Why, you are vast fine, Betsy, all of a sudden; you be not married?

*Betsy.* Married? no, no; you have put that out of my power, you know.

*Toby.* Me? how so, Mrs. Betty?

*Betsy.* Is that a question now to be asked? have you so soon forgot what has happened between us?

*Toby.* No, no; I remember some part pretty well, I believe: But you cannot come for to go for to say, that we ever went to church together, in that there way you mean.

*Betsy.* That ceremony, Mr. Toby, you know well, was all that was wanting——

*Toby.* Besides, it could not be, Mrs. Betsy; because why, as father says, since the parliament-house interfered, it is against the law to marry for love,

*Betsy,*

*Betsy.* How! what, are all your vows, oaths, promises, forgot? does not this sixpence, broken between us, when we last met in the grove, stare you full in the face?

*Toby.* Yes; I have t'other half in my pocket.

*Betsy.* Does not your conscience, Mr. Toby, upbraid you? But men are all traitors alike! their whole study is to delude poor innocent maids. Oh! why did I trust that fair face and flattering tongue, and not suspect the wily serpent that was lurking beneath?

*Toby.* Nay, Betsy——

*Betsy.* But my prayers are granted, however; my only wish was to see you once more——

*Toby.* My sweet, dear, little Betsy——

*Betsy.* Once more to survey that sweet form; the business of life is now over! Eyes, take your last look! open, thou cold earth, to receive me——

*Toby.* Lord have mercy! if you don't frighten me out of my wits.

*Betsy.* To thy dreary mansion I come! there my sorrows will cease, and my shame, and name, be forgot by the unpitying—Oh! [*Faints.*]

*Toby.* Stop, stop, dearest Betsy, and take me along with you! Murder, fire, water! Waiter! what, will nobody come to assist her?

*Enter*

*Enter Tom.*

*Tom.* Bless me, Sir! what can be the matter?

*Toby.* Why, here is a poor young creature at her last gasp: Clap her hand, and bend her forward a bit!

*Tom.* Miss Betsy? Mercy on us! how came this about? It is only a fit; she revives, her eyes begin to open a little.

*Betsy.* Where am I?

*Toby.* In the fore-room, up one pair of stairs.

*Tom.* Bless me, Sir, what can be the occasion of this?

*Toby.* Why, it is a young woman that is breaking her heart.

*Tom.* Her heart? and for what?

*Toby.* Why, for love of me, to be sure.

*Tom.* And can you be such a barbarian? why, you must have the heart of a tiger, to stand unshocked at such a horrible scene.

*Toby.* Nay, I have been shocked enough, if that is all.

*Tom.* Then why don't you remove her distress?

*Toby.* Why, she wants me to marry her.

*Tom.* And is that all she asks; and can you hesitate for such a trifle as that?

*Toby.* Why, how can I, when father and  
mother

mother have promised me to an Indian woman, as rich as a Jew, from beyond sea?

*Betsy.* How! and have I a rival? perjured monster! But think not my death shall finally close our account; my shade, like Margaret's grimly ghost, shall pursue thee, haunt thee in dreams at midnight, shake thy curtains round thy guilty head, and holloa in thine ear!

*Bethink thee, Toby, of thy fault,  
Thy pledge and broken oath;  
And give me back my maiden vow,  
And give me back my troth.*

*Toby.* Take it with you, Mrs. Betty, whenever you please.

*Betsy* [*Sings*].

*For this I'll haunt thy midnight dreams,  
And hover round thy bed;  
Thy ears I'll fill with horrid screams,  
Nor leave thee till thou'rt dead.*

*Toby.* Why, you won't go to be so cruel, I hope! what, is there no amends to be made?

*Tom.* So, Sir, you see, dead or alive, she is determined to plague you.

*Toby.* Yes, yes; I see it well enough. Lord, who could have thought it? she is mightily changed since her coming to London.

*Tom.*



*Tom.* This town is apt to open the mind.

*Toby.* Is it? I hope it will shut again, though, when she gets into the country. But pray, Mr. What-d'ye-call-em, by what chance did Betsey come here?

*Tom.* My mistress took her in, out of compassion: It is wonderful how charitable a lady she is! why, we have five or six more young women here in the same situation.

*Toby.* Indeed? she must be the most goodest woman on earth: Well, if she don't go to Heaven, what chance has such a poor creature as I?

*Tom.* None at all, unless you repair the wrongs she has suffered.

*Toby.* But if I was minded to comply with her wish, I don't see how I can bring it about?

*Tom.* You are one-and-twenty, no doubt?

*Toby.* These three years and above.

*Tom.* And Miss?

*Toby.* Within a twelvemonth of me.

*Tom.* Oh, then I will manage matters, I warrant. Where are you going?

*Toby.* To call on father, at a shop near the old black man a-horseback; the wind has blown his hat from his head.

*Tom.* Very well! Give them the slip as soon as you can; run back here; you will find us—

*Betsey.*

*Betsy.* What, is he a-going? oh!

*Toby.* Nay, *Betsy*, be quiet! ben't I ready to do all that you want? If you faint any more, I wish I may die if I'll have you.

*Betsy.* Won't you?

*Toby.* No.

*Tom.* Courage, *Miss*! keep up your——

*Toby.* Right, *Mr.* —— or, if she must faint, can't she wait a little, till I get out of the house?

[*Exit.*

*Tom.* He is off: Finely managed! Do not stir from hence: I will run to the Commons, and be back again in a—One kiss, as a reward for the part I have——

*Enter Toby.*

*Toby.* I forgot to ask, *Sir*, where I should——

*Tom.* Run! here, *Sir*! she is fainting again!

*Toby.* Is she? then call somebody else, for I will make the best of my way—— [Exit.

*Tom and Betsy.* Ha, ha, ha! [Exeunt.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter Mrs. Fleece'em and Prig.*

*Mrs. Fleece'em.*

**I**T is lucky the Doctor is at home [*aside*]. John, you may take the silks of Mr. Prig, and put them into the coach.—How could I be so giddy to forget my purse, and leave it on the table? All my servants are honest, I hope.

*Prig.* No doubt; it would be the greatestest of crimes, to injure a lady of your affability and aimiability.

*Mrs. Fl.* Quite polite, I protest, Mr. Prig! I am sorry, however, Sir, to have given you all this trouble.

*Prig.* I consider it, madam, as one of the most greatestest pieces of happiness that could have befallen Paul Prig. Your la'ship is a perfect pattern of humility: To suffer a simple tradesman like me to occupy part of your la'ship's coach, is such an honour that——

*Mrs. Fl.* Honour? by no means, Mr. Prig: I don't know a station more useful, or indeed more reputable, than that of a citizen like you,  
who

who condescends to employ his genius in adorning his fellow-creatures. The ladies, indeed, are most obliged to your labours.

*Prig.* Were all ladies like you, madam, my condition would be celestial indeed; for, as Master Shakspeare says,

“ The labour we delight in physicks pain.”

*Mrs. Fl.* Mr. Prig, I protest you surprize me! who could have expected so much gallantry from the Ward of Farringdon-Within?

*Prig.* Your charms, madam, would animate even a native of Hockley in the Hole!

*Mrs. Fl.* Fy, Mr.—

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My master begs you would step into his study. [Exit.

*Mrs. Fl.* Mr. Prig, you will excuse me a moment: It is lucky my lawyer is at home; I shall take the money, and not give you the trouble to go so far as my house. I shall soon call again at your shop. [Exit.

*Prig.* The greatest pleasure, madam, that I could ever have.—Ha, ha! left her purse on the table? a likely story, indeed! No, no; I understand her ogles and leers; her eyes spoke more truth than her tongue. I don't recollect to have seen her before; but she has seen me, that is clear,



## 60 THE COZENERS.

from the strength of her passion. “ Soon call at  
“ your shop ?” and how soft the tone of her  
voice ! Yes, yes ; I believe you will. Well, well,  
you sha’n’t be disappointed, my dear ; his worst  
enemies can’t accuse Paul Prig of being cruel.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* You had better step into this room ;  
there is a fire.

*Prig.* By all means. “ A station more useful,  
“ or more reputable, than that of a”—poor  
creter ! she must be very far gone indeed. [*Exeunt.*

*Another Room.*

*Doctor Hellebore and Mrs. Fleèce’em discovered.*

*Helle.* To whose recommendation, madam, do  
I owe the honour——

*Mrs. Fl.* The world’s, doctor ; your great  
reputation.

*Helle.* Oh, madam !

*Mrs. Fl.* But, as I was observing to you, Sir,  
if it was not for these unaccountable whims in  
my uncle, no man in England has a finer under-  
standing, or a clearer conception : Nothing irre-  
gular in his conduct ; discharges all the social  
duties with the utmost exactness ; reasons with the  
most perfect precision upon every subject.

*Helle.* And the state of his bodily health ?

*Mrs. Fl.* He does not complain.

*Helle.*



*Helle.* And these distractions are frequent?

*Mrs. Fl.* I think more so, of late.

*Helle.* Ay, the great tension of the Pia-mater must enfeeble the system; and the paroxysms, of course, oftener repeated, and of longer continuance. And his whims, you say——

*Mrs. Fl.* To the last degree extravagant: Last week he supposed himself a young nestling crow, and constantly opened his mouth, like a bill, and cawed for food, when he found himself hungry.

*Helle.* A manifest mark of distraction!

*Mrs. Fl.* His whim of to-day is peculiar enough.

*Helle.* Of what kind?

*Mrs. Fl.* He supposes himself a mercer upon Ludgate-Hill.

*Helle.* A mercer?

*Mrs. Fl.* And that he has sold me a parcel of silks, for the payment of which I have conducted him hither.

*Helle.* Why, madam, we do now and then meet with extraordinary instances: But could not I see your uncle?

*Mrs. Fl.* I brought him hither on purpose.

*Helle.* [*calling.*] Desire the gentleman below to walk up. Why, madam, the goodness of his health we look upon as a bad symptom, in these kind of cases; when they arise from a fever, why——

*Mrs. Fl.*

*Mrs. Fl.* I hope there will be no occasion for violent remedies, such as correction, or straight waistcoats?

*Helle.* Not if he is tractable.

*Mrs. Fl.* But if that should not be the case, Sir?

*Helle.* The best way, ma'am, is to leave him to my care a little: I have a convenient house not far from town, where mad people are managed with greater advantage.

*Mrs. Fl.* I shall submit his treatment entirely to you.—But I suppose, Sir, it will be right for me to withdraw, as you may have some questions to ask him, improper for the ear of a lady. I will pay a short visit, now I am in this part of the town.

*Helle.* As you please, madam.—A discreet person! this does not seem to be a family complaint.

[*Aside.*

*Mrs. Fl.* Here he is. I must humour him a little.

*Enter Prig.*

This gentleman, Sir, will settle our little affair. Depend upon it, I shall be with you soon. [*Exit.*

*Prig.* I shall wait for that honour with the greatest impatience.—She is a fine creter!

*Helle.* Come, Sir, take a chair.

*Prig.* Sir, there is no occasion.

*Helle.*

*Helle.* You had better, as I shall have a good many questions to ask you.—[*They sit.*] Well, Sir, and how do you find yourself?

*Prig.* Sir, you are very obliging! I am, I thank you, in very good health.

*Helle.* Don't you feel yourself at times inclined to be feverish?

*Prig.* Feverish! not I, Sir.

*Helle.* And have you had no material complaints, for any time back?

*Prig.* Not that I recollect; a slight touch of the *influenza*, indeed; but fared full as well as my neighbours.

*Helle.* And your appetite?

*Prig.* As usual; but I am at no time an over-great eater.

*Helle.* So much the better. Favour me with your hand, if you please.

*Prig.* Sir! [*Rises, and offers his hand.*]

*Helle.* Keep your seat, if you please.—[*Feels his pulse.*] Rather a little too lively! And as to your sleep now, is it continued or broken?

*Prig.* Sir!

*Helle.* Are your slumbers without interruption? have you no starts?

*Prig.* Not that I know of; indeed, I never was over-fond of my bed.

*Helle.* Ay, restless; I thought so.

*Prig.*

*Prig.* Indeed, my business requires that I should be an early riser; when an apprentice, I was always the first in the shop.

*Helle.* An apprentice? poor man! but, however, I see no violent symptoms at present; a preparatory medicine, till we can put him into a regimen. Be seated! I will fetch you a draught that will immediately settle the business. [*Exit.*]

*Prig.* A draft!—A draft on his banker, I reckon: Why could not he have given it me at first? An odd man! what the deuce has my health to do with my bill? Let us see; what is the tote? A hundred and ninety-two pounds, six, and—oh! here he is, I suppose, with the check.

*Enter Hellebore, with a bottle and phial.*

*Helle.* You will take this draught, three times a-day, at two hours' distance, first shaking it well.

*Prig.* Sir?

*Helle.* And nine drops of this, in a glass of water, first going to bed; it will serve to compose——

*Prig.* Compose? here must be some mistake in this matter! I fancy, Sir, you take me for somebody else—my name, Sir, is Prig; I keep the great mercer's shop, as you go up Ludgate——

*Helle.* Hum! very well, Sir.

*Prig.* And am come with the lady below, to be paid this here bill in my hand.

*Hille.*

*Helle.* Oh, Sir, I am no stranger to the whole of that story: But how could you now—for, as you are cool at present, I will reason the matter a little—how could a man of your rank and fortune, indulge such an improbable whim?—I say a mercer indeed!

*Prig.* And pray, good Sir, who d'ye take me to be?

*Helle.* Oh, Sir, I know very well; your niece has fully informed me.

*Prig.* My niece? I have no niece; at least, not in London, I am sure.

*Helle.* No? what d'ye think of the lady who conducted you hither?

*Prig.* She my niece? Damn me, Sir, till this morning, if ever I set eyes on her! Sure——

*Helle.* Oh, ho! what, you are beginning to be violent: You had better be quiet, or I shall find a method to tame you.

*Prig.* Tame me, Sir? I don't understand what you would be at! Will you pay me my bill here, or not?

*Helle.* Your bill? poor creature!

*Prig.* Poor creter, Sir? none of your *poor creters* to me! follow your client's directions, and discharge me at once.

*Helle.* My client?

*Prig.* Ay, Sir. When money is in the case,  
K a man



66 THE COZENERS.

a man may as well have to do with Old Nick; as a lawyer; there is no getting it out of their hands.

*Helle.* Oh, he takes me for a lawyer. The paroxysm is exceedingly strong. Who is there? Order a coach, and let the three keepers convey him to Chelsea.

*Enter Three Keepers.*

*Prig.* Me to Chelsea? let any body touch me that dare!

*Helle.* Ay, ay, we will see that.

*Prig.* This is some conspiracy, I suppose, to bam, to chouse me out of my money.

*Helle.* You will take him to Chelsea.

*Prig.* Hands off!

*Helle.* And, as you see he is violent, let him have the back room, with the barr'd windows, up two pair of stairs.

*Prig.* Me to Chelsea? me barr'd windows, and back room two-pair of stairs?

*Helle.* If the fit should encrease, put on the streight waistcoat. I shall call myself in the evening.

*Prig.* Let me go, gentlemen! This is a damn'd contrivance, to rob me! Unhand me, or you shall be all swing'd and fous'd! imprison a citizen, that only comes for his money? Damn me,

Jack

Jack Wilkes's affair will be but a flea-bite to this! *[Keepers hurry him off.]*

*Helle.* If this is the case, on with the waistcoat.

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

*Enter Fleece'em and Flaw.*

*Flaw.* Ha, ha, ha! poor Prig! in what a piteous plight have you left him!—But the Air-castles will all be here immediately, so take care we are not interrupted.

*Mrs. Fl.* As they are so exceedingly credulous, the business will soon be dispatched.

*Flaw.* In a trice. I have stipulated that your provision shall be secured before the solemnization.

*Mrs. Fl.* Right, right; perfectly right.

*Flaw.* But have you properly prepared the girl for the purpose?

*Mrs. Fl.* Her part will be easy.

*Flaw.* True; but she should be adroit; as events may arise, that will require some little skill: Who the deuce have you got?

*Mrs. Fl.* Why, I considered that as a very ticklish point; it would be dangerous to trust, and difficult to find in this town a suitable subject: Don't you think that the black girl I brought with me from Boston—

*Flaw.* The negro? zounds, her complexion will betray her at once!

*Mrs. Fl.* I have thought of an expedient to secure us from that.

*Flaw.* It is true, these people have no great penetration; but what we do——

*Mrs. Fl.* Must quickly be done: I will just speak to the girl. [*Calls.*] Marianne!

*Enter Marianne.*

*Mar.* What you want, Missy?

*Mrs. Fl.* Go in and throw yourself on the bed; and, do you hear? let the window be shut, and the curtains drawn exceedingly close.

*Mar.* Yes, Missy.

*Mrs. Flee.* And whoever speaks to you, don't you chatter and talk, but sigh now and then, as if you were sick: You will be only asked a question or two; as, *if you are ill?* or *are better?* to which you need say nothing but *yes*.

*Mar.* Nothing but *ifs*. I take care, Missy, never you fear.

*Mrs. Flee.* And, Marianne, no candle!

*Mar.* No, no, Missy.

[*Exit.*

*Mrs. Fl.* Oh, she will answer our purpose, I warrant: Besides, unless they are very pressing to see her, there will be no occasion to produce her at all.

*Flaw.*

*Flaw.* But, I beg your pardon, there will: by my directions, the son is provided with presents, with a view to propitiate his Venus.

*Mrs. Fl.* [*rap at the door.*] There they are! Mr. Flaw, you will receive them? It will be right for me to retire, to see if all things within are in order. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Aircastle, Mrs. Aircastle, and Toby.*

*Air.* I tell you the boy is an absolute sight, and I should not wonder if the young lady was to——

*Mrs. Air.* You wonder? and pray who made you a judge of the proper——

*Flaw.* Hush, hush! for Heaven's sake, hush! consider where you are!

*Air.* She is at her old tricks, Mr. Flaw; there is no——

*Flaw.* A key lower, good Sir, if you please! You will frighten the family.

*Air.* By her good will, I should never open my mouth, but to eat.

*Mrs. Air.* I know but little else that it's good for.

*Flaw.* Nay, madam, now you are as faulty as he. Only think what a strange impression this will make on the ladies within! I beg you will suspend your warfare a while.

*Mrs. Air.* Well, well!

*Flaw.*



*Flaw.* And no contradiction, I beg; but be attentive and polite to each other, as people of fashion should be: You may renew hostilities, and make up for lost time, as soon as you are out of the house.

*Mrs. Air.* Why, how is it my fault, Mr. Flaw?

*Air.* Nor shall it be mine: For man and wife to quarrel before folks is rather rudish, I own; by ourselves, indeed, it is a pretty innocent amusement enough—Tom Testy, of our town, used to say—his wife was a Devonshire girl; if I am not mistaken, from Plymouth—where, by the bye, they have the best John Dories in England—Old Quin, one summer, went thither on purpose——

*Flaw.* And if, Mr. Aircastle, you would contract your conversation a little—To be sure, your manner is pleasing, and your matter full of instruction; but as we meet upon business—

*Air.* I believe you are right, Mr. Flaw. Come, my love; let us shew him how polite we can be, if we please.—Dear Mrs. Aircastle, how I admire your taste! these here skirts of the boy's are so light and genteel, and so airy—

*Mrs. Air.* True; I am happy, my dear, that I have your approbation: Those we got made in the country, trapes and dangle like a parcel of petticoats,

*Air.*



*Air.* Right, my love.—For all the world, like a Hounslow post-boy! His whole figure is just like a spider, nothing but legs; a mere couple of stilts!—And then that top to his wig, my dear child——

*Mrs. Air.* Gives a fashionable turn to his face; and then adds to the height.

*Air.* It has indeed, my soul, a prodigious happy effect.—A block, popping out of a hair-cutter's window, up two pair of stairs in the Strand.—And then that bunch at his back——

*Flaw.* Hush! here comes the lady.

*Enter Mrs. Fleece'em.*

This, madam, is the family for whom I told you I had so warm an affection; and this the young gentleman whose alliance I recommend for Miss.

*Mrs. Air.* Grace, Toby!

*Mrs. Fl.* I make no doubt, madam, but my niece will think herself happy in an union with so accomplished a person.

*Air.* Why, as to that, Toby, Mrs. —— what is the gentlewoman's name?

*Flaw.* Mrs. Fleece'em.

*Air.* I recollect, madam, going some years ago with one of that name in the stage-coach to York—we were overturned about a mile beyond Newark—the parson of the parish—he became

## 72 THE COZENERS:

became afterwards a prebend of Worcester, in the room of old Walter Wench'em, who was cast in a suit of *trim. con.* by Sir Timothy Tally-hoe, remarkable for the best pack of hounds in the country——

*Mrs. Air.* For Heaven's sake, Mr. Aircraftle!

*Flaw.* Have a care! you have forgot.

*Air.* I am dumb.

*Mrs. Fl.* Pray, madam, has the young gentleman travelled?

*Mrs. Air.* Who? Toby?

*Air.* Why, madam, I did once intend—but Sir Roger Ramble—who I am told will be strongly opposed next election, for the borough of Barnstaple, by Sir Walter Win'em—who during the whole time of Sir Robert Walpole's admin——

*Mrs. Air.* Mr. Aircraftle, I beg pardon, but the lady directed the question to me.

*Air.* True, my angel; and I am sure nobody can give a better answer than dear Mrs. Aircraftle——

*Mrs. Air.* You are very polite.

*Air.* But I was willing to save you the trouble, my soul.

*Mrs. Air.* I shall think it no trouble to satisfy the lady's enquiries.

*Mrs. Fl.* Nay, it was a matter of curiosity only:—There is, besides, an elegance, a *je ne  
scai*

*scai quoi*, in your son's air, that is rarely acquired in this country.

*Mrs. Air.* Did not I tell you the prodigious power of grace?

*Air.* Yes; but I could never have believed it.

*Mrs. Air.* Pray, madam, is the young lady at home?

*Mrs. Fl.* Just lain down for a little: The change of climate has given her a slight indisposition; but a few days, I dare say, will restore her.

*Mrs. Air.* Miss, I presume, has a physician?

*Air.* A what? a physician, my life, for a little sea-sickness? Why, doctor Diet, at Margate, who, by the bye, intends to settle in London—his aunt, major Mortar's widow—who was killed by a bomb at the taking of Goree—Tom Truant, an old scoolfellow of mine, was close by his side—Tom Tru——

*Mrs. Air.* Dear Mr. Aircastle, what has all this to do with the young lady's illness?

*Air.* I was coming to that, my soul, if you will let me. I don't know how it happens; in general, nobody is better bred than Mrs. Aircastle; but to-day she won't let me bring out a word.—So, madam, Tom Truant, as I was—

*Mrs. Air.* Mr. Aircastle, I must interrupt you!

*Air.* You must?

*Mrs. Air.* I can't suffer it, upon this lady's account.

*Air.* It was for her sake, my soul, I was speaking,—So, madam, Tom Truant——

*Mrs. Air.* If you persist, I shall quit the house, I assure you!

*Air.* Quit the house?

*Mrs. Air.* This very instant!

*Air.* Zounds, madam, if you come to that, you may go to the——

*Mrs. Air.* Any where to get rid of your absurd——

*Air.* For that matter, you can't be more willing than I.

*Mrs. Air.* Then, madam, I take my leave.

*Air.* When you will: This lady and I can easily settle matters without you.—So, madam, as I was saying, Tom Tru——

*Flaw.* For Heaven's sake, Sir!—*Mrs. Air*—castle, be calm!—when things are just bringing to bear——

*Air.* All I meant was for the service of Miss.

*Mrs. Fl.* Very obliging, indeed. I should be sorry if any difference should arise on my niece's account: Besides, her illness is so trifling, that the young gentleman may, if he pleases, step into her room to enquire after her health.

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Air.* Toby will be very happy, I am sure. You see, madam, what the lad is.

*Mrs. Fl.* A most agreeable youth; I must own; and then his silence is a modest mark of his merit.

*Air.* Do you hear that, Mrs. Air——

*Mrs. Air.* Yes; and I hope it will make a proper impression on you.—You, doubtless, madam, know the taste of your niece; may we hope that Toby has any chance of succeeding?

*Mrs. Fl.* She was prodigiously pleased with Mr. Flaw's account of his parents; which, indeed; I now find to be true in every respect.

*Air. and Mrs. Air.* Oh, madam!

*Mrs. Fl.* And as to fortune, she is totally careless in that, her own being much more than sufficient.

*Air.* How manly that is in a woman!—I remember Miss Patty Plumb of Jamaica did the very same—they say her grandfather was transported for robbing a hen-roost——

*Mrs. Air.* But as to his figure, madam; do you apprehend it will strike her? Toby, hold up your head!

*Mrs. Fl.* I can see no reason against it: Indeed, the young gentleman has rather a fairer complexion than what she has been commonly used



to; the natives of India, from their climate, have rather a fallower hue.

*Mrs. Air.* True, madam.

*Mrs. Fl.* But, if necessary, that may be easily altered by art; some saffron, or snuff, just skimmed over his face——

*Mrs. Air.* Quickly!

*Mr.* I have a box of Scotch in my pocket: It may be done in an instant.

*Mrs. Fl.* Their hair, too, is most commonly dark; but a little German blacking here on each of the eyebrows——

*Toby.* If a burnt cork will do, I have one in my pocket.

*Air.* Mr. Flaw, will you ring for a candle?

*Mrs. Fl.* There is no necessity now: We have been obliged to shut out the light, as her eyes are rather tender and weak, with looking so long on nothing but water.

*Mrs. Air.* True, madam. Well, madam, we will detain you no longer: I am sure it is impossible to say how much we are obliged——you may rely upon it, we shall ever be grateful.

*Mrs. Fl.* I don't in the least doubt it: Mr. Flaw has, I presume, hinted my situation?

*Mrs. Air.* Most minutely: Mr. Aircastle has prepared the deposit. You have the needful?

*Air.*

*Air.* All but five hundred pounds, which you may have in the evening: I lent it just now to a—the story will make you laugh, I am sure: As I was going out, colonel—who commanded last war——

*Mrs. Air.* Is this a time for a story?

*Flaw.* Fy, fy! dispatch, Mr. Aircastle!

*Mrs. Air.* Here all the bills are.

*Flaw.* Nay, hold a little, I beg! This; you know, is a kind of compact; there are conditions to be performed on both sides: Therefore the money should, I think, be lodged in neutral hands, till the material point is complied with:

*Mrs. Air.* There is no occasion.

*Mrs. Fl.* I can have no objection, I am sure: where then shall we place it?

*Mrs. Air.* Mr. Flaw is a friend to both parties——

*Air.* True; the properest man in the world.

*Mrs. Fl.* I am not quite so certain of that.

[*Aside.*

*Air.* There, there the bills are, Mr. Flaw.

*Mrs. Air.* Now we will leave Toby and the lady together.

*Air.* Toby, don't forget to deliver the presents.

*Toby.* I have them here in a box.

*Air.* Mind your behaviour, my good lad!—I wish we had time though to doctor his face:

Against

Against their next meeting, I will do it myself; I will manage that matter, I warrant: I learnt the art last autumn of a parcel of strollers—they had been playing, during the Dog-days, with one Foote in this town—a fellow, they say, takes people off, and——

*Mrs. Air.* Nay, Mr. Aircastle, come along; I beseech you!

*Air.* Well, well! you are always in such a damnable hurry!

*Mrs. Fl.* Mr. Flaw, you are not going, I hope? because I wanted just to speak a few words——

*Flaw.* I shall be back in a minute.

[*Exeunt Flaw, Mr. and Mrs. Aircastle.*]

*Mrs. Fl.* This, Sir, this is the door; tread softly!

*Toby.* Had not I better pull off my shoes?

*Mrs. Fl.* No occasion for that. [*Exeunt.*]

*Another room. Marianne in bed.*

*Enter Mrs. Fleece'em and Toby.*

*Mrs. Fl.* This way! your hand!—Letty, my dear, the young gentleman I mentioned to you this morning, begs just to enquire after your health: There; I will leave you together: She is in the bed at the upper end of the room. I make no doubt, Sir, but you will behave with proper decorum.

[*Exit.*]  
*Toby.*

*Toby.* If you are afraid, you need not go out of the room.—The place is as dark as a dungeon! Upper end of the room! and how the deuce should I know which that is? in the night, I can tell you, I should be a good deal frightened to be so much in the dark, but it is well enough in the day, when one is about to make love; because why, one is not so bashful and shy; one can see to speak one's mind with more boldness and courage, than in the light.—*Me--Miss!* I thought she had spoke; may be not. If I could but get hold of the curtains—the best way will be to creep close by the wall, then I shall be sure to—*Miss! Miss!*

*Mar.* Who be dat dere?

*Toby.* I.—*Dat dere?* one may find out by her tongue she is a foreigner: I am pretty right now, I believe. What, Miss, are you sick?

*Mar.* Iſs.

*Toby.* But you are better, I hope?

*Mar.* Iſs.

*Toby.* I am glad on't: Then I suppose, Miss, if you please, I may begin to make love?

*Mar.* Iſs.

*Toby.* Iſs? gad, I think it is ready made to my hands.—Did the gentlewoman, Mrs. Madam—your aunt, say any thing about and concerning of me?

*Mar.*

80 THE COZENERS,

*Mar.* Ifs.

*Toby.* Is it a secret?

*Mar.* Ifs.

*Toby.* Oh, then it would not be manners to ax: Well, Miss, I hope you ben't averse to the match?

*Mar.* Ifs.

*Toby.* Adzooks, then we are all off in an instant! What, Miss, I suppose you ben't willing to have me?

*Mar.* Ifs.

*Toby.* Oh, then we are on again, as before; Then I may produce, I believe. I have brought you, Miss, some curiosities, by way of presentation, here in my pocket: Will you please to accept——

*Mar.* Ifs.

*Toby.* Here, then, I offer them up to the shrine of thy beauty. May I crave leave to kiss your lily-white hand?

*Mar.* Ifs.

*Toby.* On my knees let me thank you, fairest creature!—Her skin is vast soft. They be wonderful pretty things I have brought you; a'n't you mighty curious to see them?

*Mrs.* Ifs.

*Toby.* May I draw up the curtain a bit, only just to give you glimpse?

*Mar.* Ifs.

*Toby.*



*Toby.* So I will.—I should be glad to have a peep at her too; she is a mighty agreeable body; does not talk much, indeed; but is vast sensible; whatever she says. This, I believe, is the string. I wonder if she is as handsome as Betsey Blossom: Gad, if she is, Miss Blossom must look out for somebody else, I can tell her. That's high enough, I believe.—That there thing in the leather-case is a watch; if you touch the nob that juts out; it strikes all the world like a clock; mother has one, but then him is as big as a warming-pan. Perhaps, Miss, you mayn't find the trick out: I'll shew you.—Hey! what is this? Lord have mercy on me! she is turned all of a sudden as black as a crow! sure as can be, a judgment for forsaking poor Betsey.

*Mar.* Massa, won't you come here?

*Toby.* Not I.

*Mar.* I come to you, den.

*Toby.* The devil you will! you must run pretty fast then.—Keep off me! holloa! house! stop the black thing that is hard at my—— [*Exit.*]

*Enter Mrs. Fleece'em.*

*Mrs. Fl.* The rude puppy had like to have run over me: What is the meaning—Ha, the curtain drawn up? nay then—Marianne, who opened the window?

*M*

*Mar.*

82 THE COZENERS.

*Mar.* Little Massa, to shew me de tick-tick—

*Mrs. Fl.* Fool, did not I tell you—But it was my own fault, to trust such an idiot! Go, get out of my sight! [*Exit Mar.*

*Enter Flaw.*

*Flaw.* What the deuce is the matter? Toby is scampered down the street as if he had a legion of——

*Mrs. Fl.* Matter? why he has discovered the wench.

*Flaw.* 'Sdeath! I told you the folly of trusting these—we shall all be blown up in an instant: I saw the mother stop her chariot at the sight of the whelp; so I suppose we shall have her back in a——

*Mrs. Fl.* Ay? then something must be suddenly done.

*Flaw.* Done! but what?—I'll run after the boy, and hear his account of the matter.

*Mrs. Fl.* Say! had not you better, Mr. Flaw, just leave with me Mr. Aircastle's deposit?

*Flaw.* Pho! time enough; is this a season to settle accounts? [*Exit.*

*Mrs. Fl.* So! I suppose he will march off with the money at last: I would have done as much, if I could but have touched it.

*Enter Mrs. Aircastle.*

*Mrs. Air.* Dear madam, I am in the utmost

con-

confusion ! I am afraid that wild boy has misbehaved himself in some manner or other.

*Mrs. Fl.* A little mistake, madam ; but I protest my niece is so terrified, that she is unable to give me any account——

*Mrs. Air.* Some rude prank of his, I dare say ; I never could get his father——

*Enter Colonel Gorget.*

*Gorget.* The house is in such confusion, that I can't get any body to give me an answer.—  
*Mrs. Aircraftle !*

*Mrs. Air.* Bless me, Colonel Gorget ! who thought of meeting you here ?

*Gorget.* An odd affair ; but this lady, I suppose, Mrs. Fleece'em, will be so kind to explain it. A pretty young lad, an ensign of mine, has, I am afraid, been tricked out of a large sum of money by one Flaw, a fellow of very bad fame.

*Mrs. Air.* How ! Flaw ?

*Gorget.* Under pretence of gaining promotion by this lady's assistance.

*Mrs. Fl.* Mine, Sir ? I promise you this is the first mention I ever heard of the matter.

*Gorget.* Just, Madam, as I suspected : But pray, Mrs. Aircraftle, have you long had the honour of this lady's acquaintance ?

## 24 THE COZENERS.

*Mrs. Air.* Acquaintance? Lord, colonel, I am terrified out of my wits. Your ear for a moment.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* A note, madam, which you are desired directly to read.

*Mrs. Fl.* Flaw's hand. [*Reads*]. "The game is up—we are blown—make off as fast as you can." As matters stand, the best advice I can take, [*Going off*]

*Mrs. Air.* Madam, you are not going to leave us?

*Mrs. Fl.* Only just to enquire how my niece does after her fright: I shall be back immediately.

[*Exit.*]

*Gorget.* How! is it possible? a capital sum? Good Heavens, madam, and how could you trust it without consulting some friend?

*Mrs. Air.* Why, we both thought Mr. Flaw—

*Gorget.* Flaw? an infamous—

*Enter Mr. Aircastle.*

*Air.* Why, what the deuce has been the matter amongst you? They tell me Toby has been at home frightened out of his wits; and then run out directly with the waiter and some wench or other;

I have

I have sent your Roger in search of the whelp.—  
Ah, colonel, are you there?

*Gorget.* Came the minute before you.

*Air.* Well, colonel, hey, how? What, I suppose, by being here so soon, your affair has miscarried.

*Gorget.* You are mistaken indeed, my good friend.

*Mrs. Air.* What affair?

*Air.* I forgot to tell it you, child: Of a fine lass in this town, that sets up her person for sale——

*Mrs. Air.* How!

*Air.* And had the modesty to fix the price to the colonel at five hundred guineas.

*Mrs. Air.* Abominable! Can there be such creatures?

*Air.* Ask the colonel; that is all: An infamous harpy!

*Gorget.* Dear Mr. Aircastle, you are here in an error.

*Air.* Error? why, did not you tell me of a line she sent you?

*Gorget.* Very true.

*Air.* And did not I advance the cash?

*Gorget.* Do I pretend to deny it?

*Air.* Well then?

*Gorget.* Your patience a moment, my dear friend! I gave her the money, it is true——

*Air.*



*Air.* There, Mrs. Aircraftle! did not I tell you——

*Gorget.* But then, like a woman of honour——

*Air.* Well?

*Gorget.* She told me that she did it but to try the strength of my passion——

*Air.* Pho, pho!

*Gorget.* And so immediately returned it again.

*Air.* Pshaw! a bam, Mrs. Aircraftle; don't believe it, my dear!

*Gorget.* To put the matter out of dispute, I returned to your lodging directly; when, not finding you, I delivered the cash to your lady.

*Air.* Indeed?

*Gorget.* In the very individual bag that you gave me; and before Master Toby, your son.

*Air.* Ay? and have you got the money, my dear?

*Mrs. Air.* Yes, yes; I received it.—Was ever woman so duped! but this town is full of Cozeners. [*Aside.*

*Gorget.* I am afraid, Mr. Aircraftle, that it was pretty lucky for you I happened to have the cash in my hand.

*Air.* Lucky? I don't understand——

*Gorget.* Otherwise, it might have flown away with the rest.

*Air.* Flown away?

*Gorget.*

## THE COZENERS. 87

*Gorget.* By what Mrs. Aircastle has told me, I shrewdly suspect you are got into the hands of some villainous sharpers.

*Air.* How!

*Gorget.* Mr. Flaw, and his coadjutrix.—Within! who's there?—But we shall soon get the business explained.

*Fl*

*Enter a Servant.*

*Gorget.* Do you live with the person who inhabits this house?

*Serv.* But a very short time.

*Gorget.* We wish to see her directly.

*Serv.* She is gone out.

*Gorget.* I thought so: And her niece too, I suppose?

*Serv.* Her niece, Sir?

*Gorget.* Ay.

*Serv.* I know no niece she has.

*Air. and Mrs. Air.* How!

*Gorget.* Just as I suspected: Now, Sir, do you begin to find what a situation you are in?

*Air.* Then I am totally ruined! I told you, Mrs. Aircastle, what would come of your—I remember Martin Moneytrap, of the Minorities, was once in the very same way—he was taken in by a Portuguese Jew——

*Gorget.* A truce to recrimination, I beg! we  
have

have more material business in hand : Let this woman be directly pursued ; and endeavour to recover at least a part of——

*O'Flan.* [*without.*] Pray step in a bit, if you please, and refund freely the bill ; or, upon my soul, I'll make you do me the favour by force !

*Enter O'Flannagan with Mrs. nece'em.*

*All.* Mrs. Fleece'em ?

*O'Flan.* Yes, yes ; it is, sure enough ; she overtook me, as I met her hard by.

*Gorget.* We are obliged to you then for the lady's return ?

*O'Flan.* You may say that : I stopped her just in the nick, as she was sily walking off in a coach. Arrah, put off your hood, my dear honey ; don't be shame-faced amongst your friends and acquaintance.

*Mrs. Fl.* Stand off, you rude brute !

*O'Flan.* Better words, if you please ! You wanted to send me to be feathered abroad ; so, in return, I shall beg lave, madam, to pluck you at home.

*Gorget.* No violence to the lady I beg, Sir ! she now finds she is detected, and, I dare say, will do every body all the justice she can. And, first, madam, as to the capital sum which you had the address to obtain from this——

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Fl.* What concern have I in the business? the gentleman himself gave it into the possession of Flaw.

*Gorget.* Mr. Aircastle!

*Air.* That's true, I confess.

*Gorget.* But, since that, has not the property suffered a transfer?

*Mrs. Fl.* Not to me: But if you doubt it, you may search the house when you please.

*Gorget.* Then it has got into worse hands, I'm afraid.

*Enter Mrs. Simony.*

*Mrs. Sim.* I see by their confusion my information was right.—Not to interrupt you, madam, I should take it as a particular favour if you would immediately return the little note I left in your hands—for I have not a moment to spare.

*Mrs. Fl.* Note, madam? what note? I recollect, indeed, a hymn that you——

*Mrs. Sim.* Well, madam, that hymn, if you please..

*Mrs. Fl.* I gave it directly to Flaw, to get a friend of his to set it to music.

*Mrs. Sim.* Music? Ladies and gentlemen, a bank-note, I protest!

N

*Air.*

*Air.* What! set a bank-note to musick? I never heard of such a thing.

*Gorget.* And pray, madam, what could induce you to trust that woman with a bank-note?

*Mrs. Fl.* That she will not so readily own; a little earnest of a much larger bribe, to procure her husband a living.

*Gorget.* How, madam! I hope your husband was not apprised of this application?

*Mrs. Sim.* The Doctor was totally ignorant; knew nothing about it.

*Gorget.* I am very happy to hear it: I should be sorry to find that a gentleman, whose peculiar duty it is to sustain the purity of his profession, should himself be the very person to soil it; or that an office of so sacred a nature, should be solicited by such unsanctified means.

*Mrs. Sim.* I believe my Doctor, Sir, will be hardly suspected: But I have not time to say more for the present; I shall be stay'd for, and have not a moment to spare. [Exit.

*Gorget.* Let her go! that plunder, however, is fair.

*Air.* Well, well! but, colonel, notwithstanding all that you say, I have heard there was a bet once made between the patron of a living and one Parson Plurality—Plurality had been



been a Presbyterian—his father keeps a pastry-cook's shop in Spring-gardens—just where Cox's Museum—by the bye, they tell me, Cox will get devilish rich by his lottery.

*Gorget.* But if we don't use some dispatch, I am afraid you will get devilish poor.

*Enter Prig, in a waistcoat and cap.*

*Prig.* Where is this damn'd infernal—she is burrow'd here, but I'll make her——

*Air.* Who the deuce can this be?

*Mrs. Fl.* Some madman escaped from his keepers, I reckon.

*Prig.* Yes, yes, I am escaped! but not mad: and if there is law to be had, I'll make you to know—keepers!—if I had not luckily met with some friends at the turnpike, I should have been kept pretty close, I believe. I recollected your footman that stood at the door, and guess'd you were not far off,

*Air.* What is this? a madman? I went to see one once in Bedlam—he— *[Exit Prig.]*

*Enter Roger.*

Oh, here is Roger. Well, did you find where Toby is?

*Roger.* Yes, yes, I found un out; and in sweet company too.

*Mrs. Air.* Company?

*Roger.* A clergyman, Betsy Blossom, and our waiter at home.

*Air.* Zounds! I hope the boy is not married.

*Roger.* No; but they would have been, if I had not come just in the nick to fetch un away.

*Air.* Where is he?

*Roger.* In a shop at the corner. I wanted un to step over; but he would not, because why, he says as how the house is haunted.

*Air.* And why not? There was the manor-house in the parish of Paddington—Mrs. Air-castle, you may remember it formerly belonged to the Jessops; but, by the marriage of the heiress with one of the Haslewoods——

*Gorget.* Come, come, it is a lucky prevention; and, to give you a little consolation, I believe I shall be able to recover your money from Flaw.

*Mrs. Air. and Air.* How, colonel?

*Gorget.* I took the liberty, by way of prevention, to get him secured for the money received of my ensign.

*Air.* Indeed?

*Gorget.* And, as this affair is rather of a criminal nature, he will think himself happy to escape by restoring the plunder.

*Air.* My kind colonel!

*Gorget.* I hope, madam, this will make you  
amends

amends for your disappointment in the five hundred pounds. [*Aside.*]

*O'Flan.* But what the divil is all this to my bill?

*Gorget.* Did this woman receive it?

*Mrs. Fl.* Flaw had it; but it wants some days of being due.

*Gorget.* Then we shall be able to stop the payment, at least; it is safe, never fear.

*O'Flan.* That's lucky, however: And, by all I can hear, my best way, Mr. Colonel, will be to make an emigration back to Ireland again.

*Gorget.* By all means; and, by this time, many more of your countrymen would, I believe, be glad to follow your steps.

*O'Flan.* Like enough.

*Air.* And if, Mrs. Aircraftle, we were to return back again——

*Gorget.* It would be the wisest thing you could do.

*Mrs. Air.* What, to vegetate, like a parcel of plants?

*Gorget.* Ay, madam; for there are trees that won't bear transplanting; they thrive best in their natural soil.

*Air.* That's true, I can answer. Last summer, I transplanted some elm-trees——

*Gorget.* Lord! Mr. Aircraftle, how can you——

*Air.*

*Air.* Zounds! I must n't speak—Sir, let me tell you the story of the elm. [To O'Flan.

*Gorget.* You, madam, till you have made all the satisfaction you can, must be contented to suffer a little confinement; after which, unless your country should have some other call upon you, you may dispose of yourself as you please.

*Mrs. Fl.* I am detected, distressed, and must therefore submit! But, gentlemen, if all who have offended like us, were like us produced to the public, much higher names would adorn the Old-Bailey Chronicle than those of poor Fleece'em and Flaw!

F I N I S.

In the Press, and will be published in a few Days.

The C O M E D I E S of

*The Maid of Bath,*

A N D

*The Devil Upon Two Sticks;*

Both written by the same Author,

And published by the same Editor.



University of California  
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY  
Return this material to the library  
from which it was borrowed.

REC'D LD-URL

AUG 12 1988

QL APR 09 2002

FEB 04 '02



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 006 937 7

SOUTHERN BRANCH,  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA,  
LIBRARY,  
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Un